THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXV. NO. 1. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

FIRST EDITION

2 O'CLOCK

For later telegraphic and local news see Second Edition.

MANSLAUGHTER

Could Board of Health be Charged With it?

HALE'S BROOK IN A FEARFUL CONDITION TODAY.

Ward Three Citizens are Armed With Shot Guns, 'tis Said.

Can the board of health be prosecuted manslaughter if an epidemic follows present condition of Hale's brook?" is the question asked by a Ward Three resident today.

Time and the court will answer this.

But the condition of Hale's brook today owing to the drought is indescribably frightful.

The bed of the brook from Ayer's city to Congress street bridge is almost entirely exposed, and the stench arising from it is something frigotful.

A narrow rivulet, not the sparkling, purling rivulet of Tennyson's poems, is running in the brook bed. The rivulet is pure, unadulterated sewage and fecal matter from sewers and closets emptying into the brook.

The bed is a mass of rotten vegetable and animal matter and if the weather should come in warm the bed would be an ideal hot bed for raising germs of an epidemic.

People living near the brook today are frightened at the prospects of an epidemic.

There is some water in the mill pond at the batting mill but not a great deal and if no rain comes soon Ward Three, and in fact Lowell will be a dangerous place to live in.

DEATHS.

Charles Johnson, aged 8 years, a former resident of this city, died Aug. 28, at the home of his niece, Mrs. George Whitehouse, at Keene, N. H.

McManmon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

Some Church Notes.

The parochial schools of the city will open after Labor day.

Rev. Fr. R...an of St. Peter's church is expected home from his vacation this evening.

The stone work on the new St. Peter's church is nearly completed and passersby are impressed by the architectural beauty of the building.

The new church, with the Immaculate Conception and St. Patrick's churches make a collection of fine structures seldom seen in cities of this size.

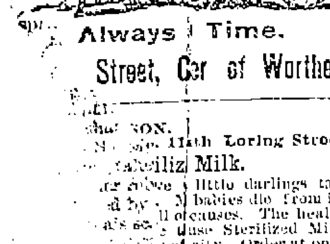
Some Police Notes.

Bean's bake shop on Middlesex street was entered Thursday night. The theives got in through a basement window, and stole ...

The cycle pants found with a stolen revolver at West Manchester have been identified by Jaud Bayles of the board of health. They were stolen from his camp.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER,



... Always ... Time.

... Street, Cor of Worthen.

... SON, ... 11th Loring Street, ... Sterilized Milk.

... little darlings take ... babies die from ... causes. The health... use Sterilized Milk. ... of city. Order at once.

...g School.

..., New City Hall.

... city. MR. BAN... BEGINS SEPT. ...

... Massachusetts.

... BATE COURT.

... of Margaret Whitcombe of ... county the wife of Joseph T. ... said Lowell, ... said husband fails without just ... suitable support for her, and ... said court will make such order as ... expedient concerning her support, and ... that an attachment of the goods and ... of her said husband may be made to secure ... which said petitioner may obtain for ... support, it is ordered that the petitioner ... notice to said Joseph T. Whitcombe to appear at a probate court to be held at Lowell, in said county of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of September, A. D. 18.., at nine o'clock in the forenoon, by delivering him a copy of this order fourteen days at least, before said court, if he may be found within the commonwealth, that he may then and there show cause, if any he has, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted; or, if he shall not be so found, by delivering to him such copy wherever found, or by leaving such copy at his usual place or abode, or by mailing the same to him at his last known postoffice address fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that he has had actual notice of the proceedings, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in THE LOWELL DAILY SUN, a newspaper published in Lowell, the last publication to be ... day, at least, before said court.

And in order to secure to the petitioner a suitable support and maintenance, the sheriffs of the several counties, or either of their deputies, are hereby directed to attach the real and personal estate of the said Joseph T. Whitcombe to the amount of two thousand dollars.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, judge of said court, this twenty-first day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

GEN. N. P. BANKS

Died at His Home in Waltham Today.

HE WAS KNOWN AS THE "BOBBIN BOY" OF LOWELL.

Passed Away Peacefully in Presence of His Family.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WALTHAM, Sept. 1.—General Nathaniel P. Banks died at 17 minutes after 8 this morning, passing from this life to the one beyond, peacefully and without signs of suffering. He was unconscious from midnight until his death. At his bedside were Mrs. Banks, Miss Maud Banks, and Miss Sybal Banks, his daughters.

The funeral will occur on Tuesday from Ashbury Temple, and on Monday the body will lay in state there. The private services will occur at his residence on Tuesday followed by the public services later. The interment will be at Grove Hill cemetery.

A meeting of citizens to act upon the death of the general will be held tonight.

Gen. Banks was one of the most striking figures of the late war, and in public and private life he has been an important personage. He was known as a boy as the "Bobbin Boy" a sobriquet coming from his occupation in the mills of this city.

Gen. Banks commanded the Red River expedition and previously was in the Army of the Potomac, commanding the left of the line at the battle of Cedar creek, where Stonewall Jackson attacked him. The history of the civil war is full of reference to Gen. Banks, and with General Butler his name was the most prominent since the war. Gen. Banks went to Congress and in the fierce congressional fight over free states was speaker of the house in 1855.

LOCAL NOTES.

All crack amateurs of N. E. at L. C. A. A. games on Monday.

Children,s hair cutting a specialty at Glidden's, Sun building.

Go to L. C. A. A. games on Dracut oval, Labor day, 3 p. m. Best of the season.

Bernard Doherty and others will try for world records in L. C. A. A. games Monday.

Queen Sherbert is a delicious drink. Try it at The Spa, corner of Prescott and Merrimack streets.

Take Bridge street car for Dracut oval Monday afternoon and see the finest athletics of New England at L. C. A. A. games.

St. Patrick's Boys' school, Notre Dame academy and St. Patrick's parochial school will commence the school year next Tuesday.

William Eagan stopped a runaway horse on Gorham street yesterday morning and saved from an accident a young lady who was driving.

The Daughters of Liberty of this city made a trip to Plymouth, Thursday. They went all over the historic town and had an enjoyable time.

Thomas F. Charlton, employed at Pike's market, received a bad cut in the leg Thursday from a knife accidentally dropped by a fellow workman.

Roseatlar—The best known toilet requisite, 30 cents a bottle at the Merrimack Clothing Co. opp. City Hall. Effective but harmless for ladies or gentlemen.

Thomas Collins, F. W. Qua, J. F. Manning, F. W. Bulkeley, A. G. Walsh, with the chairman and secretary, have been appointed a committee to confer with the republican state committee and ascertain why all the republican caucuses have been called on the same date, Sept. 19.

LYNCH THE SWIMMER.

He Accomplishes a Remarkable Feat and Will be Given a Medal by Admiring Friends.

Percy Lynch, the Apollo of the Mail, is wearing a halo about his head since yesterday when he swam down the Merrimack from Tyngs Island to Stevens' wharf below the Vesper club house. Some two weeks ago this extraordinary young man went between North Chelmsford and Lowell "in the swim," but that didn't satisfy him and yesterday donning his Atlantic City bathing suit, a beautiful thing, he fell into the water, out of a boat at the island and began his hair raising feat, while his pace maker, Dave Mahoney kept ahead of him in Percy's cute little boat. A stiff breeze was blowing yet Percy swam on, unconcerned. According to Percy's write up of his own experience in the Mail this morning, the crowds on both sides were dense, and it is to be regretted that the railroad company neglected to run special cars for their accommodation. The Mail states that "a crowd of about a dozen, chiefly ladies, walked along the bank from Chelmsford to Lowell." It must have been tough walking along that bank. It is said that the ladies carried lorgnettes and field glasses through which they, many times and oft did, cast admiring glances at Capt. Webb, Jr.

The trip was made in just two hours and 45 minutes, and at the finish he was just as fresh as ever. He made one short stop to take a drink of a mixture prepared especially for him by his particular friend Prof. Lundstrom of the New York athletic club.

A Jubilee Celebration.

Fifty years is a long time—much more than the average lifetime. Men, therefore naturally note such periods. Just now Messrs. Perry Davis & Son, of Providence, R. I., the proprietors of Pain-Killer, are celebrating the jubilee of that good old household remedy, and have doubled the capacity of their bottles, without increasing the price. This will of course make Pain-Killer more popular than ever. For fifty years it has been the family medicine chest in countless homes in every country on the globe. Once given a trial, it stays in any home, where, when anything happens, the bottle is reach ed for.

Leavitt Has Been Found.

It is reported that Mr. Christopher Leavitt whose mysterious disappearance has been mentioned is located at the Lowell jail where he is doing time for non-payment of taxes. It is also said that he was arrested in his own room in the presence of his wife.

60 Cents a Week Buys a $15.00 Watch
80 " " " $20.00 "
$1.00 " " $25.00 "
At Mower & Sparks, 285 Central St.

FOR LABOR DAY.

Program of What Will Go on Monday in This City—Parade in the Morning and Sports in the Afternoon.

Monday will be a general holiday and Lowell people will have enough amusement on hand to keep them awake. It will not be a day when people go out of town, but will stay at home and patronize home affairs. In the morning the streets will be crowded with people to see the Labor day parade of organized labor which promises to be the biggest turnout ever seen in the city.

After the parade there will be sports at the Fair grounds beginning at 11 a. m. and in the afternoon there will be dancing, and a ball at Huntington hall in the evening.

This latter feature will be directed by the Central Labor union.

The regular fixture of the Lowell Cricket Athletic association, their Labor day games at the Dracut oval will attract as usual a big crowd of sport loving people, for these games are the best amateur exhibition Lowell ever sees. The program this year is far ahead of any previous year and the prizes are of gold and silver, purchased of Lowell jewelers. The value of the prizes is over $200. As usual the grand stand will be free excepting a small reserved portion. The club house will be open to club members and ladies. If the day is pleasant the games will be a grand affair.

There will be several ball games around town and matinees for theatre goers at the Opera house and Music hall.

Of course Lakeview will welcome the multitude, and the campers at Mountain Rock will hold services all day. Willow Dale will be the scene of slaughter of the innocent sphere by the ball nines of the Lowell and Salem post office clerks.

There will be rifle competition for militiamen at the range and for sportsmen at the Middlesex range of the Middlesex club. In the evening there will be a camp fire at the armory.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Ambrose Vigeant is dangerously ill.

Mr. P. H. McDonough is in Manchester, N. H.

Probation Officer Tuttle is stopping at the Weirs.

E. L. Galer and family will start today for Vermont.

H. D. Wadleigh and his wife have gone to New York.

J. L. Jewett will spend the next ten days at Plum island.

Dr. Spaulding is prostrated with a complication of diseases.

Rev. Fr. Lamothe, O.M.I., has returned from Champlain, P. Q.

Mr. James Henry of Howard street has returned from a vacation at Salem.

Mrs. George Bartlett has returned from a two months' stay at Swampscott.

Mr. Willis Farrington and Miss Elizabeth Farrington have returned from New York.

Miss Sarah J. O'Connor of Fitchburg is the guest of Mrs. R. B. Allen of Nesmith street.

Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Pillsbury have returned from Mattapoisett, their summer home.

Madame Carpendale and daughter of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ludger David.

Rev. E. T. Curnick and wife, Rev. Mr. Millington and wife have returned from their vacation.

Louis P. Brault of the News leaves this evening on his vacation, which will be spent in Canada.

John O'Hearn, a student last year at Holy Cross college, will enter St. John's seminary, Brighton, next Tuesday.

Prof. St. George will be musical director at Music hall this season, a personal note which will please his many friends.

Mr. Charles H. Noyes, wife and son, Joe, from Paris, Texas, are visiting his sisters, Miss Hattie L. Noyes and Mrs. R. S. Hart.

Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Sr., Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Jr., and daughters, and Mrs. G. W. Farnum of this city, are at Bean island, Lake Winnipesaukee.

W. T. A. Grigg, president of the Sand Creek Mining company of Butte City, Montana, is in this city for a few days as the guest of C. W. Sherwood.

Messrs. Will Shaw, James Hill and Harry Pollard are at home from a two weeks' yachting cruise off the Maine coast, going down as far as Bar Harbor.

Miss Sarah Cluin will spend the next two weeks at Waltham, where she will renew her acquaintance with her friends at the Waltham Watch company where she was formerly employed.

Ex-Alderman Bloomfield of Providence, R. I., is the guest of Mr. John Boyle of this city. They were fellow passengers in a trip across the "big pond" and retain as relics two companion pieces of the "Blarney stone."

Sergt. Kew has returned from Vermont with quite a big yarn about the potato crop. He was taken for a "shell worker" at one of the county fairs and had to produce credentials to clear himself. After hobnobbing with the county constable for a while, and the latter learned that he was a real live "sargent'" of police an offer was made for him to reorganize the country police force. But Sergt. Kew explained that he was simply at the fair to post a notice that Inspector Goodwin was going to make the rounds of the fairs pretty soon in order to meet his old friends. Sergt. Kew learned to wrestle collar and elbow while in Vermont.

Advance

Sale of men's heavy weight suits and overcoats also boys' and youths' suits and overcoats beginning Friday, Sept. 7, 1894, at Merrimack corner.

Everybody having the least idea of buying a garment this fall ought to attend this sale. 'Twill test the market. 'Twill be a monstrous clearance sale at cut prices. We must make room for new goods. Opp. City Hall.

Lawrence Police Wanted Him.

Some time ago Herbert Merrifield of Lawrence was visited at his house by the liquor inspectors who found liquor for sale illegally. They got out a warrant for Herbert, and he skipped, coming to Lowell. He was caught yesterday by Inspectors Donaldson and Goodwin, and Inspector McCarthy came after him today.

Hurt in the Mill.

Henry Somers, residing at 21 Cabot street, and employed in the Tremont & Suffolk mills, fell from a step-ladder in the mills today and struck a pulley. His nose and lip were badly cut and he was removed to the corporation hospital.

Another Candidate.

One of the latest candidates for the council in Ward Three, is Mr. John H. Callahan.

Team race between Lowell and St. Mary's A. C. Boston, first held in Lowell at Dracut oval.

FIFIELD CO.

New Tool Making Concern Launched in Business.

ITS INCORPORATORS MEN OF ESTABLISHED REPUTATIONS.

Strongest Local Enterprise Ever Established in Lowell.

The incorporators of the new company on the 29th inst. selected its directors and chose officers. We publish a short biographical sketch of the several members.

Hon. Geo. W. Fifield, the president of the Tool company, is the founder of the business, establishing it in 1874, and it has grown under him so that today it is the largest establishment in America devoted to this single industry. Mr. Fifield is president of the Appleton National bank, and also of the Middlesex Electric Light Co., and is the predecessor of Mayor Pickman, occupying the position in 1891 and 1892.

E. W. Thomas, the vice president of the Tool company, is the energetic and capable agent of the Tremont & Suffolk mills: previous to which he occupied a very responsible position in the Lowell Machine shop. He is among the youngest of the men having the supervision of our principal manufacturing industries. The Tremont & Suffolk under his management has been remarkably successful.

Hon. John J. Donovan, who has been chosen treasurer of the Fifield Tool Co., is a life-long resident of our city. As a lad he entered the store of David Gove, and when he reached his majority became his partner, and ultimately succeeded to the business. For ten years he was engaged in the manufacture of jute paper. He was the constructor of the lines of the Atlantic Telegraph Co., and has been its treasurer since 1884. He is president of the Lowell Trust Co., and is also president of the Washington Institution of Savings. He was mayor in 1883 and 1884.

E. C. Swift is treasurer of the North Packing and Provision Co., treasurer of the firm of Swift Bros., and treasurer of the Hollis Dressed Beef Co. A single firm of which Mr. Swift is treasurer, transacted in 1893 a business of $90,000,000.

G. T. Sheldon is a resident of Chelmsford, with business established in that town, also Boston and Cambridge. Mr. Sheldon is treasurer of the Chelmsford Foundry Co., and president of the Copley Square Hotel Co., and Kimball Bros. Carriage Co. He is one of the largest contractors in the country, and erected the iron structure of the new Union depot in Boston.

Hon. Francis Jewett. The stalwart figure of Mr. Jewett is well known to the citizens of Lowell, whose chief magistrate he has been for a number of terms. Mr. Jewett is a senior member of the firm of Jewett & Swift, and is connected with the business of Swift Bros. of Chicago. He is also a director in the Wamesit National Bank, trustee of the Merrimack River Saving bank, and is president of the Middlesex Odd Fellows Building association.

O. B. Ranlett is one of our most successful merchants and for many years has been established on Dutton street. Mr. Ranlett is treasurer of the Highland club and a member of its board of trustees; is also treasurer of the Bradbury-Stone Electric Storage Battery Co. and is trustee of the Merrimack River Savings bank.

G. H. Marston is a resident of Ward Two in our city. He founded the business of Marston & Prince and is now largely interested in real estate with an office in the Marston building. He was a valuable member of the city government for several years and is a thorough going business man.

N. D. Pratt, who has been elected as clerk of the corporation, is one of the best known and most successful attorneys. Mr. Pratt was city solicitor in 1883 and 1884, and is at present, and has been for some years, one of the principal assessors of our city.

The Fifield Tool Co., with its officials duly elected and their new establishment embracing the largest area of floor space devoted to this business in America, is now busy sending its product to every portion of the country. On the lower floor which covers 22,200 square feet are to be found ninety machines, embracing planers of various sizes from 8 to 36 feet in length, many different styles of drills, and in this line the new radial drill is in itself worthy of a day's journey to inspect; also shapers, gear cutters, spline cutters, screw cutters, chucking and boring machines, and a great variety of lathes, all specially constructed to perform their several duties and embracing every known labor saving device. These run automatically, and it is indeed an object lesson to see the wrought iron, steel, and cast iron transformed into powerful and useful machines. The temperature of the building is controlled by the new Sturtevant system. The workshops are lighted by electricity, adding not only to the facilities of doing finer work but to the comfort of the workmen. Only the best mechanics are employed as the character of the work necessitates such as are masters in their several lines.

Mr. Fifield has repeatedly stated he had a single purpose in view, and that was to make the Fifield Tool Co. the most successful in the country. As president and general manager he has not only the large business to which he has devoted twenty years in establishing, but with facilities increased three-fold and appliances to manufacture more complete than are possessed by any competitor, and with his well known mechanical and business ability, there is no question whatever as to the fact that the Fifield Tool Co. will not only be everything that Mr. Fifield so confidently asserts, but that it is a positive boon to the progress and permanent prosperity of our city. Never in our history has the stock of any manufacturing or mechanical enterprise found such a ready sale. The confidence which the people have had in the statements of the prospectus and in the utterances of Mr. Fifield is evidenced, first in the character of the men comprising the board of directors and also by the fact that but ten thousand dollars of the stock remains for subscription. This will soon be taken and should be applied for promptly, as that which our citizens can now subscribe for at par, $100 per share, will in the near future sell for $150 and $200. This is one of the inevitable results, as it has been stated by its president, Mr. Fifield, that every five years the entire investment will be paid back in dividends. The Lowell Trust Co., who have charge of subscriptions have abundant reasons to be pleased, for in a few days the stock will undoubtedly have been all subscribed.

Best prizes ever offered in athletic meeting in New England on exhibition at Ellingwood's. Tickets 25 cents, grand stand free.

LOVED SAM WOOLSEY.

Doretta Neltmann Tried to Kill Herself but Now Regrets It.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 1.—Doretta Neltmann, 17 years old, is in St. Catherine's hospital suffering from the effects of a dose of carbolic acid, which she took with suicidal intent. Doretta may recover, and if she does she says that she will never make another attempt to end her life.

Until about a year ago Miss Neltmann lived with her parents at Boston. She was unable to obtain employment in the latter city, and she came to Brooklyn, and for a time lived with her sister. Finally Doretta secured a place as a domestic. She had not worked long before she fell in love with a young man named Samuel Woolsey. She kept company with Woolsey for a couple of months, but of late the pair haven't been seen together.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Neltmann went to her sister's house, and retired early, and a couple of hours later was found in great agony. There was an empty carbolic acid bottle by her side. An ambulance was called, and the young woman was removed to St. Catherine's hospital.

In Doretta's room was found a letter addressed to "Dear Sam Woolsey." The letter was to the effect that Doretta loved Sam and that she had killed herself for him. No one seems to know who Sam Woolsey is.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Some unknown rascal is poisoning hens in Revere, Mass.

Charles A. Warner is held at Providence for embezzlement.

John Short, steamboat engineer, was killed at Calais, Me.

Forest fires are destroying valuable lumber in Pennsylvania.

A society of Chinese revolutionists is reported formed in Omaha.

A. P. Low and party, Dominion explorers of Labrador, have returned safely.

The New Hampshire Baptist anniversaries will be held at Dover Sept. 16-18.

The Argentine government intends to reduce the duties on American imports.

A Montreal express was ditched and several persons injured at Port Kent, N. Y.

George S. Barnum of New Haven is sued for neglect of duties as a corporation secretary.

An English syndicate has purchased the Wisconsin paper and pulp mills for $14,000,000.

S. Arthur Day of North Beverly, Mass., was murderously assaulted by Edward C. Ingalls.

David Avery, a convict, 22 years old, died at the state prison at Hartford of consumption.

It is estimated that three-quarters of Chicago's recently unemployed are at work again.

Mrs. I. W. Taylor's house at South Acton, Mass., was burned. Loss, $2500. Incendiary.

James G. Murphy, aged 52, committed suicide at his sister's in Providence by turning on the gas.

Professor D. E. Conant, instructor in the gymnasium of Chicago university, was drowned while bathing.

Charles, the 8-year-old son of John Davenport of Ayer, Mass., was drowned while bathing in a brook.

Harry Bevercomb, a young Englishman, was found dead at Olneyville, R. I. Alcoholism was the cause of death.

William J. Kennedy of Chicago, 28 years old, attempted to commit suicide, by taking laudanum, at East Boston.

E. M. Highley of Somersworth, N. H., has invented a unicycle that will revolutionize the cycling world, it is said.

Rev. A. J. Rackliffe of Skowhegan, Me., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational society at Hudson, Mass.

Professor E. R. Goodwin of Lawrence, Mass., was elected principal of the classical high school in Worcester, at a salary of $3000.

Schooner Puritan, 85 tons, owned by a Gloucester (Mass.) firm, and engaged in the halibut fishery, is ashore at Cape Jock, N. S.

Leander Parker, about 60 years old, who hailed from New Bedford, Mass., fell from a scow and was drowned at Wiscasset, Me.

Michael Kent, who is wanted by the police at Winsted, Conn., for assaulting John Scanlon, has been captured. Scanlon will recover.

John W. Ramsey, editor of the Granite City Leader, has been appointed deputy collector and inspector in the Richford (Vt.) custom house.

The living war governors are Sprague of Rhode Island, Curtin of Pennsylvania, Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa and Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois.

The body of Thomas Reynolds was found floating in the harbor at New Haven. Reynolds was a 'longshoreman and had been missing since Monday.

An execution debtor may not be arrested and imprisoned without being given an opportunity to furnish bail or take poor debtor's oath, according to a Boston judge's decision.

By the transfer of the old West church to the Boston public library, the latter institution secures about 2000 valuable books, formerly the library of the West Parish society.

Mark Murphy, on trial at Hartford for making and uttering forged checks in that city, has been identified as the man who operated in a similar manner in Waterbury last week.

F. A. Hobbs, ex-receiver of the Stockbridge (Mass.) Savings bank, under indictment for embezzlement, was released on bail, the amount of surety required having been reduced from $30,000 to $12,000.

Oysters Are Plentiful.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The oyster season opened today, and from what can be learned from market dealers there will be a plentiful supply of oysters, in much better condition than they have been for the past two seasons.

Twenty-Five Years In Service.

HALIFAX, Sept. 1.—Edward Pero, the oldest locomotive driver in Canada, was crushed to death at Westville yesterday by the wheels of his locomotive. He had been running an engine for a quarter of a century.

Governor Waite Discharged.

DENVER, Sept. 1.—Commissioner Hinsdale discharged Governor Waite, and held the other defendants, Dwyer, Mullins and Armstrong, for the grand jury in $500, on the charge of conspiracy.

Three Charges Against Him.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 1.—James Quaw, who was arrested by Detective Parker at Lawrence, Mass., has been brought to Providence to answer to the charge of three cases of larceny.

Found at Melrose.

NEWTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—Missing Nellie Shine, who, while demented, disappeared from her place of employment last Tuesday evening, has been found at the home of her aunt in Melrose.

MORTON WRITES

Willing to Lead the Republicans Into Canaan.

WILL ESSAY THE PART OF NEW YORK'S MOSES.

If Not This as a High Rank Political Private.

RHINECLIFF, N. Y., Sept. 1.—The following letter explains itself:

"In response to the very large number of suggestions made to me that I should declare my attitude with reference to the Republican state convention, I address myself to the Republicans of the state of New York, and beg to say that while the suggestions are in themselves unusual, I venture to express the hope that the urgency in the public journals for the announcement of my decision was not occasioned by any undue hesitation on my part.

"I am certainly not seeking any nomination from the convention. I have been absent from the country so long, and so far, that no one can refer to the slightest movement on my part to cause a discussion in which my name has been used with the names of other Republicans who are deservedly honored throughout the state for their services and character. I have

Put Myself In Nobody's Way.

nor have I suffered any one to do that for me which I disclaim for myself.

"And now, having been five days on American soil, after 12 months' absence, and having examined the situation as well as possible in that period, I beg to say that in the approaching councils of the party in convention assembled I desire to be regarded as a soldier in the Republican army, ready to receive the commands of my fellow-citizens of like persuasion in public policy with myself, whether those commands involve leadership or services in the ranks.

"When I left the vice president's chair, and since, I have no thought, much less desire, to re-enter public life. Manifold considerations regarding my family, which I have no right to intrude upon the public, led me to desire to spend the remainder of my days in retirement.

In the Hands of His Friends.

"By the kindness of my countrymen, having held high official positions at home and abroad, I was profoundly content to let the record stand. But do not understand me to imply that I look lightly upon the office of governor of the state of New York. I know something of the resources, the capacities and the needs of the Empire state, and I appreciate the importance, the usefulness and the honor of the great office of chief executive. Should I be called to fill it, I shall strive earnestly to serve the people with steadfastness of purpose and to faithfully administer a public trust.

"Finally I aver, in the sincerest terms, that if the convention shall prefer to see any other name than mine upon the Republican banner, I shall accept the result without regret or sense of injury, and will give to the successful candidate my hearty and unwavering support.

"Trusting that the action of the convention will be harmonious and redound to the best interest of the party and state, I remain, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"LEVI P. MORTON."

Voyage Cut Short.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 1.—Schooner Rising Sun, Captain Sparks, arrived in port yesterday afternoon, after a 70 days' voyage, with 70 barrels of oil. The captain stated that the crew was ugly all the time and refused to do duty part of the time. The vessel also sprung aleak forward, and the crew demanded the vessel headed for home.

Another War In Africa.

CAPE TOWN, Sept. 1.—A revolt has broken out among the natives in the vicinity of the Portuguese town of Lorenzo Marquez, on the north side of Delagoa bay. Thousands of natives are gathering under the leadership of Moveja. The natives in Lorenzo Marquez are joining the rebels.

Boston Physician In Trouble.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Frank S. Whittemore, a Newbury street physician, was arrested last night on a charge of uttering worthless checks on the New England Trust company. Dr. Whittemore has been staying at a well-known downtown hotel during the past few weeks.

Ocean Record Again Broken.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The steamship Lucania of the Cunard line passed in at Sandy Hook at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, breaking all previous transatlantic records. The Lucania made the passage in 5 days, 8 hours and 38 minutes.

New Factory For Holyoke.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Sept. 1.—Preparations are being made here for building a new factory for the Purcell Envelope company, which is to remove from Albany. The contracts will be let soon. Machinery for the company has already arrived.

Boiler Exploded.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 1.—By a boiler explosion in the power house of the street railway, yesterday afternoon, William Baxter, aged 40, a fireman, received a broken leg, arm, fingers and hip. The building was badly damaged.

Had Good Luck.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., Sept. 1.—President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson fished all day yesterday at White Island pond in the Wareham Cranberry bog district for black bass. They made a good catch, enjoying the day greatly.

Electrical Supply Plant Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—The five-story mill building, owned and occupied by La Roche & Co., manufacturers of electrical supplies, was partially destroyed by fire last night. The loss will be heavy.

Too Much Stock on Hand.

LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Furnam cotton mills have shut down until Sept. 17, throw 750 hands out of works. The inaction is caused by an accumulation of stock.

Broke the World's Record.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—Robert J paced a mile at Fort Wayne yesterday in 2:03¾, lowering the world's record, which was 2:04. The last quarter was covered in 30s.

Looking Toward a Respite.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—Secretary Gresham has been informed in relation to the case of Edward T. Adams, the Texan convicted of murder, that the government of Mexico is making a thorough examination of the case, and that if it is found possible sentence may be commuted.

Euston stripes and plaids are the best new things in neckwear this season.

Cut on the bias, the silks are strikingly effective, at the same time quiet, stylish and genteel.

The Teck has a small knot with long aprons; the Four-in-hand is slightly smaller than last year.

The Club House Tie is copied from a late London fashion.

We have just received our first order of these silks, and with them an excellent selection of Royal Armures in the same shapes.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

FROM OUR 6 O'CLOCK EXTRA.

MORE BLOODY WORK.

Japanese and Chinese Had a Pitched Battle at Liau-Tie-Shan.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 31.—A Che Foo dispatch states that Japanese warships, convoying a number of transports, landed troops at Liau-Tie-Shan yesterday.

The forces were marched at once upon Port Arthur, and Japanese ships of war in the mean time bombarded the forts at that place.

The object of the Japanese is to destroy the docks and forts at Port Arthur, in order to prevent disabled Chinese vessels from sheltering there for repairs. The fight is still in progress.

The British gunboat Redpole has sailed from Che-Foo for Port Arthur.

Junks arriving at Che-Foo from New Chang report that a large number of bodies of Japanese are floating in the water at the mouth of the Tatung river.

Several hundred cattle boats, which were moored stem and stem in the Canton river were set on fire and burned.

Those on board were unable to escape and several thousand were burned to death.

Turned Out of White House.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 21. Miss Alice Sarger, who enjoys the distinction of being the only woman ever employed in the executive mansion in a clerical capacity, has been transferred to the post office department.

PLUMBERERS REGISTERING.

Law Gives Them Until Tomorrow to Take Out Licenses.

All masters and journeymen plumbers who have business or employment in this commonwealth would do well to familiarize themselves with the Massachusetts plumbing law passed by the legislature of 1893 and extended by the act of 1894.

This latter legislation is far stricter and more mandatory than the original, and contains the specific requirements that "no person, firm or corporation shall engage in or work at the business of plumbing, either as a master or employing plumber, or as a journeyman plumber, unless such person's firm or corporation has received a license or certificate therefor."

Furthermore, it is provided that "on or before the first day of September, 1894, every master or employing plumber and every journeyman plumber, engaged in or working at the business of plumbing in this commonwealth prior to July 10,1893," and desiring to continue in such business or employment, shall register his name and address at the office of the board of health or of the inspector of buildings.

An Acrobat's Visit.

Mr. Joseph Donnelly, better known on the stage as Joseph Anzo, the great acrobat, is paying a visit to this city, his native place.

Mr. Donnelly was engaged at the Chicago grotto during the World's Fair and has a world-wide reputation as an all-round acrobat and instructor in physical culture.

He was instructor in the gymnasium at Nashville, Tenn., for quite a period, and has travelled extensively with the leading theatrical troupes of the United States and Canada.

Put It in a Collection.

One of the old "colonial" passenger coaches of the Boston & Maine is in Lowell. It is standing on the track where the accident happened a short time ago, near Thorndike street. It is quite a curiosity and is well worth seeing, as it shows the great progress which has been made in car building.

War in China.

Doesn't change the price on our Teas. Notice the samples in one of our show windows. Our Eagle chop Formosa at 50c., no presents, beats the world. The U. S. Tea Co. Lowell.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.

THE WISE SPEAKER.

What He Said to a Meeting of Chicago Strikers.

Is It Not Better to Face an Unpleasant Truth and Prepare to Deal With It than to Delude Ourselves With the Fancy That We Have Won When We Are Vanquished?

Down in the southwestern part of the city last Saturday interested people held a picnic for the purpose of encouraging and benefiting the strikers in Pullman. They gathered under a beautiful cluster of trees, the one breathing spot amid a desert of walls, smoke and dreariness, for this vicinity, being the home of crowds of working people, abounds in ugliness, with streets that are never finished and alleys that are never cleaned.

The working people all about who could find a spare quarter in their clothes assembled in the grateful shade and tried for the time to throw away all care and anxiety. The Pullman band played, the young people danced, the older ones gathered in groups and talked, and spite of all efforts their faces would grow serious and their voices low and earnest as they continued. As evening drew on and the people moved in and out of dark shadows and the flickering gleams of light from cheap torches an impromptu speakers' stand was set up at one side and an audience drew near. No electric light threw into bold relief the worn faces and shabby clothing of speakers and hearers. In darkness they faced each other, keeping in touch while they could not see by the force of a mighty sympathy.

The speakers were workingmen, close to their hearers in sad experiences, in knowledge, in purpose. First came Heathcote, the leader of the strike in Pullman; then Adair, a Times writer; another Pullman leader, and Spean, a Kelly commonwealer. They were brave, these wageworking orators. They were determined. They earnestly tried to encourage and strengthen their listeners. But, ah, it was all so pitiful!

Their words were strong, and as though to reassure themselves they were repeated o'er and o'er. They were words you hear in every strike when the struggle is intense: "We are not beaten! We never will be beaten! We will stand out for our rights against Pullman if it takes 20 years! The railroads are losing money with their green hands every day. They can't keep it up forever. The oppressor Pullman is hated. He is unpopular. Keep up your courage, boys. Just a few days longer, and we are bound to win," etc.

There was such pathos in the undertone of their defiance! Such a pitifully forced animation in the applause and cheers that came from poorly fed bodies and careworn brains! Still they meant it, poor fellows! They were truly willing to pit their puny strength, their helpless poverty against Pullman's enormous power, determined never to yield until death seizes them, even though death is sure to seize them before Pullman is ever so faintly hurt.

But there was another speaker. After the others were through he began in earnest, steady tones, as though the subject were too serious to approach with anything like bombast. He had been in the labor field many years, and he knew what lay before the workingmen. He has been true to his convictions through strikes, labor struggles, campaigns of every description. He had experienced all that the laboring man had to contend with and was not afraid to tell them what it was. He made no sentimental appeals, raised no false hopes. His words presented such a contrast to those that had been spoken, they were so unexpected, that the leaders moved uneasily, and the striking workingmen hung their heads, and, instead of cheering, began to think. He said in substance:

"I do not come here to encourage you with false hopes. I want you to look the situation fairly in the face and be men. Don't flatter yourselves that you are on the edge of a victory, and that in the immediate future ease and prosperity are to be your lot. You have not won the strike. You will not win it. You are already beaten, and you would better admit the fact like brave soldiers overpowered by superior weapons and superior cunning. How could it be otherwise in such a struggle? Pullman's resources are boundless. He hides himself from the noise of battle and pours out money like water that others may do his will. George M. Pullman as an individual in a contest of wit and endurance against yours might be readily brought to terms, but courts, judges, officers, work for him. A president does his bidding. His enormous interests are guarded by all the force of a great government. You might enter into a struggle with your master alone and win, but you can't pit your fists and your empty stomachs against gatling guns and bayonets. When a gatling gun was placed on every street corner where men most do congregate and United States soldiers, deputy marshals, militiamen, invaded every portion of your city and even your homes, you were beaten. Acknowledge it, for you were not fighting the United States. You never started out to win against every force the whole country could muster. Look somewhere else. Look around and find where your greatest power lies.

"How comes it that Pullman and the corporations have the power to call out the soldiers whenever they wish? How is it that cannon are set up in our streets when they say so? How is it that courts issue injunctions against men who are simply carrying out their constitutional rights? How is it that officers will serve them, go beyond their authority, seize private papers and throw innocent people into jail without warrants? How is it courts, judges, officers, will use a man like a hardened criminal because he 'stopped on the grass?' I will tell you. It is because the president, the congressmen who make the laws, the judges who interpret them, are tools of the corporations, and you have helped elect them. If you go on electing such men, you will continue to be silenced with guns and bayonets whenever you make a protest against your slavery. Your only remedy is to quit voting with the old parties, both of which are but combinations of your oppressors. Put your own lawmakers, interpreters and executives in office. Put in tried and true men from among yourselves, who will not call out the troops when you are being starved to desperation.

"Some of you have sworn never to vote the old party ticket again. More of you must do so. You must form not a labor party only, but a workingman's party. Cut loose from the old corrupt machinery by which your masters have ruled you so long. And do not expect that, having called your conventions, nominated your men, cast your votes for them, your troubles are over. The other side is skilled in political trickery. You are inexperienced. They will cajole, deceive and trick you over and over again. You will be sold out again and again, and the first few true men may be helpless among a gang of corruptionists. Expect it all, but do not be discouraged. You will be learning lessons. You will discover your own power presently, and in time the government will in reality be a government of the people, for the people, by the people. Your strikes will be settled by the exercise of common sense and justice, instead of your poverty and suffering being crushed into silence by brutal cruel force."

Some of those present said the speaker had been cruelly discouraging, and that he ought to say something more hopeful to the boys; but, under the circumstances, whose course was the wisest—that of the conventional speaker who cheered with the usual stock phrases, or the farseeing man who solemnly warned his listeners of the dangers before them?

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

FIFTY YEARS BEHIND.

Such Is the Condition of Labor In America Compared With England.

Mr. Stead contrasts the labor movement in England and America vastly to the advantage of the former country:

"In industrial matters our American kinsfolk are where we were 40 or 50 years ago, when rattening was the first word of an outlawed unionism and murder the ultimate argument against the blackleg. What Sheffield was in the palmy days of Broadhead and Crookes, before the royal commission was appointed which revealed the secrets of a unionism resting upon the foundation of assassination—preached as a virtue and practiced as a necessity—so Pittsburg is today, and when we say Pittsburg we say Chicago, Denver or any other great industrial center; hence when an Englishman returns from the United States to the worst strike region in the United Kingdom he is conscious of an immediate and unmistakable change for the better. Our difficulties are bad enough, but they are as moonlight is to sunlight, as water is to wine, compared with the industrial feuds which rage on the other side of the Atlantic."

This statement, which accords with the reports of many recent observers in America, is borne out by a dismal catalogue of violence on both sides, neither "hesitating to shoot," and the public doing nothing but keeping the ring. The church is powerless and arbitration voted useless. "The great mischief in America is the absence of trust, the rooted disbelief in the honesty and good faith of anybody. Rightly or wrongly, American workmen seem to be convinced—I have heard picked leaders of American labor assert it again and again—that no award, no agreement, is ever respected by their employers a day longer than it suits their interests to keep it. Bad faith on the part of the employers is balanced by murder and outrage on the part of the employed, while the church, which should be the conscience of the community, is seared as with a hot iron by a conventional indifferentism to the affairs of this world." Canon Barnett, about two years ago, told a representative of this journal that America was 50 years behind the times in its attitude toward labor, and Mr. Stead exactly bears him out.—Contemporary Review.

Bicycle Riding.

There is one thing against which I wish to take an unquestioned and decided stand—that is, the incorrect position assumed by many bicycle riders. The correct position is that of a modified position of the soldier—a position of command, grace and perfect muscular control. The rider should have his handle bars so adjusted that when he sits perfectly erect the palm of the hand rests upon the bar without tension upon the arm muscles. The arms should be comfortably extended, and the trunk, as far as possible, held erect without being stiff. The legs can then be extended with comfort and without interference with the return circulation of the lower limbs.—International Journal of Surgery.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shellbark, standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Fiscus aureu. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitæ, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various states and territories, and of this number 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.—St. Louis Republic.

IN CITY SLUMS.

Some Interesting Statistics Contained In the Special Report of Mr. Wright.

In his seventh special report Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright deals with the investigations made by his agents into the slum districts of Baltimore, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Much that is of interest to the student of social conditions is contained in the report, and some of the figures given will be surprising to those who see them for the first time. The following excerpts from the document are of especial interest:

Comparing the sex of the population in the slum districts canvassed with that of the whole city, it is found that in each case the males predominate to a greater extent in the slum districts. In Baltimore, in the city at large, 47.44 per cent of the population are males, while in the slum district selected the males constitute 49.84 per cent of the population. In Chicago the difference is between 51.68 per cent for the whole city and 53.93 per cent for the slum district. In New York the difference is between 49.34 per cent for the whole city and 54.61 per cent for the slum district. In Philadelphia it is between 48.83 per cent for the city at large and 53.48 per cent for the slum district.

The total foreign born in the city of Baltimore is 15.58 per cent of the total population, but in the slum district canvassed it is 40.22 per cent; in Chicago the total foreign born in the city at large constitutes 40.98 per cent of the population, while in the slum district it is 57.51 per cent; in New York the foreign born is 43.23 per cent of the total population, while in the slum district it is 62.58 per cent, and in Philadelphia the foreign born constitutes 25.74 per cent of the total population and 60.45 per cent of the slum population. These figures show conclusively that the proportion of foreign born persons in the slums of each city is very largely in excess of the proportion for the whole poulation. This excess is in Baltimore 24.64 per cent; in Chicago, 16.53 per cent; in New York, 20.35 per cent, and in Philadelphia, 34.71 per cent.

In the whole city of Baltimore the illiterates constitute 9.17 per cent of the native born population and 12.41 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 9.79. In the slum districts of that city 8.13 per cent of the native born and 30.62 per cent of the foreign born are illiterate, while the percentage for both is 19.69. In the city of Chicago at large the illiterates constitute .81 per cent of the native born population and 8.31 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 4.63, but in the slum district canvassed 5.64 per cent of the native born persons are illiterate and 33.86 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 25.37. In New York the percentage of illiterates is 1.16 for the entire native born population and 14.06 for the foreign born, the percentage for both being 7.59, while for the slum population the percentage of native born who are illiterates is 7.20 and of the foreign born 57.69, the percentage for both being 40.65. Philadelphia shows nearly as large a proportion of illiterates in the slum districts as New York, the figures for the whole population showing that 2.8 per cent of all the native born persons are illiterate and 11.29 of foreign born, the united percentage being 4.97. In the slum districts of Philadelphia, however, 8.44 per cent of the native born persons and 46.61 per cent of the foreign born are illiterate, the percentage for the two classes being 37.07.

In the city of Baltimore 20.13 per cent of all the voters of the city are foreign born, but in the slum district canvassed 44.04 per cent of the voters are foreign born. The variation in Chicago is not so great, the foreign born voters of the whole city being 50.02 per cent and in the slum district canvassed 61.31. Of the whole number of voters in New York city 49.93 per cent are foreign born, while in the slum district canvassed 62.44 per cent are foreign born. In Philadelphia the differences are greater, 29.52 per cent of the total voters being foreign born and 58.94 per cent of the voters in the slum district belonging to that class.

A Co-operative Movement.

The Brotherhood of Winters Island is an attempt to put into practical operation some of the many nationalist plans of the present day. Some of those in Oakland who were interested in the nationalist movement formed an organization and leased Winters island, in the Sacramento river. Upon this island they undertook to establish a colony upon purely nationalist principles, modified in some degree in order to meet the requirements of the location and the idea of the organizers.

The plan is to lease the island, with the privilege of purchase at the end of a certain period at an agreed price. The island is to be diked and the low portion to be reclaimed, and it is then hoped that the brotherhood will dwell together there in peace and unity without strikes or railroads.

The plan was started a year ago and has been in operation since with success that has been varying, but which has, on the whole, been good.

To each member is issued one share of stock, and no member is allowed more than the one share, so that no one man can obtain control of the property. If a man has a wife, she may also hold one share, but there can be no further combination of stock in that family.

During the past year the island was rented for pasturage for $750. There are 14 members at work on the island building a levee to reclaim a portion of the low part. There is enough money on hand which, added to the amount received for pasturage, will build the levee. When this is done, the island will be put under cultivation and the produce sold to the San Francisco market.

The members are extremely hopeful, and they claim that they have solved the secret of all strikes and municipal unhappiness.—Oakland (Cal.) Letter.

The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon' temple, where there was an organ with 1 pipes.

Jewelers say that the sale of precious stones as amulets and charms to ward off ill luck is nowadays greater than ever before.

The Brooklyn bridge, the largest suspension bridge in the world, is, with its approaches, 5,989 feet long and cost $18,000,000.

GOOD HEALTH.

SOMETHING ABOUT SUPERFLUOUS HEARING.

Why Many Cases of Deafness Appear to Have a Very Sudden Beginning—The Infective Period of Various Diseases.

The various parts of a stove require careful treatment if it is to be kept shining and bright. Once a month is often enough to apply blacking to a stove, provided the kitchen is kept clean. If something is spilled on the stove, it should be cleaned off at once and not allowed to burn in. A heavy flannel rag should be kept on hand for this purpose. In case of a very obstinate grease spot a very little kerosene may be used. Where sirup or anything of a sugary nature is spilled it is probably the best way to let it burn to a char and then take it up.

It is unavoidable that a little grease should fall on the stove in broiling unless there is a regular broiling arrangement attached to the stove. In such a case the grease must be wiped off the instant the broiling ceases with a heavy flannel cloth kept for the purpose. Otherwise it will burn in and make an ugly and unseemly stain.

In blacking the stove at the monthly blacking remove the nickel work. This is easily done, as it is merely screwed on. Black the stove thoroughly, dampening the blacking if convenient with a little coffee rather than water. After applying the wet blacking with one brush to a small portion of the stove polish it off with a dry brush, and after the whole stove has been polished in this way rub and polish it with a chamois kept for the purpose or a clean cotton cloth. This last process removes the dust of the blacking. No patent blackings which have been invented to do away with the labor of polishing can be recommended as durable. They require to be continually renewed and do not take the place of the old fashioned blacking.

After the stove has been fully blacked and polished the nickel work should be cleaned bright with whiting and put back in place. If the stove has ground polished edges, as most of the best stoves have, do not polish them with blacking, but clean them bright with sapolio.

How to Fry Smelts.

Rinse them thoroughly; then lay them all out on a piece of coarse linen folded in two or three times and cover them with another piece folded in the same way. Pat with your hands until the fish are perfectly dry; then dip each one separately into an egg that has been beaten to a foam and after that into fine cracker dust in which there is a liberal sprinkling of salt. Lay them carefully on a platter and let them stand in a cool place for an hour; then drop each one into a kettle of hot fat and let them fry till a golden brown.

Serve on a platter on which is laid a fringed napkin. Decorate with sprigs of parsley and bits of lemon.

How to Make the Shells For Eclairs.

For chocolate eclairs put an ounce of butter—about half a tablespoonful—in a saucepan with 6 tablespoonfuls of boiling water. When it begins to boil, stir in about 2½ ounces of flour, possibly a teaspoonful more. What you want is a slightly cooked paste that is very stiff. It is much easier to pour the boiling water and butter into the flour, stirring briskly, than to reverse the order of things.

After you have made the paste thus, take from the fire and break in 4 eggs, one at a time, beating each in very thoroughly.

The eclair pans come in sheet iron. Grease lightly and pour in the mixture. They must not brown, only cook, and will bake in about 15 minutes in a quick oven. Cut each one open at the side and put in chocolate filling as described for cake. When cool, ice each one with chocolate icing all over. Let them dry separately; then pile pyramidwise on your cake plate.

How to Care For Wet Shoes.

First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud. Then, while still wet, rub well with paraffin oil, using flannel for the purpose. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thouroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with paraffin, and the boots will be soft and flexible as new kid and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

How to Make Tartar Sauce.

Put the yolk of one fresh egg in a bowl or a deep soup plate. Commence stirring this about gently, always one way; then gradually stir in a quarter of a tablespoonful of dry mustard. A boxwood spoon or fork is the best to stir it with. After you have stirred this for one minute take a bottle of French olive oil, and drop by drop stir it in. As it gets very thick, thin with a few drops of Tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, continuing the stirring all the time. Repeat this process till you have as much mixed as you need. The yolk of one egg will use up a pint bottle of oil. Add to this half of a medium sized red onion, a sprig of parsley, 3 tablespoonfuls of capers, all chopped very fine. Stir well together, add a dash of red pepper, and you have a perfect tartar sauce.

How to Clean a Straw Hat.

A real Italian leghorn hat may be cleaned with a nailbrush and castile soapsuds. Rusty black hats may be renovated with the liquid polish used for ladies' shoes. White or yellow hats may be bleached by washing them in clear water and placing them in a box with burning sulphur, the fumes of which, uniting with the water, form the acid which bleaches.

How to Relieve Pimples.

Bathe the face occasionally in a soothing lotion composed of a weak solution of borax and warm water. At night use very warm water, and when thoroughly dry rub in a little of some good face ointment.

The United States flag was first saluted by a foreign power at Guiberon bay in France by Admiral La Motte.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE.

A Question That Every Woman May Ask Herself After Reading This Story.

"Children are queer," said a woman. "You never can tell about 'em. Not long ago I went after a little girl to take her to our institution. She was a queer, wild little thing, and no one could do a thing with her. I didn't like the looks of her myself. She had a hard face and an impudent little mouth. She had only a few things of her own, and I packed them in my trunk.

"When we had been on the train a little while, I noticed that she kept putting her hand furtively into her pocket, as if she had something hidden and wanted to see if it was all right. I watched her do this every once in awhile, and at last I said:

"'Anna, what have you got in your pocket?'

"Her face crimsoned. 'Nothin,' she said.

"She acted so queer that I began to think of the stories that they had told me about her. 'Show me what you have there,' I said.

"'Nothin,' she said again, looking modefiantly in the face.

"I argued with her a long time, and at last I made her take the mysterious thing out of her pocket. It was an odd, little, clumsy bundle, and I hated to open it for fear I should find a stolen piece of jewelry or rare trinket of some sort. I unwrapped fold after fold of dirty cloth. In the center I found—what do you think?"

"A picture," said the other woman.

"No."

"A purse?"

"No; a little, old, dirty sugar heart, tied with a piece of faded ribbon.

"'I've had it since I was little,' sobbed the child, 'and mamma used to give it to me to play with when I was good. She had it when she was little, and she used to go to bed alone if her mother'd let her have it for company.'"

"What did you do with the dirty thing?" said the other woman. "Throw it away?"

The first woman didn't answer for a minute. Then she said:

"Would you have thrown it away?"

"Yes," said the other firmly, "I would. I've managed children a long time, and I tell you you can't do a thing with them unless you make them understand they've got to mind."

"You're one of the directors of the big orphans' home, aren't you?" said the first woman, speaking very slowly.

"Yes, I am," said the other.

"I thought so." And the first woman stopped the car and got out at the very next crossing.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Immense Area of Texas.

A printed statement that the western states of America are becoming crowded is disproved by figures that, through various manipulations, tell a most wonderful story of the length and breadth of the magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi.

Of the vast area of the larger western states people who have not visited them and traveled over them have no comprehensive idea. Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles. To the casual reader these figures mean little; they show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than 51 times as large as the state of Connecticut.

If it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg state, as given in the last census, at every trip, and upon its return there should be as many persons in the state as there were before the train left with its cargo, and if each were placed upon an acre of ground upon its arrival in Texas, the train would be obliged to make 224 trips, or to depopulate Connecticut 224 times, before accomplishing its mission, and then there would remain in Texas 762,608 empty acres.

It may be of passing interest to know that such a train, made up of coaches 20 feet long, capable of accommodating 50 passengers each, would extend over a distance of more than 50 miles.—Kate Field's Washington.

Whittier's Story of Lucy Larcom.

Some years ago, when a gentleman called upon Whittier on his birthday, the poet told an interesting incident connected with Miss Larcom.

She had been calling on him that forenoon. While she was there a very effusive minister called to pay his respects. He recited selections from Whittier's writings, and finally said: "But I think the most beautiful thing you have ever written was 'Hannah Binding Shoes,'" and then proceeded to speak of it as one of the finest poems in the language.

"Yes," said Whittier, "I think myself it is a beautiful thing. I always admired it."

Thus encouraged, the minister recited several stanzas of the poem in a very dramatic manner. As he concluded, Whittier, motioning to Miss Larcom, said: "Allow me to introduce you to the author of that poem."

Whittier said, as he told the story afterward, with a quiet laugh, "I never saw a man who so much desired to sink through the floor as did that minister."—Boston Woman's Journal.

The Creatures of Ocean Depths.

It would appear to have been definitely established by the researches of the last 50 years that life in some of its many forms is universally distributed throughout the ocean. Not only in the shallower waters near coasts, but even in the greater depths of all oceans, animal life is exceedingly abundant. A trawling in a depth of over a mile yielded 200 specimens of animals belonging to 79 species and 65 genera. A trawling in a depth of about three miles yielded over 50 specimens belonging to 27 species and 25 genera.

Even in depths of four miles fishes and animals belonging to all the chief invertebrate groups have been procured, and in a sample of ooze from nearly five miles and a quarter there was evidence to the naturalists of the Challenger that living creatures could exist at that depth.—G. W. Littlehales in Popular Science Monthly.

How Dr. Holmes Read a Book.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes apparently does not lose his gift of felicitous expression as he grows older. A friend not long since sent the genial "Autocrat" a book, and a few days thereafter came a reply from Beacon street: "I hardly thought I should find time to read your book, for I have had a great influx of authors of late. But dipping into it I became interested, and the more I read the more I was pleased, and so read on until I had taken up every chapter, every sentence, every word and the three notes of the appendix—lapped them up as a kitten laps up a saucer of cream."—Boston Journal.

Vaccination In England.

The vaccination laws are practically in suspense. In some districts many children have never been vaccinated. Even where the letter of the law has been complied with vaccinations have been done in a very lax and untrustworthy way, and there has been an almost entire absence of revaccination.—London Lancet.

Open to Conviction.

Foreman—You say in this editorial that the colonel is "a born liar." Isn't that rather severe?

Editor—Yes; change it to "professional."—Atlanta Constitution.

Coming Together.

"Truly," said Witticus, when he saw ox tail soup and tongue on the free lunch counter, "extremes meet."—Life.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

WHERE VANILLA COMES FROM AND HOW IT GROWS.

A Remarkable Orchid Cultivated in Mexico and South America—A Famous Prison—Popular Furniture Wood—The Vinegar Bible.

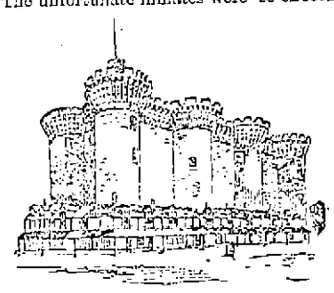
Of all orchids, the vanilla is the one most widely known and is remarkable in possessing the only species of the order that has any economic value. There are about 20 species scattered throughout the tropics, that having commercial value being Vanilla planifolia. It is characterized by having a tall climbing and branching leafy stem and large flowers of delicious fragrance, chiefly white and red (in several economic species green) with a broad, concave stalked lip, at the base rolled about the column, to which the stalk is adnate. The dark brown pods, or fruit, are 6 to 9 inches long, and are filled with a dark, oily, odorous pulp.

In Mexico vanilla is planted either in a field or in a forest. To render a forest fit for growing a crop all is cleared off but its young saplings, which must serve as supports to the vanilla, the preference being given to trees having a milky sap. Near each tree two cuttings are placed side by side in the following manner: In a shallow trench, 1½ inches deep and 16 inches long, three knots of cutting (previously deprived of leaves) are laid and covered up with brush and dead leaves. The remainder of the cutting, 2 or 3 feet long, is placed against the tree and tied to it. The supporting trees should be no nearer than 12 or 15 feet apart, to give sufficient room for the development of the plant. After a month the cuttings have taken root and must be carefully kept free from weeds or briers of all kinds. On the third year vanilla thus planted begins to bear fruit (improperly called beans) and continue many years. When on the other hand a field on flat land or river bottom is selected, the Mexicans first plow it up thoroughly and on it raise a crop of maize. While this is growing, the field becomes, it appears, covered with a quantity of young lactescent trees of the fig family, which, after a year, are large and strong enough to support the vanilla vine. Then the setting of the plant is performed in the manner before described, and from these the finest product is obtained, says the Boston Evening Transcript, the source of the foregoing.

A Famous Prison.

Bastille was in France a general term for a strong fortress defended by towers or bastions, but the name is usually understood to refer to the famous prison built originally as a royal chateau by Charles V about 1370, being afterward demolished and rebuilt by Philip of Valois. When it came to be used by Louis XI as a state prison, it was provided with vast bulwarks and ditches.

In its grim towers and also in cellars under ground the prisons were situated. The unfortunate inmates were so effectually separated from the world as to be often entirely forgotten, and in some cases it was found impossible to discover either their origin or the cause of their imprisonment. They were usually persons of rank sent there by means of "lettres de cachet" or warrants under the king's name, which could be obtained for a consideration and which the person who held them could fill out with any name. In this way many people entirely innocent of crime fell victims to political despotism, court intrigue, ecclesiastical tyranny or the gratification of family quarrels and private feuds.



THE FRENCH BASTILLE.

The Bastille was demolished by the people, July 14, 1789, in the French revolution. Lafayette presented its key to Washington, and it is now numbered with the valuable relics to be seen in Washington's mansion at Mount Vernon.

Popular Furniture Woods.

The Industrial World states that furniture manufacturers are now using mahogany more than ever, particularly in chairs, and it is used also in house finishings. Perhaps the most popular wood of the period, for interior uses and furniture, is American birch, the use of which is increasing largely. It comes from Canada and New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It costs about one-third the price of mahogany. Good mahogany sells at 18 to 30 cents a foot, according to width. American birch has been growing in favor for several years to some extent, on account of the increasing scarcity and the high prices of cherry, another popular wood, which many would use more freely but for its cost. Cherry now sells at about two-thirds the price of mahogany. Oak is used for house finishings, both quartered and plain. Other popular woods are cypress, sycamore, maple, ash, elm and hazelwood. Black walnut, so generally used 30 years ago is still used somewhat.

Sick Pearls.

Pearls, like all jewels of less hardness, are apt to discolor and wear dim with age—to die, as the jewelers say. Many and curious are the methods by which it has been attempted to restore their beauty. They have been baked in loaves of bread. They have even been fed to chickens—a European plan to subject them to the action of the gastric juice—and, when the poor fowls were killed, after an hour or two the stones were found to be actually somewhat improved in color by their curious bath. The East Indian, when his pearls become yellow, scours them with boiled rice and flatters himself that it has some small effect for good, but when the pristine splendor of a pearl has once gone it appears to have vanished forever.

The Vinegar Bible.

Very trifling blunders have sometimes been enough to make an issue of the Bible famous. The edition of the "Vinegar" Bible is a case in point. In 1717 a printer named J. Baskett printed a large folio Bible in two volumes. In the headline of the twentieth chapter of the gospel according to St. Luke the word "vinegar" appeared in mistake for "vineyard." It is odd that the error occurs in another edition also issued by Baskett about the same date.

Needed Fixing.

Little Girl—Please, are you the man who fixes skates?

Mechanic—Yes, my little lady.

Little Girl—Well, I wish you'd roughen these so I can stand on them.—Good News.

The civil engineers of Germany have decided to erect a monument to the memory of Dr. Wernervon Siemens, the famous electrician and inventor, in the German capital. A well known sculptor will carry out the work.

Special Bargains In Puddings

may seem queer, but when you realize what a variety of toothsome, and nutritious dishes can be made from

SEA MOSS FARINE

such as puddings, blanc mange, ice cream, custard, etc., at a cost of only

A CENT AND A HALF

for the Farine used, it does not seem so queer. Don't think because the package looks small you do not get enough for your money. Corn starch, farina, etc., retailing for 10c. makes only 4 quarts of blanc mange, while Sea Moss Farine, retailing for 25c. makes full 16 quarts.

See the BARGAIN?

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory

70-72 Middlesex Street.

Old Wooden Building.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

I. VAN TINE

Expert Bicycle Machinist,

Builder of "Climax" and "Built to Reach" Cycles.

Fine Repairing a specialty. All work guaranteed. Parts of bicycl makes always in stock. No. 7 ELD STREET.

NEW LUBER YARD.

No. 255 HOWITH STREET.

Best Quality. Low Prices. Cedar Posts a specialty.

P. V. Alen & Co.,

Telephone 5085.

Do You Go to Lawrence?

If Go Air

THE HOTE BRUNSW

Which now has Finest Dini in the city. The ve been novated. The ame is

DRS. CUFF & SONS

Surgeo D

Rooms 5, 6, 7 Ken 159 Merrimac

FOR TH OF NO

We will sel the al necessary for a house, A COST SPOT CASH

-THE-

H. R. Barker M'fg Co.

Guarantees this.

What would Lowell be without the spindle 'The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD: best smoke in

BARKER'S SURGEON DENTIST

THE GAIN IS SLOW.

BOOM IN BUSINESS HAS NOT TAKEN A BIG JUMP.

Fabrics Come Down In Price All Around While the Boot and Shoe Business Shows the Most Satisfactory Returns.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The activity which came with exhausted stocks and the pressure of delayed fall demands, and was increased by removal of uncertainty about the tariff, has continued with heavy entries of foreign goods since the bill became a law. But the people who know best are saying "improvement will come" rather than "improvement has come."

The gain is not yet what has been expected, and business, if good in comparison with last year, is still poor in comparison with years preceding. Presumably there has not been time to feel the full effects of the change, and a gradual gain will be more healthy and encouraging than a spasmodic rise, but the expansion of commercial loans has suddenly ceased. Prices of manufactured products show weakness rather than strength, and there has been a reaction in the stock market prices of railway stocks averaging 52 cents, and of trusts 2.11 per cent a share lower than a week ago.

The mills are not running full, though the stoppage at Fall River looks every day more like an effort of the operatives to force curtailment of production in order to lift prices and make reduction of wages unnecessary. So far print cloths have advanced ⅛ cent, but without corresponding advance in other goods, and while the demand is encouraging it does not compare with years before the last.

Neither in cotton nor in woolen mills has there appeared this week an increase in production. In woolens, orders for spring goods of certain qualities have been quite large, buyers concluding that prices are

About as Low as They Will Be.

A comparison of standard articles shows a decline in price averaging 7 per cent since last year, and 21 per cent since 1892, the reduction in some important fabrics being 33 per cent.

But though transactions increase, they are decidedly smaller than in years before last. Sales of wool for the week were 6,875,800 pounds, and for four weeks of August 21,828,850, against 877,435 last year, and 29,607,630 in 1892.

The boot and shoe manufacturers are still receiving highly encouraging orders, though mostly low grades, but sales of leather in all markets are notably of thirds or other qualities below the best. Shipments from the east are not only larger than last year, but for August 355,841 cases, against 323,491 in 1892.

Marked changes in tin, which sells at 15.6 cents, and in lead, which is quoted at 3.3 cents, are due to the change of duties, and tin plates sell at 75 to [illegible] cents a box below recent quotations.

Glass manufacturers are demanding a reduction of 40 per cent in wages, which the men, though willing to accept 20 per cent, have refused.

Failures are still few and small. For the third week of August reported liabilities were $2,976,518, but for three weeks only $8,216,470, of which $2,[illegible]388 were of manufacturing and $3,[illegible]811 of trading concerns. The average is only $11,521 a firm failing. The failures this week have been 188 in the United States, against 356 last year, and 40 in Canada against 29 last year.

To Consider Financial Matters.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—A extraordinary session of the Order of Scottish Clans will be opened here on Tuesday next. The order is a prominent fraternal insurance organization, composed of Scotchmen [and] their descendants. The purpose of [the] special meeting will be to adjust and decide on necessary measures of financial reform within the organization.

They Want the Bounty

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—Senator [...]son and a number of major[ity] interested in beet sugar manufacture have proc[ured a] recent decision that no[...] of sugar bounties shou[ld...] senator will file a br[ief...] to the secretary of th[e...]

The Treasu[ry]

WASHINGTON, S[ept...] ance in the tre[asury...] which $55,248,2[...] total receipts f[...] ury during th[...] 021,330, and leaving a s[...] 526.

ASHE[...] on the ageab[...] jump [...] mer[...] spr[...]

[...]reported to [...]an Poland, [...]e and Pine[...] [...] the disease, [...] in the woods. [...]ical orders, and [...]he doctors, treat[...] [...]ay.

[...]ant Call.

[...]s., Sept. 1.—Samuel [...] the National Cotton [...]ti of America, has is[sued a] semi-annual convention, [...]e Sept. 18, for the pur[pose of] [...] action on the recent reduc[...] tions [...]es and the strike of the New Bedford s[pi]nners.

May Live Year Longer.

ALBANY, Sept.—"Bat" Shea, convicted of murdering Robert Ross, and who was to have been electrocuted this week, has been granted stay, pending an appeal which has not been filed. All the testimony has to be printed, and in the Buchanan case this consumed a year.

FROM OUR 5 O'CLOCK EDITION

Of Yesterday.

CARNEGIE'S OPINION.

MILLIONAIRE TELLS HOW A POOR MAN SHOULD LIVE.

The Alleged Philanthropist Says a Workingman Should Live on Less in America Than in the Old Country.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LONDON, Aug. 31.—Andrew Carnegie, the American philanthropist, gives his views in the September number of the Contemporary Review upon the American labor question.

He says that a workingman can live for less in America, if he choose, than in Great Britain, provided that he will live as frugally.

Consequently, Mr. Carnegie thinks, the argument that wages must be higher in America is fallacious. A pound judiciously expended in America on the necessaries of life would afford the workingman's family more comforts than would the same amount here.

The American workingman's position he likens to that of the old Scotch woman, who, when asked if she could live on a certain annuity, replied that she could live on half of it, "but could spend double."

VIGILANT'S RACE

If the Drift Match Today is Not a Fluke.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

DARTMOUTH, Aug. 31.—The Vigilant will have a walkover today unless an accident happens. In today's race between the Satanita and Vigilant, the latter lead by ten minutes on the end of second le[g]. The wind was light and it died away, making the race nothing but a drifting ma[tch].

Smashed Another Record.

By Associated Press to THE SU[N].

LONDON, Aug. 31.—The C[...] broke the record for the eastwar[d passage on] her last trip, passing Daunt's R[ock at ...] a. m. today, making the pa[ssage from] Sandy Hook in 5 days 10 hour[s ...] beating her record of October [...] hour 20 minutes.

MILLS WILL C[...]

Labor Day Will be a Ge[neral Holiday ...] Lowell Say the [...]

The mills will shut [...] say the agents after [...] today. One agent [...] that Labor day is [...] iday and hereafte[r ...] tion about shutt[ing ...]

There is a m[...] other branche[s ...] many of the [...] at least half [...]

[...] Mule Spinners.

[The] Cotton Mule Spin[ners ...]ested to meet in their [...] street, on Monday [...] to take part in Labor day [...]er,

[E]XECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

[...]man Stevens' Ultimatum.

[...]an Stevens will announce [w]hether he will again be a can[didate for the] democratic nomination for [...]

North Andover's Postmaster.

[...]A. Pilling has been reappointed post[mast]er at North Andover. He is a repub[lica]n and has held the position for fourteen [yea]rs.

One Bride to Be.

Charles Sumner, Bedford, N. H., 38 to Mary E. McKenna, 24, was the only intention at the city clerk's office today.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

Best summer drink for children. Keeps them well and strong.

Knapp's ROOTBEER EXTRACT

So delicious, economical, healthful, and pure. Unequalled in the world.

All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

STRIKE IN LAWRENCE.

WORSTED WEAVERS WERE ONLY GETTING $6.50 PER WEEK.

They Asked for a 15 Per Cent. Advance Today and on Refusal Walked Out of the Mill.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

LAWRENCE, Aug. 31.—At 10 this morning the weavers in Ackroyd's worsted mill walked [out on] strike. These weavers had onl[y been get]ting $6.50 a week and claim th[at they were] cut 40 per cent. since last fal[l. They asked] for a 15 per cent. advance a[nd on re]fusal walked out. There w[ere ...] running 48 looms and [...] working at night.

CORBETT VS [...]

Sioux City Club Is [...] Sending Two [...]

By Associated [Press ...]

NEW YORK, A[ug ...] per announces [...] ing editor of t[...] from the Sio[ux City ...] guarantee of [...] proposed C[...] Both m[...] Corbett [...] Jackson [...]

T[...] lice [...] an[...] t[...]

[...]d that was [...]had it with [...]d enough of [...]hat Ann was

[...]son for assault [...]ullivan was then [...]ot guilty and was [...] Donahue. Mrs. [...]panied by a baby. [...]e are all neighbors, [...] where a little thing [...]ced much. Bridget was [...] though she was not in [...] women who talked in [...] She said among other [...]son and his wife were [...] The other day she went [...]e to view a fight that was [...] Jellison hit her with a stone. [...]amination Lawyer Donahue [...] that the Sullivans and Jellison [ha]d trouble before. She threw a [...] him after she was hit by the [...]

[...]a Golden, a sister of the alleged [...] corroborated her story which be[...] tale of another fight. Lawyer Donahue got the witnesses rattled and it be[came] necessary for the court to call them [to o]rder. Maggie Lannan told her story [wh]ich was very similar to that of the other [tw]o witnesses. On cross examination witness said her name used to be "Grant." She denied having been in Sherburn. At this point the case was continued until tomorrow.

James Halpin, arrested for being a suspicious person was discharged.

[...] Judge [...] of this [...]ing, was [...]'s desire [...]the illness [...]on.

[...]yrnes.

[...] the guest of [...]ork police. He [...]employed by the [...]bringing the crim[...]

An Evening of Music.

The Misses Mamie and Winnie Sheehan of Agawam street entertained a few of their friends last evening.

A musical and literary program was rendered by the following well known vocalists: Misses Bessie Fox, Mamie and Winnie Sheehan, Blanche Wood, and Messrs. Henry Carney, Geo. Lynch, Jos. McCaffrey, John Hollowood, James Carney, Christopher McSorley and James Gookin. Refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan. Besides those already mentioned there were present the Misses Lanclott, Katie and Maggie Donaghue. The party broke up at a late hour.

All that's Yellow is not Cottolene

There's hardly a housekeeper in the country but has heard of Cottolene the new vegetable shortening. It is a strictly natural product; composed only of clarified cotton seed oil, thickened for convenience in use, with refined beef suet—pure and sweet. So composed,

COTTOLENE

Was bound to win, and to drive out lard from the kitchens of the world. When housekeepers wish to get rid of the unpleasant features and results of lard, they should get Cottolene, taking care that they are not given cheap counterfeits with imitative names, spuriously compounded to sell in the place of Cottolene.

It's easy to avoid disappointment and insure satisfaction. Insist on having Cottolene.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.

Made only by
The N. K. Fairbank Company,
CHICAGO,
224 State Street, Boston,
Portland, Me.

[...]ry

[...], a [...] then [...]es, al[...] [...]o with [...]ith them [...]encamped [...] animals [...] the Eng[lishmen ...] huge gray [...] and gave the [...] come ashore [...]th were shot. [...]es, 30 feet long, [...]tting a man in [...]ey went to work [...]at long. [...]reached the heart of [...]on. Snakes 35 feet [...] the giants kept out of [...] brush was very thick, [...] deer make well defined [w]ater course to the other, [...] the pythons watch for [...]

[...]g a native hunter came in [...] a big snake near. Two hun[dred yards] away the Englishmen saw [b]etween the trees a serpent al[most as thick] in the middle as a barrel. Its [back] was broken by a shot, and after [...] double it was taken in and skinned. [It was] 41 feet long. Such a snake would [swallow] a man in five seconds.

[Th]ey had now reached the end of their [jour]ney. The river ended in a mass of [ve]getation so dense as to make further [pr]ogress impossible, so a camp was made [o]n the river bank, and next day the guides brought in the head and a few feet of the trunk of a serpent that had evidently been eaten by crocodiles. The head was nearly three feet long and indicated an enormous length. It weighed 60 pounds and was a hideous object. It had no doubt been caught in the water and bitten to death.

Early one morning an alarm was given by one of the Sikh soldiers. He pointed to something glistening in the water half a mile away. Through the glass it was seen to be a snake swimming. The raft was at once manned by the two Englishmen and their gun bearers. Seen above the water, the reptile's head was as large as a barrel and shone like bright copper. It was evidently making for a flat sandy place near shore, and the hunters waited. Part of the body was now exposed, and the men were amazed. It was at least 3 feet thick, and as the long coils glided over the sand it seemed to get bigger.

"Now, men, break its back."

Four shots were fired, and three went through the body of the snake. A hiss like a steam escape and the head arose 20 feet in the air, while the tail beat the water like a flail. Suddenly it turned, and the next moment a tremendous blow smashed the raft. All got into the water and made for shore but one Sikh. He stopped to secure his rifle, and again the tail descended, and he was struck fairly, his back and ribs being smashed into fragments. He never made a sound. Another shot back of the head, and the monster dropped. It took six hours to get the body on land, and its length was 94 feet.

The skin was treated with palm ashes by the natives, an excellent preservative. There is no record of such a snake ever being killed before.—Philadelphia Times

The Beauty of the Steppe.

The steppe grew more and more beautiful. The whole south, all the region which includes the new Russia of the present day as far as the Black sea, was a virgin desert of green. Never had the plow passed through the boundless waves of vegetation. Only a few horses, concealed in it as in a forest, trod it under their hoofs. Nothing in nature could be finer. All the surface of the earth was like a green, golden ocean, from which emerged millions of varied flowers. Amid the delicate tall stalks of the grass gleamed azure, purple, violet cornflowers; the yellow broom lifted on high its pyramidal tower; the white clover, with its umbrellalike bonnets, mottled the plain; a wheat stock, brought from God knows where, was waxing full of seed. Under their slender roots the partridges were running about, thrusting out their necks.

The air was full of a thousand different bird notes. In the sky hung, motionless, a cloud of hawks, stretching wide their wings and fixing their eyes silently on the grass. The cry of the wild geese moving in clouds was heard from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose with measured strokes the prairie gull and luxuriously bathed herself in the blue waves of the air. Now she was lost in immensity and was visible only as a lone black speck. Now she swept back on broad wings and gleamed in the sun. The deuce take you steppes, how beautiful you are!—Gogol's "Taras Bulba."

Anatomy of a Chinaman's Brain.

Attention has been drawn by Mr. C. H. Bond to the anatomy of a Chinaman's brain—to its "external" configuration, that is. Significant differences exist here when we compare it with the formation of the average European brain. For instance, the furrows running transversely show a very decidedly more marked prominence than the furrows which run in the antero-posterior direction. The brains upon which Mr. Bond based his investigations were up to the normal standard in convolutional complexity, the frontal lobes being developed indeed rather beyond the average. One brain thus studied weighed 1,182 grams—that is, 176 grams less than the weight of an average male adult brain. Another very significant point in this field of research is the importance and marked difference of the size and weight shown in the cerebrum as compared to the cerebellum, on which fact Mr. Bond's article on the subject lays much stress.—London Hospital.

No Harm Done.

Wife (at breakfast)—Will you have some chips, dear?

Hubby (absentmindedly)—Yes, gimme 10 blue.

Wife—What did you say?

Hubby—I said give me a few, please.—Cincinnati Tribune.

And Perhaps to the Encore.

"I'll venture to say that fellow can sing," observed Banks. "Look at that long, muscular throat. Look at that larynx."

"Yes," mused Rivers. "I dare say his Adam's apple is sound to the core."

And from the orchestra came the agonizing strains of the "High School Cadets' March."—Chicago Tribune.

[H]agan's Magnolia Balm,

A Liquid Preparation for the face, neck, arms and hands.

Quickly applied.
Effect instantaneous.
Undetectable.
Harmless.

Use it in the City and Country, at the Seaside and Mountains.

Banishes freckles.
Relieves sunburn.
Prevents tan.

Softens the skin & gives it a healthy color.

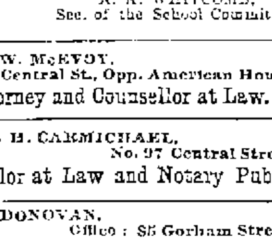
Removes pimples, sallowness, roughness, redness and rash.

HIRES' Rootbeer

makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by

The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada.

Send 2c stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.



Examination for Training School and for the Kindergartners' Class.

There will be an examination of applicants for admission to the Lowell Training school and the Trainers' Class for Kindergartners, in arithmetic, English grammar, geography, history of the United States, reading, writing, spelling, drawing and music, at the High School building, Kirk street, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4 and 5, 1894, beginning at 1.30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Applicants must be at least eighteen years of age, and residents of Lowell.

A. K. WHITCOMB,
Sec. of the School Committee.

JOHN W. McEVOY,
137 Central St., Opp. American House,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL,
No. 97 Central Street,
Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

E. R. DONOVAN,
Office: 55 Gorham Street,
Constable and Auctioneer.

J. J. GALLAGHER,
260 Merrimack Street.
Depot Cigar Store.
All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

FISHER H. PEARSON,
Room 44 P. O. Block,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

P. H. HEELON,
557 and 559 Gorham St.
Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

EDWARD CAWLEY,
Office, 131 Central Street.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15 12.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.20 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N.H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays); SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St. John's (per steamer), on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12.15 p. m.

For Castine, Deer Island, Sedgwick and Bar Harbor, Jonesport and Machiasport (via steamer Frank Jones of Rockland), Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5.10 p. m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5.45, 6.30, ¶6.50, *7.45, *8.50, ¶9.00, *9.40, 11.00 a. m.; 1.40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, ¶5.40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston.—5.48, 6.34, ¶6.53, §7.01, §7.16, §7.27, *7.48, *8.57, 9.03, *9.50, 11.03, 11.44 a. m., *12.17, 1.43, 3.03, ¶3.03, 4.00, 4.10, 4.33, ¶5.21, *5.43, 6.28, 7.47, 8.46 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7.18, 7.27, 8.46, *9.16 a. m.; §4.25, §6.03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7.01, 7.45, 11.00 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.45 a. m., §4.26, §6.03, p.m.

*Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞ Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.13 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.44, 3.58, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.12 a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8.13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and †8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.13 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞ §Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't. Lowell.

Are You Ready for Hot Weather?

Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at

VICTOR PIHL'S,
CORNER CENTRAL AND NORTH STS

WATSON BAKERY

Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at

Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.
Peter Watson, Prop.

FRESH AND DELICIOUS.

Finnan Haddies,

In Cans, 15c. 2 Cans, 25c. Try a Can.

For the Best Bread Buy a Bbl. of

Mont Blanc.

It Is At The Top.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 455.
Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.
CALEB L. SMITH...............Proprietor

WM. E. LIVINGSTON,

DEALER IN

Coal, Wood, Lime,

CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL,
HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER.
BRICKS, FERTILIZERS.

Straw, Hay Grain, Flour

&c., &c.

NO. 15 THORNDIKE STREET,

Branch office, 49 Merrimack street,—Calderwood's cigar store.

CHARLES E. FROST,
78 Central Street
Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

FRANCIS W. QUA,
No. 3 Barristers' Hall,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion; subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—Good, pleasant, convenient tenements of 2, 3, 4, 5 rooms, at 79 Chestnut St.

TO LET—A pleasant, unfurnished room, in THE SUN building. Inquire at SUN office.

WHEN SICK—call at the Lowell Medical and Surgical Institute, 30 Prescott street.

TWO NICE front rooms to let in a fine residence. Apply 727 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A new Buffet clarinet. Inquire at SUN office.

WANTED—A first class registered pharmacist. Inquire of J. H. Collins, 12 and 14 Cabot street.

WANTED.—Position as seamstress by a young lady of experience in large or small family by day or week. Inquire at SUN office.

AGENTS to take orders by sample at home or travel. We pay liberal salary and expenses or good commission and furnish samples to right applicant. Address, Lock Box 1354, New York City.

FOR SALE—cottage of 5 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1400. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F.P. Lew, proprietor.

OLD PAPERS, just the thing to put under carpets. 5 cents a hundred at this office.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and carriage house, and 8000 feet of land. Price $2300 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge street.

FOR SALE.—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

DO YOU WANT any old papers to put under carpets? We have them for 5 cents a hundred at this office.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE. -A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment, price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

VARIETY STORES use old papers for wrapping purposes. We sell them at this office for 5 cents a hundred.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of black berries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house; would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

BANGLES ENGRAVED

At NUDD'S, Spalding Block,
64 CENTRAL STREET.

YOUNG'S

We have purchased a number of odd lots of Hosiery from a well known manufacturer and importer at about 50c. on the dollar. To make this lively for the next few days, we will place the goods on our counters at half price and in some cases less. Come early, as some of the lots won't last long.

100 dozen Children's Fast Black Hose, regular prise 10c, sale price 5c. pair.
50 dozen Children's Seamless Tan and Red Hose, regular price 25c, now 10c a pair.
39 dozen Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 25c, now 15c a pair.
40 dozen Fast Black Seamless Ipswich Hose, worth 19c, now 12½c a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Hose, worth 12c, 3 pairs for 25c.
27 dozen Ladies' Heavy Grey Mixed Hose, worth 12½c, now 10c a pair.
23 dozen Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Hose, worth 25c, now 19c a pair.
Our Shirt Waists at 25c. have no equal in this city.
15c Leather Belts now 5c each; 25c Bodice Belts now 15c each.
A 98c. Shopping Bag for 45c.
49c. Shopping Bags for 25c.
25c Shopping Bags for 19c.
Ladies' Large Gingham Aprons, worth 20c, now 12½c
Ladies' Large Nursing Aprons, worth 2[5]c, now 15c each.
Large 15c Aprons for 10c. each
45 dozen All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 20c, now 12½c each.
24 dozen Extra Quality All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c. now 17c each.

Our entire line of Ladies' Jersey Under vests to be closed out regardless of price. Children's Lace Caps 5c. each, and lots of other bargains at

YOUNG'S,

111 CENTRAL ST.

WM. F. COURTNEY,
13 and 14 Mansur Block
Attorney at Law.

T. M. BOLTON,
130 Market Street, Gates' Block,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rates

BILLHEADS of every description printed at [this] office.

THE REAL PEOPLE

Are with us for they see the easy way that they can save money. We have no time to go off on a vacation, but we can fix you so that you can go off. Here is another lot of Plums to pick from:

300 pairs of Ladies' Russet Laced Boots, every pair warranted, regular price $2.50, our price $1.23.
Ladies' Black Oxfords, patent tips, all sizes, usual price 75c, our price 50c.
Job lot of Ladies' Black and Colored Oxford, regular price $1.25, our price 75c
Misses' and Children's Oxford Ties, 45c.
Children's Russet Boots, our own make, 40c.
50 pairs of Low Bicycle Shoes, former price $1.50, our price $1.
Job lot of Women's Button Boots, 25c.; also a job lot of Ladies' Serge Lace Shoes, former price 75c., our price 45c.

These are simply a sample of the hundreds of bargains offered. If you do not believe I have them, call and see. Dollars are scarce nowadays, and only by saving the pennies can our merchants keep alive. When you want anything in Footwear call on

WILLIAM WADE,
23 MERRIMACK STREET,
Two Doors Below the Post Office.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H HARRINGTON, Publisher.

SUN BUILDING, LOWELL, MASS.

Issued Daily; Sundays excepted.

Per Year $3.00 - - - Per Month. 25c.

City delivery and postage free.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Southern Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
5 45	6 50	6 00	§7 08
6 30	7 45	6 30	§7 15
6 50	8 08	7 00	7 54
§7 01	7 58	8 09	§9 12
§7 18	8 02	8 30	9 11
§7 27	8 12	9 00	§9 42
7 45	8 35	9 15	§10 22
8 50	9 40	9 30	10 10
§9 00	10 33	10 00	11 13
9 40	10 40	10 35	11 58
11 00	12 05	11 30	§12 08
§11 42	12 30	12 00	12 50
§12 17	1 07	1 00	1 41
1 40	2 50	1 15	1 56
3 00	4 25	2 00	2 51
§4 00	4 45	3 00	3 46
4 10	4 25	3 30	4 46
4 30	5 20	4 15	§5 20
§5 21	6 15	4 30	5 37
6 10	6 50	5 00	5 41
§6 28	7 15	5 35	6 21
§7 47	8 30	5 50	7 05
8 46	9 40	6 15	7 18
		7 30	§8 10
		8 00	§8 40
		10 15	12 22
		11 20	12 23

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
§7 18	8 02	2 00	2 55
§7 27	8 12	9 00	10 07
8 45	9 50	1 00	1 57
9 12	10 10	5 00	5 58
§4 25	5 32	7 30	8 10
§6 03	7 00	8 00	8 40
		9 00	10 02

§From Middlesex St. station only.

Western Division.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
6 50	8 03	7 20	8 32
8 15	9 12	9 30	10 37
9 25	10 38	10 25	11 42
10 50	12 02	12 00	1 07
12 15	1 37	2 15	3 16
12 45	2 00	3 30	4 23
2 30	3 42	3 40	4 55
3 15	4 12	4 30	5 22
4 10	5 23	5 05	6 16
5 10	6 41	6 05	7 13
6 20	7 39	6 35	7 45
7 00	8 03	9 25	10 25
9 25	10 32	b11 15	b12 12

Sunday Trains.

To Boston. Lve.	To Boston. Arr.	From Boston. Lve.	From Boston. Arr.
7 20	8 46	8 00	9 18
8 20	9 26	11 45	12 53
12 05	1 23	5 00	6 26
4 15	5 26	7 30	8 37
5 35	6 56		
8 50	9 55		

Trains by this division leave Lowell from Central street station.

Leave Boston from the new Union Station, Causeway Street.

b. Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

HAVERHILL HASN'T yet been able to fill its license commission. As is usual with the statesmen of Haverhill, they are holding off until they find out how much there is in it.

PEOPLE ARE beginning to discover that they wasted a great deal of time and energy in asking congress to do something. If they had only begun by asking congress to take something, they would have made a success of it months ago. We will know better next time.

THE ESTEEMED Mail very mysteriously remarks that we will hear something drop by election day. Nothing surprising about that, neighbor. We will be very much astonished indeed if we don't hear something drop, and we have an impression that the wise and worthy Mail will also hear it.

OVERDONE ATHLETICS are worse than no athletics. It should not be necessary to maim or disfigure an athlete every time we have a public exhibition. If this thing keeps on, modern athletic meetings will be little better than the old-fashioned bull fights of Spain. People don't care to see blood shed. They want rational and healthy sport. What we need is reform in athletics.

JAPANESE merchants have loaned their government eighty million dollars without interest to carry on the war. American financiers would have been just as patriotic if a similar crisis should confront Uncle Sam, but we are inclined to think that they would insist upon that little affair of interest at least. American money lenders always take an interest in patriotism and derive considerable patriotism from their interest.

THAT WAS a clever remark which was made at the committee hearing on the Chicago strike the other day, even if Eugene V. Debs did make it. He said that government ownership of the railroads was a great deal better than railroad ownership of the government. If some one else had said that, it would have become an American classic. The people nevertheless are beginning to realize that Debs with all his faults is a pretty clever chap.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR who left this country to become an out-and-out Englishman, finds that he must still remain an American to the extent of paying an income tax. It is estimated that our good Uncle Sam will touch Mr. Snob Astor up to the tune of one hundred seventy-eight thousand dollars next year. If the income tax accomplishes nothing else but this, it will be a howling success. As long as there isn't a tax on brains the Astors and their ilk will find the income tax quite burdensome.

OUR ESTEEMED neighbor the Citizen pays us the flattering compliment of saying that when it started in on one of our editorials recently it could not stop until it got to the end of it. Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed. We are willing to reciprocate to the extent of agreeing with our good neighbor that the democratic councilmen should be all canonized. The Citizen evidently knows a good article or a good councilman when it comes across either.

THREATENING THE MILITIA.

The labor organizations make a great mistake when they attempt to impair the efficiency of the militia or to discourage enlistment of labor men in its ranks. These very men have as much to hope for from the efficiency of a state militia to protect them as the employers of labor. The militia isn't for any class, but for all the people in case of necessity. If it is ever improperly used, there is a means of redress. To make the militia a one-sided affair would be positively dangerous. It would be nothing short of an invitation to arm one portion of the community against the other. It would practically amount to an armed opposition of the rich against the poor. This thing would be more dangerous to the laboring people than to their employers. Besides, the fact remains that under the constitution every able-bodied man is liable to military service, whether he likes it or not. To refuse to go into the militia is the surest way to invite a compulsory draft in time of turbulence. Then again, it is little short of treason to make any organized effort to impair the efficiency of the militia or the regular army. We hope that we have heard the last of this foolish protest against working men enlisting in the militia. We really believe the more working men in the ranks, the better for the working people.

THE SCIENCE of building sewers must be more of a failure than anything else judging from the unendurable odors that come from numerous catch-basins and man-holes in the public streets. It is time that some one devised a system of public sewer building and ventilation that wouldn't endanger public health and drive pedestrians to distraction. Either improper building or gross carelessness is responsible for the frightful condition of some of the catch-basins along the public streets of Lowell.

THE SUGAR trust will contribute as usual to the next protectionist campaign but they can't do it this time unknown to the people. The days of the sugar trust are numbered. It is true that they have the senate with them for a while, but the people are against them and the people are stronger than trusts or senates. The people have said that the sugar trust must go.

THE LOWELL school board should vote to return the old Wednesday and Saturday half holidays in the schools. We believe it would be better for the pupils, teachers, parents, and everyone concerned to divide the week as was the custom before the Saturday holiday was put into practice.

POSTMASTER PEARSON is known as an athlete. He has demonstrated his ability in this direction by making good records at running, jumping, throwing the hammer, swinging the clubs, and last but not least in swinging the axe. Why not appoint athletes to every office?

CURRENT CLIPPINGS.

Crabs That Reap and Mow.

One kind of crab has been found in great numbers on tablelands 4,000 feet above the sea level and many miles away from any considerable body of water. This strange crab is a native of Hindustan, where, in one province at least, and perhaps in others, the young grass fairly swarms with them. They burrow in the ground. They can run with considerable swiftness, even when carrying in the long claws, which serve for both arms and hands, a bundle of grass or young rice stalks as big, and sometimes even bigger, than themselves.

Nature is very generous with all her children, giving to each one just the powers and faculties which it needs to enable it to provide for all its wants. So this humble inhabitant of the tablelands of India is provided with a capital mowing machine in the shape of a pair of remarkably sharp and strong pinchers. To harvest his abundant crops the comical looking creature assumes a sort of a sitting posture, so that he can use his pinchers to advantage. He works very rapidly, using one pair of claws to cut and another to bind his sheaves at the same time. As soon as he has gathered all he can carry he scuttles off with it in a funny sidewise fashion, and with an air of solemn importance that is a very amusing contrast to his clumsy motion and queer shape.

But the human inhabitants of the district preferred by this queer little mower and reaper do not find him at all amusing. They say that one of these crabs will destroy an amount of young grass and rice in one year which, if allowed to reach perfection, would keep a laboring man in health and strength during that time.—Denver Republican.

This Country Before the Flood.

As to the inhabitants of this country before the flood no one knows anything. Huge skeletons have been found in the mounds of the Ohio valley and footsteps of huge animals as well as portions of huge skeletons of animals in various parts of the continent. All these indicate that the inhabitants of the country, both man and beast, were gigantic. But what the names of the human races were no one can know. How the country became populated immediately after the flood no one knows. The story of the flood exists in the folklore of the American tribes, and it is quite as probable that there were arks and Noahs among the American Indians as that there was only one ark and only one Noah. Later on in the life of the world the Chinese are supposed to have had a part in peopling this country, for it is known that about 1,400 years ago Chinese monks reached the western coasts of both North and South America, and that Chinese colonies were founded here. This continent is the oldest land on the earth, and when you go to the St. Lawrence and look at the Laurentian ranges of mountains and hills you see the oldest part of the oldest land. One devout believer in the Old Testament story firmly believed that Adam and Eve and Noah and his family and their intervening relatives lived in this country, and that the ark was built in North Carolina, for that state, he said, was the only place in the world where shittim wood grows, out of which the ark was built.—New York Sun.

A Dangerous Metamorphosis.

HE.

'Tis but a little thing I ask,
A trifle, nothing more, I swear;
'Tis not a heavy, growsome task
That wrinkles brow or silvers hair;
'Tis something, dear, that if you give
You cannot fairly deem amiss;
'Tis nothing more than, as I live,
A little, simple, single kiss.

SHE.

This little thing you boldly ask,
This trifle light to you as air,
Perhaps to me doth fears unmask
That well may cause me to beware,
For this same simple, single kiss
Might soon develop into kisses,
And I, from having been amiss,
Become in consequence a Mrs.

--Life.

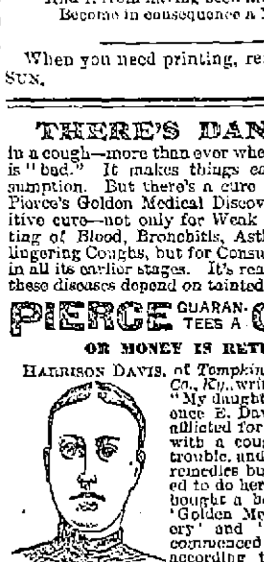
When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

THERE'S DANGER

in a cough—more than ever when your blood is "bad." It makes things easy for Consumption. But there's a cure for it in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A positive cure—not only for Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma and all lingering Coughs, but for Consumption itself in all its earlier stages. It's reasonable. All these diseases depend on tainted blood.

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE

OR MONEY IS RETURNED.



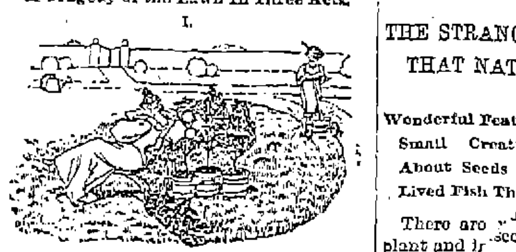
FLORENCE E. DAVIS.

HARRISON DAVIS, of Tompkinsville, Monroe Co., Ky., writes as follows: "My daughter, Miss Florence E. Davis, had been afflicted for several years with a cough and lung trouble, and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I bought a bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' and commenced giving them according to directions, for she was past doing anything, and now she is perfectly well and the cough is gone. I am thankful to you for such a wonderful medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers.

SUNBEAMS.

A Tragedy of the Lawn In Three Acts.

I.



II.

III.

—Sketch.

Generous.

The new hired girl had a sweet face. She was not pretty, but interesting. Brown curls clustered upon her broad, low forehead, and there was a kindly light in her deep eyes.

"I might say," she observed, "that I have very conservative ideas as to the way a servant should be treated. I am very modest in my demands."

They sat breathless.

"All I ask," she continued, "is to be treated like one of the family."

They were too much overcome to speak.—Detroit Tribune.

Wrung From His Soul.

"Oh, come off!"

It was the appealing, horrorstruck, heartbroken outcry of a strong man in agony.

Mr. Kajones had seen his daughter Laura for the first time riding her bicycle in red bloomers.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Prospects.

Mamma — Robbie got thoroughly drenched today. He didn't know there was a shower threatening until he was caught in it.

Papa—Think, dear, he may grow up and make a famous weather prophet.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The New Deputy Sheriff Explains Why He Failed.

The new deputy sheriff came into the office and laid the warrant on the desk; then he went and sat down by the fireplace and gave a deep sigh.

After awhile the sheriff came in, puffing with the exertion of climbing the steps.

"Hollo!" he said. "Got back, did you?"

"Yes," answered the deputy, without much spirit.

"Did you find your man?"

"Oh, yes, I found him."

"Where is he?"

"Well, I found him, but I didn't git him."

"Got away, did he?"

"No; not partic'lar. I was just goin to tell you how it was. When I got out there, his wife said Ike was over in the clearin. I went over there an found him.

"I says, 'Howdy, Ike?'

"He says, 'Howdy.'

"We talked awhile about things, an I says, 'Ike, I got a little writ here for you on account o' that fightin.'

"He said he 'lowed maybe that was what I wanted.

"We talked on awhile longer, an then I said it was time we was goin, but about that time Ike set down agin a stump.

"He said he was tired.

"I ordered him to git up an talked with him an reasoned with him, an then I took holt of him. You know how big he is?"

"What did he do then?"

"Oh, he didn't do nothin. He just continued, as the feller says, to set there. I couldn't 'a' raised him with a derrick.

"I tell you what I'll do," continued the deputy, with some show of resolution. "If you say so, I'll take about four men an a team an go back there this evening to see if he's settin there yet."—Chicago Record.

Important.

An absentminded landlord called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its decease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it the landlord, though a kind and sympathizing person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were, "And can you believe it, my lord, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up and in congratulatory tones of voice observed, "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"—Argonaut.

Not Tonight.

Avaunt, fair maid! Thy subtle charms
No longer me enthrall!
I cannot fold thee in my arms
Tonight. I can't, that's all.

I fickle? No, 'twere not for me
To play that dreary part
Of life's perpetual comedy.
You've always had my heart.
I've loved you truly all these years,
Deep as the mighty ocean
Was my love! But now Fate sneers
And mocks at my devotion.

Pray do not touch me! Keep thy place!
My love is relegated.
I cannot thee tonight embrace.
I have been vaccinated.

—Boston Courier.

Ambiguous.

To know if she would marry him
Persistently he sought,
And finally, with being urged,
She answered, "I will knot."

—Detroit Tribune.

Botany.

The blossoms are fading
Beneath the fierce ray.
The petals are drooping
And passing away.
But their going concerns not
The people, they say,
Since the bicycle bloomer
Is with us to stay.

—New York Press.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

THE STRANGE BUT TRUE STORIES THAT NATURALISTS TELL US.

Wonderful Feats of Strength Performed by Small Creatures—Astonishing Facts About Seeds and Their Products—Long Lived Fish That Do Funny Things.

There are many surprising things in plant and insect life, especially when comparisons are used to call attention to them. For instance, Delisle tells us of a fly that ran nearly three inches and made 440 steps in half a second. This is about equal to a man's running 20 miles a minute. The flea leaps 200 times its own length. At this rate a man six feet tall would bound at one effort a distance of 1,200 feet. The mite in the cheese is only one-fourth of an inch in length, yet it can take the tip of its tail in its mouth, and then, letting go with a sudden jerk, jump out of a bowl six inches in depth. To equal this a man should be able to jump out of a vertical shaft in a mine 144 feet in depth.

A beetle placed under a glass tumbler will push the tumbler around on a table. To match this a man relatively should be able to walk off with a small lighthouse. The brain of a canary is larger than the brain of an elephant. "Oh, that can't be true!" you exclaim. Remember we mean proportionately.

President Clark of Amherst college some years ago made a series of experiments upon the growing force of a squash. When it was 18 days old and measured 37 inches in circumference, he inclosed it in a sort of iron and wooden harness, with a long lever attached to it. The latter was weighted according to the growing power of the squash. Beginning with 60 pounds on the twentieth day of its existence, on the ninetieth day it lifted 5,000 pounds.

A peculiar plant is found in the states of Oregon and Texas. It is known as the compass plant, the polar plant and the pilot weed, owing to the polarity of its leaves. The radical leaves present their edges north and south, while their faces are turned east and west. This peculiarity has long been known to hunters, who on dark nights easily get their bearings by feeling the direction of the leaves. Another guide to hunters is the moss on the trees. It grows more thickly on the north side of the tree than on any other side.

The seed of the globe turnip is not larger perhaps than the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will be enlarged by the soil and the air into 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a considerable bunch of leaves. Dr. Desgaliers made some experiments, proving that in an average condition a turnip seed may increase its own weight 15 times in a minute. By an actual experiment made on peat ground turnips have been found to increase more than 15,000 times the weight of their seeds a day.

There is a shellfish called the coat of mail, which has its eyes not on its body, where we would naturally look for them, but on its shell. They glisten like crystals in their calcareous settings. As well might we expect to see eyes on the shell of a tortoise or on our finger nails. This discovery, so new in science, has led to a closer inspection. In one specimen 359 eyes were counted, 24 rows with an average of 15 in each row. Another shell, in which the eyes were very small, had 8,500 eyes on it.

Fish live to a wonderful age. Professor Baird tells us of a pike in Russia whose age dates back to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there for 140 years. They live on without seeming to arrive at maturity. There are also some very queer crabs in the world. The soldier crab of Bermuda carries heavy shells up the hills. A shore crab in the Cape Verde islands may "be seen running along like a piece of paper blown by a strong wind." In Ascension island there are crabs that steal young rabbits from their nests, while the famous robber crab of the Philippines cracks cocoanuts and eats them.

Perhaps not one boy in 20 while digging worms for bait stops to wonder why worms were made or how many there are in the ground. The attention of Darwin, the eminent naturalist, was attracted to the subject when a boy, and one of the last articles that he wrote was a treatise on the vast importance of the earthworms to the human race. The scientific world was astonished at what he had to say on the subject. The fertility of our soil is due to the labors of these insignificant creatures. By penetrating the earth in every direction and depositing their own remains therein the fertility of the soil is not only kept up, but is largely improved. Their number is surprisingly large. In old pastures in England the worms are estimated at 22,000 to the acre and as many as 54,000 in richly cultivated gardens. Mr. Urquhart estimated the number of worms in the rich pasture lands near Auckland at from 400,000 to 800,000 to the acre. Were it not for the earthworms soils would become barren and half of the world would die of starvation.—Frank H. Stauffer in Philadelphia Times.

He Got the Position.

Alertness of thought and the ability to adapt knowledge to any case which may arise stood an applicant for a lucrative position in good stead a short time ago. When the application was made, the applicant was told that the position had just been filled, and that the prospective employer was very sorry, but that there was really no more room. The applicant immediately turned to a water cooler, which was at hand, and filled the glass to overflowing.

"Is there any more room in that glass?" he asked.

"No, sir. Another drop would make it run over."

He turned again to the cooler and put in just one drop and said, "There was room for one more."

The employer saw the point and placed the man on the pay roll at once.—Philadelphia Call.

Movable Bedrooms.

In one of the old castles of northern England visitors are shown two rooms which are connected with each other by a singular mechanism. Each room is adjoined by an alcove, used as a sleeping room apartment, and the floors of the adjoining alcoves turn on a pivot in the center of the partition wall. This ingenious device was the invention of one of the ancestors of the present proprietor, who was somewhat of a wag, and found great pleasure in frightening and mystifying his guests. When one had gone to bed in the green room and the other in the blue, the floors were turned on their pivots, and on awakening the visitor found himself in strange quarters, with clothes that were not his own. It is said that this fun loving lord lost a rich inheritance by thus disturbing the restful moments of a wealthy aunt, who never forgave the trick her nephew played upon her.—London Letter.

So Realistic.

Author—Well, professor, how do you like my new play?

Critic—Splendid! Wonderful! So realistic! Especially the burglars in it. Even their dialogue is stolen.—Berlin Wespen.

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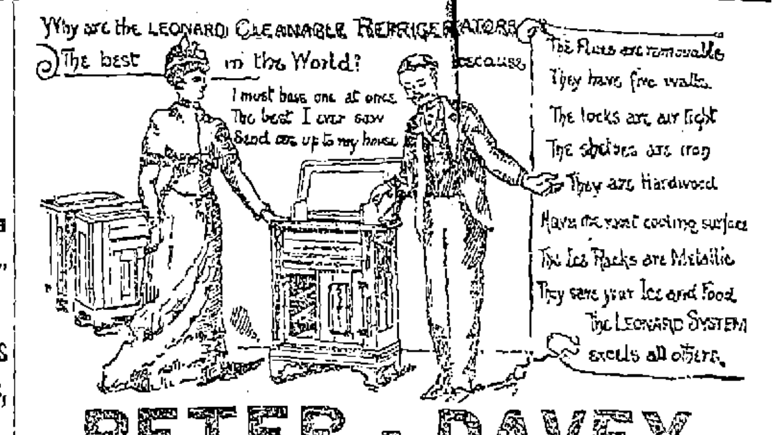

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MAMSELL MALM.

A Tale of the Revelation of a Secret Long Kept and Its Effects.

How the Long Frozen Heart of an Aged Spinster Was Thawed by the Confidence of An Old Time Friend in a Chat Over a Cup of Coffee.

A strong southerly wind blew uninterruptedly for several days. The wet snowflakes fell thickly and heaped themselves in huge drifts along the streets and in the squares. One evening the weather cleared, and the air became soft, springlike. Next day the sun shone forth.

Spring had come. Spring and joyous, exuberant life everywhere.

The market place was bathed in sunlight, and the white dome of the Russian church shone brighter than ever in the clear glittering spring air, while in the distance the wooded shore of Dezoraland stretched away in pale blue gray tints—fine, delicate and almost transparent—like a film of lace against the vivid sky.

The drifts disappeared as if by magic, water poured from the sloping roofs of the houses, rushed over the asphalt footpaths and plunged with a purling noise down the grated drains.

The dirty gray covering of the ice which covered the market place began to show dark patches, which soon enlarged and filled with water, until the whole square became one pool.

The face of nature had changed so rapidly it was difficult to enter at once into the new phase of things, and people still gazed about them with half comprehending, sleepy glances.

* * * * * * *

The church bell rang, and a crowd of people came streaming down the high flight of steps from Nicolai Kyrka. Union street swarmed with servants clad in their universal holiday dress of black, old ladies who carried their psalmbooks in old fashioned little reticules upon their arms, and flocks of school children who, deeply interested in the overflowing gutters, were in continual danger of collision with the passersby.

Through this crowd marched Mamsell Malm, the old seamstress. She walked with short, sharp steps. Her manner was repelling, and she never once glanced either to the right or to the left. Her large mouth, with its thin lips and heavy, massive chin, gave to her face a determined, almost hard, expression.

The spring had never given her any pleasure. This was quite natural, as to her it presented itself simply as a period of unavoidable expense, and today in particular she felt more than usually bothered by the spring sunshine.

She felt how heartlessly it showed up every defect in her old turned and dyed cloak, and the knowledge that the velvet trimming on her old hat ought to be renewed was an additional trouble, for she couldn't imagine how she was to afford it. Ah, yes, it was not so easy to be decently dressed and look like other people when one was old and sickly and sometimes so tired that the needle fell out of one's fingers, and yet, after all, she could not reproach herself with vanity.

Such thoughts accompanied her home, where before entering her room, she was obliged to sit down on a chair near the door, she felt so tired after her long walk in the spring air. Taking off her cloak, she examined it carefully. Yes, it certainly was very shabby, but it must do for this year. Her black gloves she regarded proudly. After all, they looked almost new, and yet she had bought them a year ago last Christmas.

She looked at the clock and wondered why Tina Wessberg was so late today. For 30 years they had in turn been each other's guests for their Sunday afternoon's cup of coffee. This was Mamsell Malm's one dissipation. What co[illegible] kept Tina?

In the meanwhile she arranged the cups, brought out some sweet bread and filled the sugar basin and cream jug, and having prepared everything she drew her rocking chair to the window and seated herself with folded hands, enjoying the knowledge that she had the right to be idle this day of the week.

A few minutes later a gentle knocking was heard, and then the door was carefully opened to admit a cheerful looking little old woman, whose withered face had an unusually mild expression about it.

"Good morning, dear Mina. I hope you have not been waiting very long for me, but in such extraordinary slippery weather one must be careful in walking," she said as she took off her cloak.

"[illegible] right. Spring is a trying [illegible] you [illegible] with [illegible] clothes are simply ruined by powder [illegible] There is only one thing to be obliter[illegible] and that is that one economizes lemna[illegible] d on such sunny days."

rose [illegible] "You are very fortunate, my dear [illegible] to have a window overlooking the subje[illegible] I never catch a glimpse of the sun. feeli[illegible] After all, it is a shame to complain cou[illegible] one has one's little income," added [illegible] Wessburg.

[illegible] coffee was ready by this time, and [illegible] two women drew their chairs to the [illegible]

"It is wonderfully nice coffee you always have," said Tina as she sipped contentedly from the steaming cup.

"Mme. Medlin, the wife of the commercial adviser, sent me three pounds at Christmas, and I only boil it on Sundays."

"The[illegible]ks, Mina, it is remarkably good." Tina replaced her cup and carefully swept a few crumbs off her dress into her hand and put them into her saucer.

"Have some more? There is some left," asked Mamsell Malm in her abrupt way.

"Well, it is very tempting. It is certainly the best coffee to be had. Well, perhaps half a"— At this moment she happened to glance out of the window, and her words died away. A young man of the working class was walking past with a girl on his arm. The girl's teeth gleamed and her small eyes glittered as laughingly she tried to push her companion into the overflowing gutter. In passing she gave a hasty stolen glance into the window, and catching sight of the two old ladies she drew her arm out of his and tried to put on an unconscious look while she moved nearer the wall, hoping thus to escape observation.

But Mamsell Malm's sharp eyes had caught sight of her, and a bitter expression came into her face.

"The gadabout! If she isn't out again flirting with that good for nothing! No good will ever come of that," and the old maid's voice shook with anger.

Tina had suddenly became lost in thought, and with coffee cup in hand she gazed absentmindedly before her.

"I think I must tell the landlady what an unsteady life Hilda leads. When has she time to go to church, when on Sundays she only thinks of worldly enjoyments?" and the old lady's head shook.

"Yes, yes. Youth—it is always the same," sighed Tina. "But, after all, it is a happy time," she added in her mild, almost bashful way.

"Happy time! Are you mad? You don't mean what you say, Tina. It is just the time the devil has the greatest power over our sinful hearts. One sees much during a long life, and I can tell you there isn't much to be said for the girls nowadays."

Tina was still deep in her own thoughts and forgot to answer.

"What in the world are you dreaming about? You are so wonderfully thoughtful today."

Tina started. "This season always wakes youthful memories in me," said she slowly, and her eyes shone with almost youthful brilliancy. She looked at her friend, in whose face not a muscle moved, considering if she would have the courage to continue or should she change the subject. But she couldn't resist the temptation for once to speak out. Sometimes the memories of old days seemed to stifle her, and it would be such a relief for once to relate all the past.

"It was during the time I was at the town councilor's in the country. You remember?"

Mamsell Malm nodded. Tina kept smoothing out her dress with a nervous gesture.

"You see, I was helping with the housekeeping, and at one time I was often with the family. I was young then, and—and—I— Anton, the eldest son—that is, I mean he began to care for me!"

Mamsell Malm became alarmingly stiff and straight in her chair.

"The scoundrel!" she said sharply.

Tina paused abruptly, looked confused and then continued hastily:

"It was a day in the end of March—no, it must have been the beginning of April—just such an early spring as this. Visitors had arrived, and madam had sent me for cream to the ice cellar, which lay at a little distance from the house behind a clump of birches. There was a narrow board laid along the path to bridge the mud, and I stood with the key in my hand ready to open the door, when I heard footsteps on the plank behind me. I knew it was he. Before I had time to turn my head he had put his arm round my waist."

She was silent for a moment, and then continued with a low voice, "With his other hand he drew my head back—my shawl fell off—and he kissed me on my hair, on my eyes, again and again."

Mamsell Malm was silent, powerless with astonishment.

"Every time I smell fresh damp earth I remember that day, the happiest day of my life. We met often secretly after that. I suppose it was wrong, but I was so happy. He was my all, and I would have died for him. But at last his mother noticed that he always disappeared when I was sent to the milk cellar, and she followed us—it had lasted about two months—and then there was an end to it all. Yes, yes," and poor Tina sighed, "they were good to me. They found me another place on condition I promised never to try and see him again or answer his letters. Of course I promised. It was best for him and for his future."

She paused, vainly trying to hide her emotion. Mina Malm sat stiff and haughty. At last she managed to articulate:

"And he? Have you never met him since?"

"Yes, not so long ago in the street. He is a great man now and long since married. He did not recognize me. Naturally he would not, so old and ugly as I am now," she said, almost as if excusing him, and tears stole gently down her withered cheeks, "but I—I can never forget him!" she added simply.

Mamsell Malm got up and went to the window. She could not speak. Her throat felt as if in a vise, she did not know whether from anger or sympathy.

Tina Wessberg glanced a timid, questioning glance at her friend; then she also got up, put on her cloak and turned to go.

"The Lord may have cause to forget me, Mina, but I have never repented it, never. I have always admired you, but everybody can't be like you. Goodby, and don't forget me next Sunday—that is, if you still care to come."

Mamsell Malm could not bring herself to do more than nod farewell.

For the first time in 30 years she omitted following her friend into the entrance hall to thank her for "pleasant company," but it had come upon her like a thunderclap. Tina Wessberg, her old friend! Tina Wessberg, it was impossible! She must be dreaming! How could she have been silent all these long years?

Mamsell suddenly remembered how harshly she had always judged people, how severe her censure had been, and she understood the reason for Tina's silence.

She turned from the window, and began to walk up and down the room with slow, undecided steps. She felt almost weak. Anger and scorn fought for supremacy in her mind and nearly killed her affection for her old friend—the affection which was the only warm feeling she had cherished during her long monotonous life.

She tried to be as hard as ever and judge as severely, but half unconsciously she felt her heart soften. She still seemed to see the gleam of happiness which lit up Tina's face—happiness over a remembrance, the reflection of a long lost joy. And now memories of her own youth crowded forward, one after another, in endless succession, and yet they were but ghosts, dim and indistinct—gray in gray—not a gleam of joy, not a moment she would wish to recall. And yet she had always done her duty—she had rendered to God what God required, to man what man required. She had nothing to reproach herself with—nothing.

She had always been strictly honest in her dealings, and she felt she had been respected accordingly, and yet now—she blundered—she was overpowered by the blankness and emptiness of her life.

She seemed for once to see her life as others saw it, and the long years which had made up her monotonous existence passed in review before her.

As in a dream she saw her youth again, she stood by her mother's deathbed. Again she heard the piteous voice, breathless from coughing, anxiously repeating: "Ah, what will become of you, poor girl, alone in this wicked world? Resist its temptations, resist the devil, go to church regularly and don't forget your God. A poor girl is surrounded by temptations and must be doubly severe toward herself." A long and painful fit of coughing drowned the failing voice. Mina had promised all—always to remember the warning, always to do her duty, and the poor woman had died content. And she had kept her promise. A weak girl, and almost destitute, she had compelled the respect of those about her—never a smile, never a concession.

Once, long ago, a young man had attempted to pay her the attentions which other girls gladly received, but she had repulsed him so decidedly that he had never tried again, and soon no one ever thought of her as being either young or old. She was just Mamsell Malm, with the smoothly brushed hair and severe aspect, who "goes to the house to sew."

She knew that for the last 30 years she had been the terror of the servants of the families who gave her work. Mercilessly had she exposed their failings, for of course she sided with her employers. By children she was regarded as an ogress, for she never looked with a kindly eye upon their little naughtiness, and as they grew up they still cherished a wholesome fear of their old enemy.

She thought of the many occasions she had taken charge of both house and children during the mother's illness or absence, the many funerals and weddings and births she had assisted at, and yet what strangers they all were to her—all these people whom she had seen born and die! She had never expected or asked for anything but justice—she had received it. Was it not sufficient?

Poor Mamsell Malm sat in her rocking chair, deep in heavy thought. The dinner hour had long since passed; she did not notice it. The church bells rang to evening service, and still she did not move, though never yet, except in case of illness, had she omitted her attendance there.

At last her thoughts reverted to Tina. How she must have suffered all these years, and had never dared to speak of it! How unselfish and self sacrificing her love had been, and how humble she was! Mamsell Malm had to confess to herself that, in spite of her friendship, she had always looked down with some slight scorn upon Tina's humbleness. She considered it weak, and she hated any kind of weakness, and now, when she knew her friend's sad story, she had not given her a word of sympathy; but, after all, and in spite of herself, the old impatience and scorn began to reassert itself, and then again she felt the need of being friendly to some one.

She went and stood at the window, drearily looking out into the street. The sun had set, but its afterglow of red still burned on the horizon. Daylight and the evening shades struggled and mingled together in the clear spring twilight, behind which the day's brightness still seemed to linger. Some ragged children were playing horses on the footpath. A pair of garters tied together did duty as reins. In lieu of a whip they clacked with their tongues, and then rushed away as fast as their small feet would carry them, filling the narrow street with their shrill shouts. They echoed from the walls and entered Mamsell Malm's small room by the open window. They seemed to her to resound from every corner. At this mom[illegible] the door opened, and some one tried to enter noiselessly. It was Hilda, who brought in the wood for the stove and some hot water, and she was trying to look interested in her duties. At sight of her Mamsell Malm's anger was on the point of bursting forth, and she had remembered the sermon she had intended for her. Hilda evidently was prepared to bear her fate with the calm of a stoic. She knew that once outside the door of the room she need pay no more attention to the tiresome old creature, with her exacting principles. Mamsell paused just as she was beginning her tirade, for again she thought of her youth. It had surely been too miserable. Perhaps, after all, it was not such a dreadful sin to be young and gay.

Hilda gazed questioningly at her mistress. She quite expected the scolding, but Mamsell was silent. She was wondering how she could show some little sign of friendliness to this girl. She had such an irresistible longing to be friendly to some one.

"Will you drink a cup of tea with me, Hilda?" she said at last, and tried to endue her voice with a kindlier tone.

Hilda stared at her with her shrewd eyes, passed the back of her hand over them, and then tossed back her fringe of hair with a jerk of her head before she answered.

"Many thanks for your kindness, Mamsell Malm," she said in a tone of uncertainty, as if she was not quite sure but that the invitation might prove the prelude to a sermon longer than usual.

Mamsell brought out the cups and tried to think what she should say next, but it was not easy to find the right words or tone, and the severe expression seemed carved into her features.

They sat down, and Mamsell poured out the tea.

"Did you have a pleasant walk? I thought I saw you out this afternoon," she asked, and cast a searching look at her vis-a-vis. "Now if she would brush away that frizzled fringe, and wear a plain cotton dress instead of the cheap finery, she might look quite decent," was her thought, and she unconsciously drew her chair from the table.

"Oh, Mamsell means my walk with Kalle Forsman. Yes, it is always so jolly on the Esplanade on Sunday afternoons." Hilda began to feel more at ease.

"Are you engaged to Forsman?" Mamsell forced herself to ask. She could not accustom herself to the idea that any one could devote a Sunday afternoon to harmlessly promenading the streets.

"Well, no, not quite; but, of course, he likes me, and we are very good friends, you see."

Mamsell Malm had difficulty in hiding her disapproval, and the old severe lines appeared round her mouth.

Hilda was puzzled over the motive for this sudden thaw in the old lady's manner, but suddenly began to find the situation comic. The corners of her mouth began to twitch, and she burst into an irresistible, helpless giggle. In vain she tried to hide it, to cover her reddening face with her hands. She laughed and laughed, and not daring to look at Mamsell Malm she got up and rushed out of the room, slammed the door, ran into the kitchen and threw herself into the first chair.

"Dear, oh, dear, how funny Mamsell was this evening," and again the giggling began, "and I, trying to slip in with the hot water, hoping she would not notice me. Of course I expected to catch it—and then she inviting me to tea! I didn't know if I was on my head or my heels, I was so astonished. And then to ask me if I were engaged to Kalle Forsman! Could she not guess it would come to that? And what a face she put on when I said 'No,' just as if I weren't to be allowed to go for a walk with a gentleman!"

Upstairs in her room Mamsell paced the floor, with a heavy heart. She was ashamed, so bitterly ashamed of her unfortunate attempt at being kind. It was too late now to begin. She saw it clearly, she had only made herself ridiculous, and yet—she would herself have given much for the warm clasp of the hand, but it was too late. Her very voice refused to put on a softer tone. Did not the neighbors' children hide at sight of her; did not the young people silence their gay chatter in her presence, although she knew they laughed at her behind her back?

She sat down and tried to deaden her thoughts by reading a sermon. The loneliness oppressed her. She could not bear it any longer. She would go at once to Tina and beg her pardon. She would then feel that there existed one person in the world with whom she was in sympathy. So she wrapped a shawl about her, thrust her feet into goloshes and hurried out. The thin coating of ice which covered the footpath crackled under her feet.

As she passed the kitchen window Hilda saw her. Hilda was now feeling conscience stricken over her rude behavior, though she still giggled when she thought of the old maid's horrified face, and as she watched the tall meager figure disappear round the corner she wondered: "Can the old lady have taken sudden leave of her senses? What can have induced her to change all her habits in this way without any apparent reason?"—From the Swedish in Gentlewoman.

London's Smoke and Fog.

Let the black pall settle for two or three days over the metropolitan area, and the following issue of the registrar general's returns would emphatically tell the tale of its death dealing presence. Any scheme, of course, which would be designed to deal with the evil would necessarily be one of a gigantic nature. But was not the inception of the scheme for the main drainage of London a gigantic one, and, looking at it now, does it not appear to be a monument of engineering skill and a triumph and victory over difficulties which seemed to be almost insurmountable? Let the same enterprise which called into existence the organization of this, perhaps the most indispensable attribute to the maintenance of the health of London, be now turned in the direction of solving the problem of the fogs.

We have generally been regarded as a practical nation, and a cursory glance at England's history is all that is requisite to display how the praise has been deserved. It behooves us therefore for our credit as a nation to tackle this great problem and deal with it in the manner with which it should be dealt. Truly it can be said that we have led the van of sanitary reform throughout the world, and here is one opportunity for adding further to our laurels in this respect and of relieving London of an incubus which, apart altogether from anything else, is an obvious disgrace to our clime. But not until the whole subject is taken in hand by the government of the day is it likely that much progress will be made in respect to the solution of this problem.—Nineteenth Century.

Life From the Inorganic World.

Bastian's theory of spontaneous generation, which took the world by storm, melted away under scientific tests and is dead forever. The present tendency is undoubtedly to look for evolution of life from inorganic matter, but it seems not unreasonable to suppose that life was imparted by the Creator to matter, and that from an exceedingly simple form of living matter all the numerous forms of the life of the earth have been evolved. The problem of heredity also is a perplexing one. The law of succession is that by reason of which all organisms produce others similar to themselves. But parallel to this is the law of variation, in accordance with which all organisms vary more or less from their ancestors. The reason for these two laws is a perplexing problem, but it constitutes a most important element in the consideration of the problems of life. The doctrine of evolution is no longer a mere theory, but finds almost universal acceptance.

The unmistakable progress of life from the lowest to the highest forms, the close relationship between the order of introduction and relationships of various groups and the numberless instances of abortive organs found throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms force the thinking biologist to some theory of evolution. The enormous extent of time since life was first introduced upon the earth shows that this evolution must have been exceedingly slow.—Professor J. H. Pillsbury.

Charlemagne's Navy.

Away back in the eighth century Charlemagne had organized a sort of coast guard by enrolling all the seaboard population who lived within 1½ miles of the shore, but, with the dismemberment of the vast Carlovingian empire, all dreams of naval greatness were dissipated. Long afterward Charles V built some military nefs on the Atlantic, and Louis XI's galleys chased the Barbary pirates who infested the shores of the Mediterranean, but it was Francis I apparently who first conceived the idea of a war fleet, purchased and equipped from the royal treasury.

He converted the small fishing village of Havre into a fortified port, which speedily attracted commerce to the mouth of the Seine, and he projected a scheme—which he did not live to realize—for the construction of an oceanic navy under canvas. "Fleets were massed in the Mediterranean," writes Mr. Norman, in his "Corsairs of France," "and for the first time in history a French squadron, passing through the straits of Gibraltar, defeated an English fleet off Brest, and then, moving round to the eastward, drove off the blockading squadrons of Henry VIII from Boulogne."—Good Words.

An Anxious Parent.

Charlie—Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen.

Mamma—Well, yes. But don't go too near.—London Quiver.

The Curious "Whistling Jugs."

The silvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of the ancient Peruvians are most ingenious specimens of old time handiwork. The F. M. Kinne collection at Knoxville, Ia., contains some remarkable specimens of this rude and ancient art. One of these vessels, which is in reality two vessels joined together with a clay stem after the fashion of the Siamese twins, is the finest example of the "whistling jug" the writer has ever seen. The stem is hollow, and one end is entirely closed except a small opening provided with a clay tube leading into the body of the whistler. When any kind of liquor is poured into the open mouthed jug, the air is compressed into the other through the opening in the connecting stem, from whence it is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing the lovely songs of the various forest birds peculiar to Peru and other South American countries.—Philadelphia Press.

An Apt Reply.

One day, as Sir Isaac Heard was with George III, it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting.

"Sir Isaac," said the good monarch, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favorite, and without waiting for an answer added, "We call him Perfection." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters."—Argonaut.

His Usual Fate.

Getthere—Did you ever attend any of Miss Budd's "at homes?"

De Bore (sadly)—N-o, but I've attended a good many of her not at homes.—New York Weekly.

Scientific investigations are continually revealing new ways in which the sun, the great governor of the solar system, directly influences the destiny and the welfare of the earth and all of its inhabitants.

ROSE WON THE HOME.

THE STORY OF A RACE FOR AN ISLAND IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Girl Against Two Men, and She Won by Her Skill, Tact and Courage—How the Mosenthein Family Came to Have 365 Acres, Much of It Farming Land.

When Rose Mosenthein reached the age of 16, there was very little that could be termed alluring prospects visible in the future. She was the eldest of a family of four. Her mother was rapidly growing old, and it seemed that nothing but an unexpected inheritance could save the girl from a severe contest with poverty. Her father at that time was not in evidence and has not been since.

The question of bread and butter was an all absorbing one to her, and she sat on the porch of the houseboat throughout many of the long days, thinking of the serious question at an age when most young girls think of lovers. The Mississippi river steamboats passed along the river in front of the house, but she paid no attention to the efforts of the gallant pursers and occasionally a captain who attempted to get up a distant and therefore wholly unsatisfactory flirtation with every pretty face seen on the banks of the river.

Her monotonous life had reached its most prosaic era, when one day her accustomed reverie was interrupted by a stranger. He was an uncouth looking fellow, but the girl at that time had not learned to judge persons by the clothes they wore, and she answered pleasantly to his salutation. Had she replied with some angry answer she would in all probability have still been wondering where the bread and butter was to come from and would not be the owner of 160 acres of island land which is now quite valuable.

The stranger told her that he had been living on a sandbar which is now known as Mosenthein's island. The restless current of the Mississippi, ever changeable, had made the island much larger than it was originally, and it is now covered with a deposit of alluvial soil which produces the best corn and vegetables of any farm near St. Louis. He had homesteaded the island, but for reasons which he did not name was compelled to leave.

He advised her to get to the island as quickly as possible and take possession of it until her mother could homestead it. Even while he was speaking two men had shoved a skiff into the water and were heading up the stream. The stranger, however, divined their intention, and, with an apology that he had not told her before it was too late, was about to leave, when she asked him why it was too late.

"Them fellers is a-goin up thar now. They have been watchin the place for a long time," he replied.

Rose, however, did not believe it was too late, for she ran to the houseboat and shoved her light racing shell into the water. She was bareheaded, and there was a pull of six miles against a powerful current before her, but it was not the first time she had pitted herself against oarsmen, and she was serenely confident that she would pass them before they reached their destination, if they were really setting out for the island.

Raised on the river, the surface of the stream was an open book to her. She knew the obstructive force of every eddy and the dangerous qualities of every whirlpool.

The wind was blowing from the north, and the waters, irritated by the strong breeze, formed a choppy sea that was dangerous to even an expert in the light racing shell. Notwithstanding this, she headed her shell across the river, taking care to keep its bow pointed north by east, in order that the current should not carry her down. The two men were already some distance up the river, but they kept close to the west bank. By the time the girl had crossed the river they were almost a mile in the lead, but she was in the back water, and with remarkable presence of mind had taken care not to exhaust her strength in the beginning of the race.

When near the shore, she turned the shell up the river, and it skimmed across the surface of the water like a bird flying just above the waves.

The two men, who had seen the former possessor of the land talking to her, knew that she was trying to beat them to the island. They strained every nerve, and their boat made remarkable progress. Their steady strokes and the oars, which were scarcely raised from the water, proclaimed them to be expert oarsmen, but their broad beamed skiff was retarded by the current much more than the shell was. They saw that the girl was gaining rapidly and redoubled their efforts. At a bend in the river the waves rose to a threatening height, and the men laughed to themselves as they thought that the occupant of the shell would not dare to venture into such a sea with such a boat.

They were mistaken in their calculations, however, for with one powerful sweep of the long spoon oars the girl forced her skiff into the boiling current. It seemed that the frail boat would surely be dashed to pieces, but Rose managed her boat with the cleverness of a veteran. Floating logs and stumps of trees hurried past her, but she threaded her way through them all. At every stroke of the oars the shell seemed to bound from the water and fly on its course up the river.

The island was in sight when the men started across the river. They seemed to be making much better speed than at first, but the girl's strength was waning. They reached the east bank a short distance ahead of her and kept their boat in such a position that for a time she could not get by them. When they started to go around a projecting point, however, she turned her boat toward the shore, and her competitors laughed in derision, supposing that she was about to retire from the race. When she reached the bank, however, she drew her boat up and dragged the 50 pound shell around the obstruction. Just as she launched it in the river they were coming around the promontory, and as they saw the advantage she had gained they were furious. From that time they had no chance of winning. The shell left them behind like a passenger train pulling away from a freight.

"Where are you going?" they shouted.

"To the island," she replied, and then the men gave up the struggle and let their boat drift down the stream. Rose Mosenthein reached the island, and a few hours afterward, when her mother arrived with a certificate from the land office, she was sure of a home. The girl risked her life that day and passed through a long siege of brain fever during the week that followed after, but today there are 365 acres in the island, and it is all the property of the Mosenthein family. Much of it is fertile and is under cultivation.—St. Louis Republic.

Driven Toward Socialism.

If the intensely practical, sensible American people are moving toward state socialism, they are being goaded thereto by the scandalous influence of trusts at the national capitol and the moral and mental incapacity of men administering great railway systems.—New York Bulletin.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

Three Different Renditions of Goethe's "Wanderer's Night Song."

In Germania, a monthly magazine for the study of the German language and literature published in Manchester, N. H., appears a new translation by Thomas C. Zimmerman of the Reading (Pa.) Times. In connection with this translation, Germania publishes two additional translations of the same poem—one by Henry W. Longfellow, the other by Sir Theodore Martin. Before introducing these translations to the reader, it may not be out of place to state that the difficulties attending the translation of this particular poem have been considered so great that so eminent an authority as Blackwood's Magazine a few years ago referred to the poem as "the untranslatable poem." Herewith follows the Germania's editorial introduction to the several translations, which are also appended in the order in which they appeared in the magazine:

"It seems there are some poems which cannot be translated without marring the beauty of the original. These are, naturally, the best poems—those having the greatest merit. It gratifies us that Mr. Zimmerman, of whom and of whose excellent translations we have already read, has undertaken to translate such a poem. Appended herewith we give Goethe's poem, "Wanderer's Nachtlied" (The Wanderer's Night Song) together with three different translations by Zimmerman, Martin and Longfellow. We leave to the reader to discover the respective merits of the translations:"

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Voegelein schweigen in Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch. —Goethe.

Over every summit
There's a rest.
Scarce e'en a zephyr
Th' woodland's crest
Waileth to thee.
The birdlings are hushed in their song.
Only wait! ere long
At rest thou'lt be.
—Thomas C. Zimmerman.

Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill;
The tree tops of the glade
Are hushed and still;
All woodland murmurs cease.
Be patient, weary heart, anon
Thou, too, shalt be at peace!
—Sir Theodore Martin.

Under the tree tops
Is quiet now.
In all the woodlands
Hearest thou
Not a sound.
The little birds are asleep in the trees.
Wait, wait, and soon like these
Sleepest thou!
—Longfellow.

Sarah at the Pump.

She was sitting patiently in the waiting room at the Central Union depot when he came lankily stalking in with a dejected face.

"It ain't no use, Lizy," he said wearily, "there ain't one of them picters in the whole city. I've been a-goin since 9 o'clock this mornin trapsing all over the place, and I've been in every book store down to a newsstand, and I've been in every picter store down to a tintype gallery on Main street—and if there's anywhere's else you want me to go you'll have to send the police—I'm fagged plum out!"

"It's mighty funny! Mary Spriggins!"—

"Yes, Mary Spriggins said she got hern down here, but I believe Mary Spriggins yarned about that picter. There wasn't a single picter dealer in town had ever even heard of such a picter as 'Sarah at the Pump.'"

"'Sarah at the Pump?'" ejaculated the old lady. "'Sarah at the Pump!' Josiah," and her voice grew cold as ice in January; "pick up that bandbox and set down."

He sat.

"Josiah," said she in a tone like a crosscut saw, "don't you never come to town agin till you're clear baked through. The picter that I wanted was 'Rebecca at the Well.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

People With a Low Sense of Duty.

A low sense of duty is essentially vulgar. The people who look upon pleasure and selfish indulgence as beyond the sterner law and higher standard of duty are people who are vulgar at the core, no matter what their outside bearing or conventionalized grace. These are the people who ridicule all idea of that higher law and maintain the impracticability of those councils of perfection at which we ought at least to aim. Self interest with them ranks before justice to others, and to keep a promise to their own hurt strikes them as about the most ridiculous bit of Quixotism possible.

There is no good in going to these vulgar souls when your own is oppressed with the sense of weakness in the face of a nobler duty. They will counsel you to take your ease on the lower levels, and they will argue against that endeavor of yours to mount and soar upward into the purer regions of a faithful but in a sense an abstract duty. Consult them not, lest you, too, be dragged down into their vulgar estimate of self before the right.—London Queen.

An Interesting Legal Case.

A case involving the ethics or perhaps the law governing the legal profession has arisen in central Maine. It grows out of a suit in which the plaintiff consulted two or three attorneys before placing her case in the hands of another to bring action thereon. While it was pending, some of these unemployed attorneys made statements in public places that they were consulted and advised the lady that she had no case. The question now being mooted is an interesting one to the public at large.

All attorneys of the court are under a solemn oath to keep inviolate the secrets of their clients, and the plaintiff claims such declarations in regard to a pending case are violations of duty in this respect, for which damages would be given. The tongue bridle is an important article in the legal profession, notwithstanding it is a "talking" business.—Lewiston Journal.

Thackeray as a Public Speaker.

Mr. Sala says that Thackeray aspired to be an after dinner speaker, but his efforts in that line were not very happy. On the morning of a great banquet in Hyde park the novelist told Mr. Sala, in answer to an inquiry, that his prepared speech was "as bright as ninepence!" "I have repeated it twice to myself, and it will go trippingly," he added. It did go trippingly, for after he had stumbled through two or three disjointed sentences he became completely upset and was obliged to sit down.

Flowers at Funerals.

The English journals are agitating again the waste of money in funeral flowers. A correspondent writes to one of them that he has formed the habit of sending to the local hospital the price of a funeral wreath on the occasion of the death of any friend whose memory he would wish to honor. It is suggested in an accompanying comment that the gift may be explained by a line, "In memory of ——, in lieu of funeral flowers."

As a matter of fact, in this country the abuse of flowers in this regard is not so flagrant as formerly. It is a lovely office which the bunch of memorial blossoms fills—it would be a pity to banish it altogether, though it is an equal, if not a greater, shame to outrage it as is often done.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE

may be robbed of its charms by the blight of a poor complexion

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder

is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades:—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

Either sex, any age, in any part of the country, the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

G. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

FIRST Beginners' - Class —AT— LESTER'S

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5TH.

Academy now open for the reception of pupils. No circulars will be mailed this season. See daily papers for announcement of classes or call at the academy. All former pupils and friends are cordially invited to call and learn the arrangements of classes for season of '94-'95. If desired arrangements can be made for private classes either for adults or children; special inducements will be offered to those who desire to form such classes. Choice of afternoons or evenings will be given those making first application.

Children's class begins Saturday, Sept. 29th.

D. C. Lester, member of American National Association of Masters of Dancing. Assistants, Mrs. Helen Lester, Mr. Charles A. Lester. Pianist, Mrs. May Darling.

8 Cents and 7 Cents.

These are prices made for One week on a

BLUE PLATE —AND ON A— JAPANESE .·. TEAPOT.

The prices are made low enough to sell them at once, and the entire lot ought to go in a short time. Both bargains are of first class material, and we cannot duplicate them for more than twice the money.

French & Puffer, 245 Central Street.

Rochester Lager Beer,

Brewed by the Rochester Brewing company. Is the best beer in the market, for age, purity and strength, and the sole agent in Lowell and vicinity is the proprietor of the GOLDEN SHEAF, who bottles and sells this beer for family use, and also sells them as bottled by the brewer. See the different brands:

The Premier, a fine table beer, put up in the most attractive manner.

The Rienzi, a fine medicinal beer, noted for its tonic properties.

The Bohemian, an unrivaled table beer, a very attractive beer for the table.

These beers can be obtained for prescription purposes of Ellingwood & Co. and the East Merrimack street drug store.

VICTOR PENCIL.—The Harris house is now among those which have this delicious drink for sale.

The Golden Sheaf 55 MIDDLE ST., LOWELL, MASS.

JAMES MEEK, HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD.

Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St.

LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 9-29

M. W. MILLER House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger. 56 WILLIE STREET.

Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

Great Removal Sale.

We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827.

J. C. DONOVAN, 57 Market street.

McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street.

Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry.

Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Beans received for baking.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street

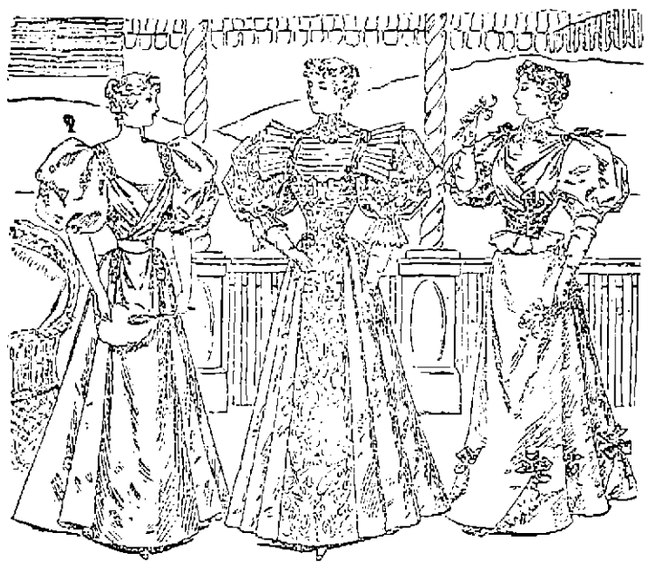
COAL.

Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros.)

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Everything Will be Covered With Ribbons This Fall.

New Fancies In Black Crepe Cloths Adapted For Mourning and Other Wear—Rainstorm, Crocodile, Teardrop and Lizard Markings In Empress and Eudora Cloth.



THREE CHARMING GOWNS.

The gown on the right is of mauve faille, with full draped blouse, polka surplice with heliotrope belt and trimmings. The center one is of pink chaille, with front panel of Spanish flouncing. The sleeves are of lace and the horizontal plaiting is of white crepon. The other is lawnunie, apple green in color, trimmed with white lace.

Ribbon and more ribbon and still more in addition will be the watchword this fall and winter. No costume except the tailor gowns will be complete without ribbon, and even one or two rows of thick grosgrain ribbon may be seen on those, stitched and pressed down tightly. Lace and ribbon are to women's attire what the blossom is to the tree, and they will be worn to an extent never before dreamed

NEW FALL GOWNS.

of, or at least, so I believe from what I have seen and heard this past week. Grosgrain and satin ribbons in light colors and black lead, and next comes satin faced velvet ribbon with woven edge, and after this the moires and very wide and astonishing plaids. These two latter kinds will be mostly used for sashes and bows on hats, though they will prove very useful also as trimmings for children's dresses. The ribbon is applied in every conceivable manner to dresses and wraps, jackets and underwear. Nothing is considered finished without ribbon somewhere about it. I remember one dress that had a complete overskirt made of flots of ribbon. The ribbon met around the upper part, and I am not sure that it did not lap in some parts, and the ends were left to hang loose to the bottom of the skirt, where they were cut out in deep fishtails. The effect of this arrangement was extremely graceful when the wearer was in motion. Several other gowns were garnished in very nearly the same manner, though with wider ribbons and not so many of them. They all appeared to be fastened under a belt, and thus the whole set could easily be transferred from one gown to another if the ribbon is of a good and firm quality.

The plaid ribbons are generally about 10 to 12 inches wide and of the rawest, most glaring colors. They are always of the taffeta silk, and I noticed one design made of three shades of red and three shades of yellow and a little brown. They follow the patterns and designs of the taffeta silks to be offered a patient and long suffering public next spring. They would have been presented this winter if the American people had not been too much troubled by hard times to endure such a shock.

There are some of the loveliest cheviots this fall that have ever been shown. The colors are no longer confined to mixtures, gray, brown, blue, etc., but they are shown in the most delicate of tints, like salmon, pale blue, etc., and a few of them have small dots or other figures. These are rather light in texture and very soft. Almost all the woolens are woolly this season, except some of the finest black goods, where the ground is what they call soleil, but which means that the groundwork is glossy and shining. Among this line of goods are some of the most superb and exquisite fabrics ever shown. The celebrated Priestley fabrics are the most beautiful as well as perfect. The number of different woven designs on the silk warp henriettes is legion. There are pebble designs, seeded effects, alligator weave, and no limit to the patterns, all small, but exquisitely wrought out on that standard material by throwing up the figures in mohair, the body of the goods being half silk and half Australian wool. There is one figure like the crackle glassware. Then there are no end of fancy cheviots with mohair figures, tiny flowers, dots, pinheads, squares, herringbone stripes with all sorts of small figures thrown over the surface in bright mohair, and all figures are small, but remarkably clear. This comes from the using of the mohair, which is as glossy as silk over the duller Australian wool. All these extra fine designs and figured goods come under the name of wool fancies, and all have either a cheviot, empress, eudora or silk warp ground. There are several new effects in armures and fine honeycomb and many magnificent wool brocades which will be used for clonkings. The eudora cloth and a dead fine empress cloth as well as a drap d'alma are seen both plain and figured, and the effect in them all is a bright and lustrous ground still further illuminated by the small dainty figures brocaded over them.

There are perhaps 20 new fancies in black crape cloths which are really beautiful, and while adapted for mourning are not altogether for such garments and are made up with moire or grosgrain silks. Some of the crape cloths have pretty figures brocaded on them. Crape cloth is a mixture of Australian wool and mohair or vicuna, and that makes the crinkle show up very well. There are also several new designs in basket weave, and the homespun and hopsack are not entirely forgotten. The drap d'alma is very fine and close, and that, with silk warp henrietta, eudora cloth and a new material called mourning cashmere, makes up the list of the finest mourning goods, though all of these can be worn at other times, according to the manner of trimming.

There are also wool crepons in black, with waved effect, and rough, woolly camel's hair, and there are many ribbed effects and stripes, both straight and broken, all in black woven, so that there appears to be several shades of dark gray to black.

Some of the empress and eudora, also the silk warp henriettes, show the oddest designs, such as a rainstorm, crocodile and lizard markings, stars, geometrical figures and teardrops. There is no lightning, but from amid a clouded ground the raindrops appear to fall.

Among the finest of the back woolens, as in silks, the ribbed effects are seen. The empress is closely woven after that style and is generally overstrewn with other figuring, and I noticed some of these where there was a wide moire wool stripe between a woolen crape one, and both sprinkled with dots representing drops of water.

The heavy cheviots for late fall and winter are beyond measure the handsomest goods of this kind ever before produced. The twill is deep and firm, and the surface is covered with fine hairs, which give it a most elegant look not to be mistaken. It shows its value at once

TWO MOURNING GOWNS.

and is really the handsomest material ever offered for outdoor winter dresses. This quality of cheviot retails for about $3.50 per yard, but is 54 inches wide, so that six yards will make a full gown, and it will wear forever and never go out of fashion, for cheviot is the daily bread of dress materials. If a lady can afford but one expensive dress, the most useful and elegant one would be the black cheviot, black grosgrain next.

Writing grosgrain reminds me that that sterling weave of silk is the favorite for this fall and winter and probably for next season, too, for dresses. The remarkable popularity of silk shirt waists has made it necessary to produce a new silk for them. The patterns are very small and neat and are in every instance thrown over a changeable ground. I saw some where the pattern consisted of one thread stripes, and these stripes were checked in the weaving, with three stitches missed at equal distances, which gave the effect of very fine dots. These were in black and white over a ground changing from blue to bronze. The same pattern was wrought over a crimson and blue, and, in fact, every new design was produced in 10 colors. All this was in taffeta quality. There were hundreds of new designs in such silks, all beautiful and refined.

For dress silks the grosgrain is prime favorite. Part of it is quite plain and of excellent wearing quality—that is, the American made silks, for the foreign silks, as they always do, go shiny with two or three wearings. Our American silks are free from whatever is put in the foreign silks, and so keep their luster to the last hour of existence. The bengalines are also seen, most of them with small figures brocaded over them. There is something about bengaline that shows up a brocaded pattern as though it were carved thereon, and it is very rich. There are also more kinds of brocades than I could write down in a month. Black and white in very tiny figures, cross, broken and hairline stripes are seen, and also some exquisitely fine silks where the ground is a fine rep, with very small brocaded figures. I have one piece before me in rep with a lustrous ground combining dark green with chestnut brown. Scattered irregularly over the surface are numbers of triangular satin spots, some of them brown and some peacock blue, bordered with moss green. The delicacy of the work may be judged when I state that the figures are not a sixteenth of an inch long, and the border to them is no thicker than No. 60 cotton. This silk is produced in 10 colors, not including the black, and that allows every woman to suit herself. The quality is most excellent. The grosgrain silks are as often brocaded as plain, and the figures are all small, neat and artistic. The figures are rarely floral, but dots, rhomboids, par-

NEW SILK COSTUMES.

allelograms and stars, moons and twigs, everything that can be imagined, and they are so well woven that there can scarcely be said to be any reverse side to the silk.

The handsomest dress I have seen this week was of black grosgrain, with a rose plaiting at the bottom and a cape collar trimmed with beaded passementerie. It was a pattern model imported dress and was shown with a beautiful mourning costume of silk warp henriette and courtauld crape, both with stiff skirts not too full, but having ample folds. There was a pale gray cheviot, too, that was very beautiful. The skirt was plain but for a little apron drapery and a large sash of reseda green velvet, with white guipure applique. The sleeves were of gray silk, with small green figures, and the waist had a trimming of fancy jet.

Another very handsome dress was of the brown figured taffeta, described above. The upper skirt lifted in two places on the left side. The sleeves and waist were trimmed with knife plaitings and fancy white and brown silk passementerie.

At this same house, which makes a specialty of its fine madeup gowns, were two beautful dresses for sisters, one of them being of black grosgrain, with white horizontal broken stripes. Around the skirt and on the plain waist were set bands of guipure insertion picked out here and there with a silver bead. At the waist was a knotted belt of black ribbon, and above and below the insertion was a narrow flat satin ribbon sewed.

The other gown was of the green silk mentioned above, and the skirt opened over a panel of chestnut colored satin and was finished with a windmill bow of satin ribbon to match. The folded belt was of the same, finished by white guipure in the form of a corselet. The front opened over a satin vest, and there was a shirred collarette of the silk finished by white guipure.

I have nothing but unqualified praise to give all the new fall and winter styles, except the glaring, flaring plaid ribbons, and even they, when properly used, may not prove so terrible a shock to weak nerves. MATE LEROY.

A Summer In Kashmir.

In the middle of the year, when the snows are melting, the Sind river is very muddy and rushes down the valley with such speed that the water becomes a mass of foam, on which the sunlight through the trees often flashes with great brilliancy of effect. The wild flowers were beautiful, especially the roses, of which there were great quantities growing in clusters like the favorite banksia of California. The single flowers, however, were much larger, opened wide and were of a very pure white. There were pink roses, too, and yellow and white jasmines, and among innumerable other shrubs the wild indigo, which grew in great profusion and which in the distance suggested heather, but when riding through it was found to be five or six feet high.

The path was very pleasantly situated by low growths and by fine mulberry and walnut trees. Mulberries are very common throughout the valley and form an important article of food both for the people and the fish. They are the most effective bait for small trout, and the missionary doctor in Srinagar informed me as a proof of the real poverty of the people that the children are always much fatter and better looking at the end of the mulberry season than at any other time.—Francis P. Lefroy in Californian.

No Danger In Oranges.

The Berlin correspondent of The Medical Press and Circular states that the imperial health office has recently issued an announcement to the effect that experiments have demonstrated that the bacteria of cholera in contact with the cut surfaces of both oranges and lemons are destroyed in a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruits, but even then they die within 24 hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in these fruits.

In consequence of this quality the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restriction on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons, and as these are consumed in larger quantities in this country than perhaps any other fruit the news will be reassuring.

A King's Deathbed.

When any question was brought before William IV of England on which he was not prepared to express an opinion, he would say, "That's another matter."

On his deathbed, watching through an open window the sun sinking below the horizon, he said reflectively to the archbishop of Canterbury, who stood near:

"Ah, my friend, I shall not see another sunset."

"We don't know that, sire," answered the prelate, "and I pray heartily that your majesty may see many more."

"That's another matter," replied the king.—"Gossip of the Century."

Lawyers and Their Fees.

According to the last census there are 33,163 lawyers in the United States, who receive $35,000,000 every year in fees. This would give an average professional income of about $1,100 to every lawyer; from which it would appear that the law is still one of the best paying professions, if it were not for the fact that the unequal division of the sum total gives to about two-thirds of the whole number hardly enough to pay laundry bills for cleansing their consciences.—Chicago Legal Adviser.

Raw Beef Eating as a Fad.

English medical authorities are advising their patients that beef is more digestible raw than cooked. Quite a circle of raw beef eaters is being established, and it promises to become a fad.—New York Recorder.

HOW SERIES.

INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT THE CARE OF A STOVE.

The Various Parts Require Careful Treatment—Blacking Need be Applied Only Once a Month—How to Care For Wet Shoes.

The normal ear is capable of hearing considerably better than is necessary for the ordinary purposes of civilization—in fact, is endowed with what may be termed "superfluous hearing." Proper tests will discover the loss of even a small portion of this superfluous hearing and warn us that we are gradually becoming deaf—in fact, already partially deaf—although we may not have noticed the slightest deficiency.

According to Popular Science Monthly, this explains why it is that many victims of certain forms of chronic deafness believe their complaint to have been sudden in its beginning, when in reality it has been progressing for several years, the longer time having been occupied by the gradual loss of the "superfluous hearing" and the patient's attention not having been directed to his affliction until the "necessary hearing" was encroached upon.

The authority mentioned says that the great majority of all forms of deafness are dependent upon and directly resultant from affections of the nose and throat. The earliest symptoms of beginning deafness in many cases is a ringing sound in the ears. Many persons describe it as a noise all through the head rather than in the ear itself. It is at first intermittent and occasional. The ringing may be present for some time, scarcely perceptible, when suddenly the sound will change, becoming much louder and the notes jumping high up in the scale, where it will continue to ring quite loudly for some minutes and gradually die away, to appear again some time afterward. It may reappear in a few hours, as the trouble with the ear progresses. Ringing in the ears may also be the prelude to an acute attack of earache, but it is here very soon followed by pain, which so predominates over the ringing that it is no longer heard. If the hearing is properly tested just as soon as the ringing in the ears has become more or less constant, some degree of deafness will be detected. As the case progresses, even before all the so called superfluous hearing has been destroyed, the patient will realize that he is becoming deaf.

For this condition there is nothing to be done by the patient himself. Advice from a physician should be obtained just as soon as diminution of hearing is suspected.

The Infective Period of Various Diseases.

The report of a clinical society is the source of some details in regard to the period of incubation of infective diseases. Diphtheria, 2 to 7 days, oftenest 2; typhoid fever, 8 to 14 days, sometimes 23; influenza, 1 to 4 days, oftenest 3 to 4; measles, 7 to 18 days, oftenest 14; mumps, 2 to 3 weeks, oftenest 3 weeks; rubeola, 2 to 3 weeks; scarlet fever, 1 to 7 days, oftenest 2 to 4; smallpox, 9 to 15 days, oftenest 12. Diphtheria was found to be infective during the period of incubation, attacks and convalescence; mumps and rubeola are also infective for three or four days before the onset of the parolilitis and appearance of the rash; the contagiousness of the measles speedily disappears and does not continue in disinfected persons for over three weeks; typhoid fever is infectious from the time of onset until two weeks after the fever has gone and convalescence sets in; the contagiousness of scarlet fever varies greatly, but is generally continued a very long time, certainly until desquamation ceases and sometimes as long as eight weeks.

A French Tan and Freckle Lotion.

Rosewater, 6 ounces; glycerin, half ounce; bitter almond water, 2½ drams; tincture of benzoin, 2½ drams; borax, 1½ drams.

Rub the borax with the glycerin, gradually adding the rose and almond waters. Lastly, add the tincture of benzoin, agitating constantly. Apply night and morning.

NOTES AND LETTERS.

Brief, Crisp, Yet Elegant, Are the Society Woman's Missives.

Every one has been in houses where the request for writing material occasioned a search all over the house for the family inkstand and the family supply of paper. Such houses, however, do not in these days exist in cities, where very much of the commerce of life must needs be carried on by means of notes. A society woman's day begins with the reading of and replying to her many correspondents' missives, remarks Harper's Bazar in preface to the following:

But this is a hurried age. We do everything in haste, and we seldom take time and thought to go through things as thoroughly as those did who went before us. Therefore crisp, hurried notes are very much in order, and a cardinal point in good breeding is to write these with grace and precision, though with promptness. The art of terse expression, of putting things clearly and lucidly, yet without brusqueness, is one to be cultivated sedulously.

No gift should ever be received without the formal courtesy of acknowledgment, and this should be as full and as appreciative as possible. No one need be afraid of giving a superfluity of thanks. If possible, a note of thanks should be sent immediately on the receipt of a gift. It loses its grace by being deferred. So it is with the answers to invitations. They should be written and sent at once, if possible by the next mail after their reception, so that the person from whom they come may know how to go on in her arrangements in case either of acceptance or its opposite. Much embarrassment and great inconvenience may be caused by tardy attention to an invitation.

Notes of condolence or of congratulation should follow rapidly upon the event which calls them forth. To rejoice with those who are happy, to express sympathy with those who are in sorrow, is the dictate of kindness and neighborly feeling, and no one who aspires to a place in good society ever neglects these obligations. In fact, the answering of every letter personally or by a secretary is a token of good breeding, and the well bred are punctilious in doing this.

A Substitute.

Behind a tinted ivory fan
One night I saw a face,
'Twas molded on such marv'lous plan
And wov'd by such sweet grace

That ere I left an impulse fine
Led me to certain bliss,
And on two lips pursed up to mine
I left a fervent kiss.

That we were watched I dreamed not then:
Alas! had I but known!
For when next night I came again
I found—her chaperon.

—Tom Masson in Vogue.

Afraid of the Signs.

Mrs. Brown—How do you like your neighbor, Mrs. Black?

Mrs. Green—Oh, I like her well enough, but I suspect she doesn't think much of me. I saw our girl talking to her over the fence last evening.—Boston Transcript.

ON BABIES.

Georgie Tells of the Different Kinds of Babies He Knows.

There is three kinds of babies. Babies that ain't borned yet, babies that is borned and babies that never o'ts to bin borned, and doll babies, but cats' babies is kittens, and dogs' babies is pups, but a cow's baby is a calf, and so forth.

Babies is bawled and bald. Good babies is the kind you read about. They are mostly dead, or else they belong to uther fokes and not to you.

A baby is a small pece of breething skin which is like a nuspaper—red awl over (goak). Some fokes uses them for clocks, because a baby's insides is all full of yells, and when he goes off it is *night*, and most parunts knows it is time for them to git up.

Some babies was invented by Mr. Edison, and some by uther men.

Babies is devided into 2 kinds—boys and the kind that never o'ts to bin borned—guirls. But twins and triplers is the uther kind whitch comes in groops.

Babies ain't got no teeth, but they want to swaller thare own fists and everything, the littul suckers! But thare is too mutch babies in this world anyhow. If docturs would only mind there own bisnis and cure sick fokes more and not go round for so mutch new babies awl the time, the world wouldn't have half so mutch trubble. They could cure awl the collick and meezles on erth by not finding no more babies, and littul boys like me would get some atensiaun too.

If uther babies growed in egs like a hen's, you could eat them, and they wouldn't git borned to squall and waste milk on. But a duck's babies is called goslums.

Some babies is very tuff. You can drop them on the floor and rock thare heds on the wall and slam them awl over the house and they won't kick none, nor cry. They don't have no hooping colf, nor nothing. They never wake up, and thare stummicks don't ake, because they are full of sawdust, and they are doll babies.

Our baby makes me tired—she crows 2 mutch. I gess she's stuck on herself.

Unckle bob don't like Babies no more. He used to dote on them, but he don't dote no more. Ourn cured him. ma she let him hold the baby and that settled it.

I gess unckle don't no the rite name for pants, for when he was agoin away he said that *darned brat of ourn* had dampened his ardor. He always was grate for big words. But a mouse ain't a rat's baby nay more then a bullit is a cannon ball's little boy.

Lams is baby shepes with wool whiskers on thare outsides to make clothes out of for storekeepers to stick you with. But if babies could only stay littul they would be happy, for When they git growed up and havt to hump for a living they find out what a hard, coaled spere this world is, you bet.

Jay babies is borned on farms, and has one nerse, whitch is its muther, but city babies is brot up on a bottil, and hast to be interdused to its muther 2 or 5 times a yere, because city mothers has got to be swell.—Truth.

Newspaper "Cuts."

The question of "cuts" in the columns of the daily newspapers, if not exactly a burning one, excites more animated comment than many of more importance. It has been settled in favor of their use now by every considerable morning paper in New York, and the report reaches us that an "art plant" has been arranged for the most conservative journal in that most conservative city, Philadelphia. In the calmer atmosphere of weekly journalism the problem has long since been solved by the adoption of the apparently simple principle that "illustrations" should illustrate. There is no more reason why the reader should not receive accurate information or pleasing or satisfying impressions through the fruits of the engraver's art than there is why he should not be given, in legible type, the printed matter that is suited to his needs and tastes.

That the business of printing pictures, whether once or seven times or thirty times a month, may be conducted in a manner to make the judicious grieve, or even swear, is something of which the general reader does not need to be informed. He cannot pass a railroad station without having it forced on his weary and wounded mind. But no general business practice is to be adjudged by its abuses alone or condemned on account of them. The one thing that the last half century of publishing in this and in other countries has established very clearly is that good pictorial work justifies itself wherever it can be achieved, and with this solid fact to go upon the timid or oversensitive or desperate critic of bad pictorial work may wait with patience for its disappearance.—Harper's Weekly.

The Memory of a Fall.

"I wonder how it comes about," said J. T. Abrams, "that a beautiful face of which you only had one glance in all your life can live so vividly in your memory? Mine was a mere passing glance. Why, confound it all, every time a chilly rain drizzles down all day and makes everything lonesome and cold I feel like getting off alone and looking out on the dull earth—just to think of that one face. It has been so long now, nearly twelve years since I met a pale faced girl in New York coming along Fifty-first street. It was a disagreeable day, with muddy streets and drizzling rain to beat everything. Some dark brown curls were loosened by the wind and lay limp and wet against her forehead. I observed all this in passing by, and I imagined that the girl was hungry or homeless, or both, but I couldn't tell; all I could do was simply to turn and look after her.

"I have traveled nearly around the world since then in Asia, Africa and Europe and out through the lonesome, dreary mining camps of the west, but I haven't been able to forget that face. On bright days I wonder little about her, but every time it rains I feel this way. I know away down near the Cape of Good Hope I sat one entire morning looking out and seeing that girl's face in the wet leaves of the trees and pools of water held in basins of mud. It was always one thought—what did the girl want?—whether she was hungry and cold, or homeless and cold, or both, and why didn't I help her? Queer, isn't it?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The First.

The editor turned pale and caught at his desk for support.

"James," he called to the office boy.

"Sir."

"Take that envelope out in the coalhouse and open it with the ax."

Five minutes later the boy returned, pale and trembling.

"Was my presentiment right?" asked the editor hoarsely.

"Yes," sobbed the boy, striving in vain to keep the tears back. With a despairing cry the editor fell to the floor in a fit.

The first spring poem had arrived.—Truth.

Taking the Initiative.

First Medical Man—I was summoned the other day to a neighboring town in which there were 20 cases of influenza. By the time I got there all the patients had died.

Second Ditto—I presume they thought it no use waiting for you.—Petit Parisien.

Why He Disliked Him.

"What was your objection to my predecessor?" asked the missionary of the aesthetic cannibal.

"He was utterly devoid of taste," returned the cannibal, with a wry face.—Harper's Bazar.

A. G. Pollard & Co.

ANOTHER SPECIAL SALE AND RARE BARGAIN

TO COMMENCE ON

TUESDAY MORNIMG NEXT

September 4th,

38 CASES WHITE DOMET FLANNELS

-AT ONLY-

4 CENTS PER YARD.

We have just purchased from one of the largest Flannel Mills, their entire accumulation of short lengths in White Domet Flannels, running from 2 to 12 yards, and shall open them in our Palmer Street Annex on Tuesday Morning next, at the unprecedented low price of 4 CENTS PER YARD. They are a handsome creamy white, very soft and thoroughly unshrinkable, and in suitable weight for underwear, skirts, dresses, waists, or any purpose for which Flannels can be used. They are now on exhibition in our Palmer Street Windows, and will be placed on sale TUESDAY MORNING NEXT. CALL EARLY.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

CAN WE DO IT?

YES, WE CAN, AND WE WILL

Promptly at 8.30 o'clock Today, Saturday, September 1, we offer to the public, Men's Women's, Children's, Infants'

WOOLEN HOSIERY

Which are Mill Seconds and Samples, not entirely perfect, but the imperfections do not in the least interfere with the looks or wearing qualities of the goods, while the price on such well known Hose as "THE SHAWKNIT," for men, and other mills equally well known, which make only Women's and Children's Hose, will be shown in a vast array of styles, qualities, etc., at FULLY ONE HALF WHAT THE MILLS CHARGE US for the goods today. There is more than one hundred thousand dozen for you to select from, all bought during the dull months of May, June, and July, for cash down on delivery of the goods. Lots small or large were not refused by us when the maker made prices low enough, our aim being to save our customers from 5c. to 25c. on every pair of Woolen Hose needed for themselves or their families for the fall and winter of '94-95, Hose usually selling for 10c., 15c., 17c., 19c., 21c., 25c., up to 50c.

CAN BE HAD AT THIS GREAT SPECIAL SALE AT 5c., 8c., 10c., 12c., 15c.

And this last price for an elegant quality of Ladies' Hose, worth 25c. a pair. We will have our GREAT WINDOW DISPLAY ready for Friday noon. Don't fail to see it. Now is your opportunity to fit the children out with school hose at low prices.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

O'Donnell & Gilbride.

Japanese Umbrella Stand, 89c each.
Japanese Teapots, regular price 25c. down to 9c. each.
Japanese A. D. Coffees, regular price 50c, down to 19c.
Japanese Berry Bowls, 19c per set of 3.
China Cuspadors, 39c each, worth 50c.
Parlor Cuspadors, $1.25, reduced from $2.50.
1 lot of Japanese Cups and Saucers that sold for 25c, reduced to 5c. to close.
56 piece Tea Sets, 3 colors, $2.69 per set, reduced from $3.50.
130 piece Dinner Set, flo blue, full gold line, $19, worth $30.
130 piece Dinner Set, semi-porcelain, full gold line, pencil decorations, only $16.49, reduced from $25.
10 piece Toilet Sets, $1.89, reduced from $3.
10 piece Toilet Sets $2.19, reduced from $4.
12 piece Toilet Sets, $8.98, reduced from $13.
12 piece Toilet Sets, Dresden pattern, $15.49, were formerly $25.
10 piece Sets, pencil decorations, full gold line, $3.49, reduced from $7.
1 lot of American China Dinner Sets, 112 pieces, hand decorated, gold striped, reduced from $15 to $9.98.
Stone China Cup, Saucer and Plate Sets 17c. per set, reduced from 25.
1 lot 10 inch Porcelain Lamp Shades, plain White, 29c, worth 50c.
50 dozen Gas Globes, in assorted colors, to close at 43c. each, worth 50c.
Plain white Gas Globes 19c each.
50 dozen pint Bowls, decorated, 5c each.
50 dozen quart " " 6c each.
30 dozen 2 quart " " 7c each.
Table Tumblers, imitation cut bottom, 30c per dozen, reduced from 50c.
Table Tumblers, pressed, banded, 50c dozen, were 75c.
Plain Pressed Tumblers, ground bottom 39c. per dozen, reduced from 60c.
Glass Pitchers, half gal. size, 2 for 25c.
Glass Footed Comports, 8 inch, 2 for 25c.
Quadruple Plate Pickle Jars, that sold for $1.50, reduced to 98c.
Triple Plated Butter Dishes, regular price $1.98, reduced to $1.23.
5 bottle Castor, regular price $8, reduced to $1.98.
50 dozen Tea Spoons, $1.73 per dozen, warranted first quality, Rogers' A1 goods.
75 dozen Desert Forks and Spoons, at $2.98 per dozen.
50 dozen Medium Forks and Table Spoons, at $3 25 per dozen, these are all A1 goods, warranted.
100 Japanese Pin Trays, that sl 15c each, reduced to 10c. each.
We are also headquarters for and Lightning Fruit Jars, Jelly blers, Ice Cream Freezers, etc.
1 gross Favorite Pillow Sham Hold regular price 30c, reduced to 13c.
Dover Egg Beaters reduced to 10c ea
Tooth Picks, double point, 3c packag 2 for 5c.
Toilet Paper, reduced to 10c. package.
35 dozen Straw Cuffs that sold at 10c per pair, to close at 3c per pair.
Ladies Dinner pails, 3 parts, 15c. each, regular 25c pail.
Nickle Plated Tea Kettles, copper bottom, reduced from $1.10 to 63c. each.
Oil Stove Tea Kettles, 10c each, regular price 15c.
25c. Dish Pans reduced to 15c each.
25c Tea Kettle Steamers reduced to 17c each.
50c. Tea Kettle Steamers reduced to 39c each.
1 lot of Sink Cleaners, sold to date at 5c, to close 3c each
Stove Brushes, former price 15 to 25c, only 7c each.
Shoe Brushes, formerly 25c, now 10c. each.
Coat and Hat Racks, regular price 15c. sale price 7c. each.
Towel racks, former price 25c, reduced to 7c.
One lot of Steel Hammers that sold for 30c, reduced to 19c. each.
Hammers 9c each, regular price 20c.
3 gross Corn Brush Brooms at 5c each, regular price 10c.
7-inch Glass Berry Dishes, 15c. each, or 2 for 25c.

O'DONNELL & GILBRIDE.

Importers and Retailers of Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture.

MERRIMACK, PALMER and MIDDLE STREETS

HORSE TENDERLOIN.

Pretty Good Eating, According to a Man Who Has Had Experience.

"Did I ever eat any horse meat? Well, I guess I have, and if I hadn't I doubt if I would ever have been here," said Lieutenant John Poppe of Cincinnati's detective force.

"When was that, lieutenant?"

"During the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition of 1876 against Sitting Bull. The whole story of the expedition has been recounted by Captain Charles King. He was the adjutant of my regiment and has written things just about as they occurred, though many people believe that such things are exaggerated. I had some experiences which, when I come to think them over, seem more like fairy stories, but at the same time they were hard facts, I tell you."

"But what about eating horse meat?" was asked as the lieutenant evinced indications of dropping the subject. "Is it good, lieutenant?"

"Yes. If you had a fine horse tenderloin in one hand and one of beef in the other and didn't know one of them was horse meat, I'll bet you would choose in favor of horse tenderloin. Take a nice horse steak, and it is sweeter than beef and more tender. The meat is coarser grained. I lived for 10 days on that and buffalo berries."

"What are buffalo berries?"

"They are a little red berry that grows in the Bad Lands of Dakota. If it hadn't been for those berries, we would all have had the scurvy upon that expedition. We left with 15 days' rations and got about 10 days' rations after meeting General Frey's command. We got into the Bad Lands after Sitting Bull and found ourselves 10 days from nowhere without rations. They began cutting down upon the army biscuits until they ran out, and then we commenced to kill the horses as they would drop from fatigue. The first horse meat I ate was a piece of kidney, and I was pretty hungry or I wouldn't have eaten that. After tasting a nice steak I enjoyed it as much as beef."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEER HONEY GATHERERS.

Tiny Ants Which Are Living Storehouses For Honey Brought by Others.

"As I sat in my office in Santa Fe one day," said the ex-government official from New Mexico, "my next door neighbor, a deputy land surveyor, came in.

"'Did you ever see honey ants?' he said, and held out for my inspection a round tin blacking box, the bottom of which was well covered with translucent yellow spheres about the size of large peas. Fast to each of these orbs, as if in emerging it had become stuck by its tail, was a tiny ant of a light brown color. The pearlike sphere I perceived at a second glance to be a membranous sac expanding from the postcector end of the ant and a hundred times the size of the rest of the insect's body and filled with clear honey. By these honey balls the little creatures, kicking and clawing feebly in the unaccustomed light of day, were anchored, so to speak, beyond all power of moving about.

"These ants, I then learned, are found in colonies, the workers of which gather the honey from the galls of the oak tree and bring it to those whose function it is thus to store it. The honey, which is both bitter and sweet, the Mexicans regard as a 'dulce' and eat eagerly. Used as an ointment, it is regarded by them as a remedy for soreness of the eyes.

"Two or three days afterward, happening to be in the land surveyor's office, I glanced into the tin box again. Most of the globules had broken, and afloat in the liquid honey at the bottom were the tiny insects, drowned in their own sweetness."—New York Sun.

One of Hawthorne's Letters.

In the Duyckinck collection, as shown at the Lenox library, may be seen the manuscript of Hawthorne's "Mosses From an Old Manse," with the following letter bound with it:

"SALEM, Feb. 22, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR—At last I send you the copy for part second of the proposed collection. It will make, as near as I can calculate, just about 175 pages. I hope and fully believe that it will soon be followed by the contents of part first.

"I have bestowed much and solemn consideration upon the title of the book. 'Wall Flowers From an Old Abby,' occurred to me, but it is too fine. 'Mosses and Lichens From an Old Parsonage,' that does not go off trippingly enough. 'Mosses From an Old Manse,' suits me rather better, and, if my wife agrees with me, so shall the book be christened. I will tell you in the postscript. All the titles, you perceive, refer to our old Owl's Nest at Concord, where all but two or three of the tales were written, and to which the introductory article will refer.

"Have you looked over the Dartmoor (?) papers, and do you reject them? They certainly have spirit and novelty. Truly yours, NATH. HAWTHORNE.

"P. S.—We decide on 'Mosses From an Old Manse.'"—New York Critic.

Artist Healy's Diplomacy.

G. P. A. Healy, the artist, often had to draw upon all his resources with sitters. A young woman once came to his studio with her face so covered with paint and powder that every characteristic line was obliterated. He was, of course, in a dilemma. When the sketch was lined, he rose from his seat, sat down beside his subject and kindly asked her if she was feeling as well as usual. Surprised, of course, she replied that she was.

"But, Miss Jones, you walked from your hotel, did you not?" "Yes." "And you came hurriedly up stairs without stopping to rest?" "Why, yes, of course." "Ah, yes, Miss Jones, but, you see, though you may not be feverish, you have exerted yourself so severely that there is so much color in your face that I fear it would mislead me. Now, tomorrow, if you will be so good, please bathe your cheeks in cool water the last thing, come in a close carriage and stop and rest yourself upon the sofa you will find on each landing. If you do that, I am sure we shall have no more trouble."—Kate Field's Washington.

Ships Named Resolution.

No fewer than four warships named Resolution have come to an untimely end by battle, fire or wreck. The first bore the flag of Blake in his great victory of the North Foreland over Van Tromp Sept. 28, 1652, and in Monk's equally great success off the same headland July 25, 1666, she was burned by a fireship, the only one lost, as against 20 sail taken or sunk. Forty years later the Resolution engaged a squadron of six ships off the Spanish coast and was run ashore and burned by Captain Mordaunt, son of the famous Earl of Peterborough, to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Only four years afterward, 1710, near the same spot, off Barcelona, a third ship of the name was driven ashore by a storm and became a total wreck. Finally, in Hawke's great victory off Quiberon, when the French lost four ships of the line destroyed and two taken, the Resolution and Essex ran upon a sand bank and were lost, together with a portion of their crews. We should, however, put to the credit of the name the success that attended her under Captain Cook's command on his second voyage, when he explored the Antarctic continent and New Zealand and discovered New Caledonia, Georgia and other islands.—Blackburn (England) Times.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

SOMETHING OF A MINIATURE VESUVIUS.

An Experiment in Physics That May Be Presented in a Picturesque Guise—How Pepsin Is Prepared—Photographing Running Water.

Place at the bottom of a glass bowl three parts full of water a little bottle containing red wine. It should be corked, but the cork must have a very small hole bored through it perpendicularly from top to bottom. We know that by reason of the difference of specific gravity between the two liquids the water will make its way

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

into the bottle and force out the wine, which will escape upward in a thin red line and finally spread itself over the surface of the water.

The experiment is one very generally known, but it may be presented in a more picturesque guise as follows: Mold with clay or plaster of paris at the bottom of the bowl a miniature mountain, high enough to just cover the bottle. In the apex make a minute opening for the wine to flow through. This will form the crater. Agitate the water a little, so that the rising stream of wine may the more nearly resemble the wind tossed smoke and flame of the volcano, and you will be enabled to offer the spectators a really very fair representation, on a small scale, of an eruption of Vesuvius.

How Pepsin Is Prepared.

Pepsin, which in various forms is so largely used as a remedy for indigestion and stomach trouble, is obtained from the membrane that lines the stomach of various animals, that of the hog being most largely used. The National Provisioner describes the method of preparing it as follows:

The fresh stomachs are deprived of their fat and divested of their outer coating, cut open, gently washed with cold water and macerated for several days in a pickle. This pickle is composed of water 30 parts and hydrochloric acid one part and requires frequent stirring. The liquid is next strained and filtered clear through coarse paper or allowed to stand 24 hours and then poured off. Common suet is then added and thoroughly mixed with the liquid. The pepsin rises to the top, and after standing is skimmed off. After this it is drained in a strainer, then submitted to strong pressure to force out all that is possible of the saline solution. Next it is carefully dried in warm air without other heat. The resultant constitutes the crude pepsin, which is used for making purified pepsin, etc. "Purified pepsin" is prepared by redissolving the crude pepsin before drying in water acidulated with hydrochloric acid, then adding just sufficient salt to separate it from its solution. This next washed gently with cold water and drained, pressed and dried rapidly on glass with gentle heat.

Photographing Running Water.

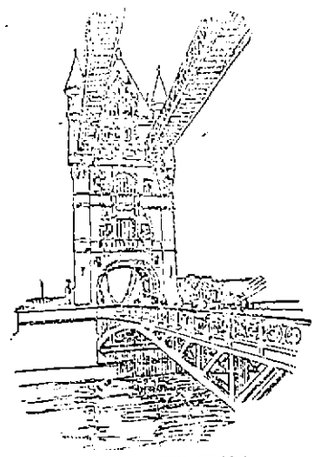
In a French photographic journal is told how to get on the same print an instantaneous fall of water and the exposed woody background. Make one after the other from the same point, two exposures of the same subject—one instantaneous, which will give you a live cascade, but the landscape will be hardly visible; the other with sufficient exposure to get a good landscape, while the cascade will be entirely solarized.

An easy retouching will render the landscape of the first plate and the cascade of the second plate completely opaque. Now print successively to the right point your two negatives on the same print, care being taken to make a careful adjustment at the second impression. In this way you will have a landscape which will have all its value and the cascade all its interest.

This operation requires naturally a great deal of artistic feeling, and more than one in the application of the process will not obtain a satisfactory result.

A Glimpse of the Tower Bridge.

From each of the two central towers of the new Tower bridge of London there extends to the other overhead a permanent footway, and down near the water two leaves or bascules, which part and rise on end to let vessels pass. Many pictures have appeared of this remarkable structure, but the New York Tribune calls at-



HALF OF TOWER BRIDGE.

tention to the accompanying one as being from a point of view hitherto unoccupied by artists. In the cut one may see not only the bascules lowered into place, but also the two parallel lattice bridges above. This part of the structure is double, like the sidewalks of a street or like the footway along the bascules. Of course when the lower crossing is available pedestrians who are in a hurry will not care to waste time by going up in elevators and then coming down again.

Sisterly Love.

Elder Sister—Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I dare say, but I could give you a wrinkle or two.

Younger Sister—No doubt, and never miss them.—New York Telegram.

Two Wonders of Nature.

A beetle can draw 20 times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster.—Ringgold News South.

A DOUBLE GRAVE.

How Two Old People Lost Their Lives on the Battlefield.

As the sun went down and darkness came the roar of the cannonade began to slacken and the crash of musketry to lose its spite. In another half hour it was a scattering fire all along the front, and by and by night brought a strange silence. Cannon and musket ceased to echo and regiments and brigades to march, and that made silence, but yet that silence was broken by a continuous sound such as you must hear with your own ears to understand. It was like the murmur of a mob of men coming from a long way off. It was the cries and groans of wounded men—thousands of them—left on the field between the two armies. Mingled with their cries were the pitiful groans of wounded horses as they tried to get on their feet, or, being already up, limped painfully about.

Men left wounded on a field of battle do not cry out or shout. They groan and curse or pray. Sometimes they are silent, as if dumb. They have looked into the eyes of death, as it were, and feel awed and stricken. The noise which comes up to you off a battlefield on the air of night has no fierceness about it—no harshness. It is a sobbing, murmuring chorus coming from lips parched with thirst, and you pity them and curse the very name of war as you listen.

At 10 o'clock we of Company A were pushed to the front as pickets. We scattered along the edge of a cornfield and crouched down. On the other side of the field, and hardly pistol shot away, were the pickets of the enemy. We had come up as a reinforcement just at dark and had not looked over the ground and did not know of the farmhouse a few rods distant. At 11 o'clock, when the men on the battle lines were asleep and muttering as they dreamed, I heard footsteps in the darkness. Some one was coming along down the edge of the cornfield. I challenged, and the footsteps ceased. I challenged again, and the voice of a woman called to me through the darkness:

"Please let me come. I want to speak to you."

She came forward and stood close beside me in the gloom. I saw that she was old and gray and bent, and that she leaned heavily on a stick. The farmhouse was almost the center of battle. From noon to sundown it had been exposed to every missile of war, and that it had not been burned as well as rent and shattered was a wonder. No one lived there except an old man and his equally aged wife, and no time had been given them for flight. For hours their lives had been spared while hundreds of others had been taken, but as the sun hung low the poor old man received a mortal wound and died in her arms. She had hobbled down to me past the dead and wounded to ask help to bury him. She would go away if we would assist her, but he must be buried first.

I passed the word back, and a corporal and two men were sent forward. They had been aroused from sleep, and I feared they would speak gruffly to the poor old wife and widow, but they did not. They called her "grandma" and gave her words of sympathy, and the corporal gave her his arm to lean upon as they made their way to the house. There lay the old man dead, and while she kneeled to weep and pray beside the corpse the men dug a grave in the garden behind the house. It was a grave among the dead. In that quaint old garden, where the pinks and hollyhocks and lilacs shared the ground with the lettuce and onions and cucumbers, were a score of men whose eyes would never open again.

"Now, grandma, come on, and please don't cry!" said the corporal as he helped her to her feet. "Men, get sheets from the bed. We will give him better than a soldier's burial."

With the strange murmur rising from the wounded, with the face of the dead looking up into the black night, with 200,000 living men asleep to renew their strength for the morrow's battle, they made ready to lower the gray haired dead to his resting place. Hark! Away down on the left there is the echo of a single musket, fired by accident perhaps. There is another and another, and the reports come rapidly nearer. It was always so. The discharge of one musket meant the discharge of perhaps 500. The pickets simply fired into the darkness in front. It was a signal that they were alert. The reports come rippling along the line. I fire with the rest of them, and the pop, pop, pop runs to the right. One single bullet, fired from across the cornfield, reached a human life. It cut through the branches of the cherry tree, whizzed over the tall stalked hollyhocks and struck that poor old woman in the side, as she sobbed and grieved, and laid her dead, with the tears yet welling from her eyes. She sank down and died without a cry—with only a sob in her throat. The firing died away a minute later as the men bent over her to see if she were dead. One dead in his winding sheet—the other dead and waiting.

The corporal motioned with his hand, and the men began to widen the grave. He entered the house and brought out other sheets, and when the grave was ready two bodies were lowered into it side by side. So were they covered in and left to their eternal sleep. At midnight a group of men, looking for a missing officer, entered the garden and stumbled over the newmade grave.

"Who is buried here?" they asked of one another in surprise, knowing that the living do not bury the dead until after the battle is over.

There was no one to tell them. Cavalry galloped over that grave next day; the wheels of cannon cut the earth; men fell and died there. It was stamped into the earth, as it were. Son or daughter might have searched for a lifetime and searched in vain. M. QUAD.

Overreached Himself.

An old farmer in Waldo county had a choice lot of cows, and a neighbor, seeing the herd in the pasture, asked for how much he could have his pick of one. "Twenty-five dollars," said the owner. "All right. I'll be around tomorrow and select one." The next day the owner of the cows told his hired man to drive the only poor cow in the lot to the barn. Soon the buyer put in an appearance to buy a cow. He missed one, however, and was suspicious. "How is this? You said I could have my pick of the lot. Where is that other cow?" "Oh, that cow you don't want," said the owner. "She is old and no good, so I placed her in the barn. You don't want her." But the buyer insisted on having that cow. He suspected she was the best one of the lot. "All right, then," said the seller. "Drive that cow out, John." The cow was driven out, and the buyer would not look at the rest, but purchased her at once and drove her home. A day or two afterward he came back and accused the seller of cheating him and wanted him to take the cow back. But the old fellow refused, saying that the buyer had had his pick.—Lewiston Journal.

The Cracking of a Whip.

The cracking of a knot on the end of a whip is simply the concussion of the air produced by its rapid movement. The effect differs with the material used for the whiplash, because some textures present a much greater resistance to the air than

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A STORY ABOUT THE FASHIONABLE CRIB.

Attractive Both From the Hygienic and Artistic Points of View—When Packing Your Trunk—Maple Sugar Biscuit—The Unhandy Closet.

Brass and enameled iron cribs are constantly gaining in public favor. Much, indeed, can be said in advocacy of their use. From a hygienic point of view, if for nothing else, they are to be commended. The brass ones, while costing more at the start, are probably the cheaper in the end. The enameled cribs when new, in their immaculate coating of white and gold, are very fair to look upon, but soon show the marks of usage in the unsightly places where the paint has been rubbed off. To keep them looking well requires extraordinary care and more than the average human can afford to give them.

The Decorator and Furnisher comments upon the facility with which sleeping cots of this character lend themselves to the draper's art: "With many of them there comes a canopy rod adjustable to the headboard, from which the drapery is suspended. We have seen a crib bedecked in this fashion, the curtain being of dotted swiss. Any thin material will answer for the purpose—even the humble cheesecloth need not be despised. A dainty embroidered spread and a little pillow likewise ornamented are always in order for the very young child. The pillow may have forget-menots in the corners and the word 'Baby' diagonally across the face of it."

When Packing Your Trunk.

Gather from the four corners of the domicile those things which will be needed and leave to a long rest those not needed.

Roll tightly all smaller undergarments, nightdresses, towels, etc., thus securing much more room.

Wrap each boot, slipper and shoe in a piece of tissue paper, tie mates together and slip them into convenient crevices.

Put all toilet appurtenances, each separately wrapped, in a soft bag in a corner at the top of a trunk.

Stuff with tissue paper the ribbon loops on bonnet and hat, the sleeves of dresses and toes of boots and slippers. Cover waist trimmings with the same paper.

Pin tapes to loops and sides of headgear and tack these tapes to sides of hat box, thus securing hat and bonnet from being crushed or mashed.

Cover the contents of each trunk with a large soft cloth and pin to the outside of this a paper containing a list of the contents of that particular trunk.

Lock the trunk and put the key in your purse and your purse in the pocket of the dress you will wear while traveling.—Good Housekeeping.

Ice Block Table Decoration.

Exceedingly attractive is the latest development of the ice block decoration for buffet or dinner table.

It consists of a basket cut from a solid block of ice—carved out, in fact, as stone

ICE BASKET FOR TABLE CENTER.

is carved—and then decorated with flowers and foliage till it forms a perfectly fairylike centerpiece for a table.

These blocks will last unharmed for quite five or six hours and can be carved in any shape that may suit the period and the style of the rest of the table and have the further merit of individuality, as each is, of course, carved for the special table for which it is intended and made be made a really artistic piece of work.

Maple Sugar Biscuit.

In this tempting method of using maple sugar an ordinary soda biscuit dough is first made, and when ready to roll out a generous cupful of maple sugar which has been cut into the size of peas is stirred in. Then cut the biscuits the usual shape and let the whole process be as rapid as possible. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot. The sirup cooks out somewhat in baking and forms a sirupy coating which is very agreeable.

Any that may be left over will be liked cold next day and will also be found a pleasant addition to the children's lunch-basket.

The Unhandy Closet.

The average height of women is 5 feet 2 inches, but rarely does one find a house in the city or country in which any attention has been paid to this fact in arranging the closets. The hooks are placed 6 feet high from the floor, and lucky for the housewife if it is not more, and above that is placed a shelf, which is practically almost useless. No woman cares to mount a chair or table every time she wishes to get her bonnet or shawl, and the result is that there is a series of boxes on the floor, which, if handy, have to be removed with every sweeping.

Apple Charlotte For Eight.

Six large apples, a half box of gelatin, a pint of cream and sugar to taste. Pare and steam the apples until tender, then press them through a colander and add the sugar. Cover the gelatin with cold water and soak half an hour, then add it to the hot apples; stir until dissolved. Now pour this into a tin basin, stand the basin in a pan of ice water and stir continually until the mixture begins to thicken, then add quickly and carefully the cream, whipped. Turn in a fancy pudding mold and stand in a cold place to harden. This will serve eight persons.

Refreshing and Strengthening Drink.

Boil 2 quarts of milk with a stick of cinnamon, blanch 4 ounces of sweet almonds, pound in a mortar with a little rosewater; mix with the milk, sweeten and let boil five minutes. Strain and set on ice until very cold. This is a refreshing drink for an invalid or any one suffering from exhaustion.

A Coincidence.

"The doctor has discovered a curious thing about Penelope's heart," said Mrs. Waldo of Beacon street. "It beats in exactly the same time as that of Shelley's 'Cenci.'"—Harper's Bazar.

He Took Her.

He—Miss Waiting, you are a puzzle to me. I never know how to take you.

She (shyly)—You never tried.—Texas Siftings.

The Life of the Ichneumon Fly.

A writer gives an interesting account of the curious habits of the ichneumon fly of Ceylon, the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color and in form resembles a wasp with a marvelously thin waist. It makes its nest of well worked clay, and then goes out on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, who is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay.

Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother ichneumon fly proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can offer no resistance. This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner and closes. Then she adds yet another cell, and so proceeds until her store of eggs are all provided for, and, her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure.

In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon grub, till it is ready to pass into its chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly, fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders and to fulfill the purpose for which they have been created, according to ichneumon belief.—Leisure Hour.

Some Theater Curtains.

At the house occupied by Mr. George Alexander—the St. James—the act drop charmingly represents the front of the palace from which the theater takes its name. The time depicted is the days when 3-cornered hats and bob wigs were the fashion. Mr. Toole possesses an act drop which is essentially original. It shows the famous comedian, as the Don, peeping from behind a curtain, apparently to ascertain if the house is full. The curtains at Drury Lane and Covent Garden represent the green cloth of old days and are remarkable only on account of their size.

Perhaps, however, the curtain which may fittingly take rank with that of the Lyceum is used at the new Palace Theater of Varieties. It was made for the theater when Mr. D'Oyly Carte opened it with Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, "Ivanhoe." When hanging, the curtain looks like a magnificent pair of golden gates. Measuring 33 feet high by 48 feet wide, a special room had to be hired for it to be made in.

The base of the curtain is gold colored silk, on which has been worked an applique of a darker tone of the same color. The applique, outlined by a fine cord of silk, has suspended from it a fringe with tassels. Between 500 and 600 yards of silk—a yard in width—and more than 600 of such cords have been used in the curtain. The cord and fringe were made in London and the silk in Lyons. The substance of the curtain is composed of layers of wadding, the lining being of yellow satteen. The vallance is in applique work in bright reds, blues, yellows and browns.—Million.

A Powerful Editorial.

The writing editor of a certain Cleveland newspaper is a man who is ordinarily as impervious to compliments as a stonewall is to bird shot. The other day, however, he was forced to blush at praise. A well known man in that town had by some means been reported dead, and the editor, having known him well, set about preparing an obituary editorial worthy of the occasion. When it was all done, and he had a proof of it before him, in walked the man himself.

The editor was surprised.

"I just heard," said the visitor, "that a rumor was abroad to the effect that I had gone over, and I came in to prove to you that it was not correct."

"We heard about it," said the editor, "and I just fixed you up a little something here as a token of our esteem," and he handed over the proof.

The man read it through carefully and with evident gratification.

"By Jove, old fellow," he said fervently, taking the editor's hand, "after reading that editorial I'm almost sorry the rumor isn't true."

Then the editor blushed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Physiological Fancy.

It is surprising how many people believe that the entire body of a man is renewed every seven years exactly. This used to be taught in books, and although not orthodox now is still accepted as gospel by many.

To show its inaccuracy one has only to hit a nail on his finger hard enough, for in that case the injured object will come off and be replaced by an entirely new nail.

If this process occupied seven years such an accident would be a very tiresome affair, but as any mechanic will tell you, it only occupies a few weeks. The growth is more rapid in summer than winter, but never taking more than four months.

So far as the nails are concerned, then the renewal process is repeated about 21 times during the regulation seven years, and the theory is thus destroyed, even if no other proofs of its falsity were forthcoming.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Luring Butterflies In Town.

A suggestion that valerian should be planted to attract the butterflies in our parks is made by Mr. A. Hensman, who attributes to the valerian in Regent's park the profusion of butterflies there. He says: "Several species of the common white butterfly are to be seen every year all over London, but such a variety of the vanessidi I never saw before. The painted lady, large and small tortoise shell, red admiral and the lovely peacock butterfly literally swarmed on the valerian, which is so attractive to these species. I counted on one small patch which I could have covered with my hat four of the above named species."—London News.

Distillation Among the Egyptians.

The decisive step in the knowledge of distillation was taken in Egypt. There were invented the first real distilling apparatus during the first centuries of the Christian era. They are described precisely in the works of Zosimus, an author of the third century, from the technical treatises of two women chemists named Cleopatra and Mary. In the margin of a Greek text of St. Mark are the drawings of the apparatus, and they agree exactly with the author's descriptions.—P. E. M. Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

Unaccountable Change in Public Taste.

Editor of Pudge—I don't see why our paper doesn't sell as well as it used to.

Publisher—No more do I. Are the jokes different from what we used to print?

Editor—No, indeed. They're identically the same.—Life.

Mother Tongue.

Teacher—What is meant by the expression "mother tongue?"

Boy—It means that the old man doesn't have much to say at home.—Texas Siftings.

The Force of Habit.

"Now, wifey, begin with your curtain lecture, else I shan't get to sleep."—Nano Rosso.

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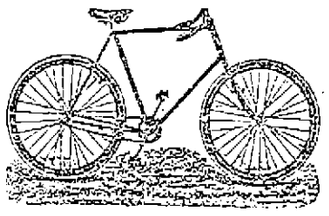


CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

MULLIN & WINSLOW,
Dealers in
COAL
At Summer Prices
1018 Gorham Street.
Telephone 21-6.

PETER J. BRADY,
GROCER.
445 Gorham Street.
Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

Arthur M. Bertrand,
(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)
MERCHANT TAILOR.
FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.
24 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.
Dress Suits to Let.

Teacher of Music.
Miss Ethel O'Heir is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at
COR. LANE AND HORN STS. (No. 68.)
N. B.—Would accept position as organist at reasonable terms.

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM,
182 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

Collector's Notice.

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES.
LOWELL, MASS., AUGUST 25, 1894.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the city of Lowell, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public are hereby notified that the assessments for watering streets thereon severally assessed for the year hereinafter specified, according to the list certified to me as collector of taxes for said city by the Superintendent of streets remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of the collector at city hall, on Monday, September 24, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the payment of said assessments, with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

No. 13. Patrick Touhey estate, 1892 square feet of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate No. 450 Lawrence street, on the east side of said street, between land, now or formerly of Michael Green on the north, and land now or formerly of Daniel J. Cleary on the south.

Watering streets assessment, 1892, $1.50

No. 14. Patrick Lynch, 3130 square feet of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate No. 259 Lawrence street, on the west side of said street, between land now or formerly of Mrs. Francis McCarron on the south, land now or formerly of Thomas Kane on the west, and Richmond street on the north.

Watering streets assessment, 1892, $2.10.

No. 15. Heirs F. A. Hildreth, 10,412 square feet of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate on the north side of Merrimack street, being the Hildreth block, between land now or formerly of J. Ladd estate on the east, Merchant's National bank on the west, and a passageway on the north.

Watering streets assessments, 1892, $6.93.

No. 17. John Donohoe, 2572 sq. ft. of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate No. 485 and 487 Market street on the north side of said street, between land now or formerly of Mrs. Julia Reagan on the east, and land now or formerly of J. Ladd estate on the west.

Watering streets assessment, 1892, $2.25.

Other estates to be sold for non-payment of street watering assessment will be found advertised in the following local papers of this date:

Nos. 1 to 6 inclusive in Lowell Morning Mail.

Nos. 7 to 12 inclusive in Lowell Daily Courier.

Nos. 18 to 23 inclusive in Lowell Morning Times.

Nos. 24 to 29 inclusive in Lowell Daily Citizen.

Nos. 30 to 35 inclusive in Lowell Daily News.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON,
City Treasurer and Collector of Taxes for the City of Lowell.

SCOTT & O'DAY,
Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers.
Steam, Gas and Water Piping.
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
11 SOUTH STREET,
Near Middlesex.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,
LOWELL, MASS.
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
ESTABLISHED 1852 --- CHARTERED 1865.
This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

JAMES MARREN,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
121 CENTRAL STREET.
Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.
All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO
Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1882, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century." The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by
GEORGE GARDNER
45 PRESCOTT STREET.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD,
Nos. 335 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

W. A. LEW. 49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

J. M. KINGSBURY, No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Stront & Kingsbury.)

DR. BRETON
The eminent Specialist, will be glad to see all his former patrons and any who desire his services at
44 Central Street.
Office Hours—1 to 8 p. m. Sundays and Holidays by appointment only.

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.
SUN RISES........ 5 00 | MOON SETS.. 7 15 PM
SUN SETS.......... 6 18 | FULL SEA ..12 15 PM
LENGTH OF DAY..13 00 |

Forecast for New England: Fair; stationary temperature, except slightly cooler in northern Maine; light west winds, becoming variable.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Billerica's tax rate is $11 per $1000, an increase of 60 cents on the thousand.

The $100 of the Mathews is still on deposit waiting for the Burkes to answer.

The banks will close Monday and there be only one delivery by the letter carriers.

Local members of the defunct Iron Hall are said to be receiving thirty per cent. dividends.

Arnold Stiles of the city treasurer's office, has been retained by the Lakeview bowling team.

A fire near the oil tank of the Coburn Shuttle Co., in Tanner street occasioned a silent alarm of fire yesterday.

The French Canadians who left the city early in the summer are now returning to take places offered in the mills.

Druggist F. H. Butler of this city, is a member of the party of the Mass. Association which has gone to No. Carolina on an excursion.

The John Street Congregational church has engaged Rev. George S. Avery, formerly of Lowell, to work as an evangelist for two weeks, beginning Sept. 9th.

Men of mature experience testify that September, October and November are the best months in the year to paint houses. If you put off painting in the spring do it in the fall. A. L. Kittredge & Co. 208 Central st. Solicits your orders.

Business must be booming somewhere or a big future is expected judging from the scores of drummers who have struck town the past week. For several days the sidewalks on the main streets have been lined with drummers' Saratogas.

The city hall commission held a brief meeting yesterday afternoon and the members were further enlightened as to granolithic walks, such as it is proposed to place in front of city hall. It is said that the walk is guaranteed for five years.

J. E. Conant & Co., have an executor's sale, and by virtue of a license issued by the probate court, in and for the county of Middlesex, I the subscriber, executor of the will of Gilman Kimball, deceased, shall sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the fourth day of September, 1894, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the following parcels, of real estate situated in Lowell in said county, on Nesmith street, just beyond and adjoining the residences of Mr. Oliver H. Perry and Mr. Thos. Costello.

The sale will take place regardless of any condition of the weather; will be without limit or reserve of any kind whatsoever, and will go in the order herewith named, commencing with lot 1.

Lot 1.—19,918 square feet of land, with a frontage of 109 feet, just beyond and adjoining the residences of O. H. Perry and Hon. C. D. Palmer.

Lot 2.—An undivided half of the French roof house and 25,640 square feet of land, numbered 239 Nesmith street. The lot has a frontage of 140 feet and adjoins lot 1.

Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6 contain from 12,263 to 13,472 square feet of land each, with frontages from 58 to 73 feet, and are southerly of, or towards Rogers street, from lot 2.

Lot 7.—11,374 square feet of land with a frontage of 341 feet on Nesmith street, 91 feet on Rogers street, adjoining and just beyond the residence of Thomas Costello.

The sale presents an opportunity seldom equaled in Ward Six. The chance is one of a life-time. If you do not take advantage of it now you may lose it forever. Plan at office of auctioneers where you should make inquiries. Per order,

JOHN DAVIS, Executor.

Loaned at Good Interest.

The Middlesex Co-operative bank loaned $1300 at from 6 3-10 to 7 2-10 per cent., last night.

The People's Club.

The reading room of the men's branch of the People's club opened for the season last night, well equipped with current reading matter.

To Chose Prohibitory Delegates.

The prohibitionists will meet in caucus next Tuesday evening in the citizens' committee room, Huntington hall, at 7.45 for the purpose of choosing delegates to the state convention at Worcester, Wednesday, Sept. 13, and also to choose delegates to other conventions.

A Pleasant Whist Party.

Miss Lulu Lyons of Otis street entertained a number of her friends at her home, Thursday evening. Among those present were C. A. Mitchell, C. Holmes, E. A. Quinlan of Boston, J. A. and C. E. Storey, and Miss Mollie Campbell of Newark, N. J., Miss Nettie E. Bryant, Miss Blanche Shute, Miss Eva Gary and Miss Young. Whist was the diversion of the evening.

The Umpire Assisted.

A very interesting game of ball was played yesterday on the South common between the "Tinkers" and the "Pudney Hoys." It lasted about four innings when it was thought best, for the sake of the ball, to quit. The score was something like 20 to 4 in favor of the "Tinkers" at the end of the game. The umpire was Mr. Martin A. Mack, and what he didn't know about umpiring would fill a large volume. The teams were short of men and the players were Tinkers—Billy Purcell, c; "Lawyer" Dan O'Connell, p; Peter Connell, 1b; Dick Cushing, 2b; J. Fan. Smith, ss; J. McManmon, 3b; John Mack and W. H. Fitzgibbons in the field. Pudney Hoys—Frank McNish, c; James A. Dooley, p; Dan McVey, 1b; Frank Fagan, 2b; J. Cahill, ss; Peter Cullen, 3b; and a number of assistants in the field.

FOR SWILL CREMATION.

Garbage Committee Receives Bids for a New Cremator.

The garbage committee met last evening and after looking over several offers from various companies, adjourned to meet Friday evening, when it is expected that a conference will be held with the board of health.

Among the offers received last evening was one from the American Garbage Cremator Co., which will sell two Brown cremators at $2250 each and claim that the garbage can be destroyed at a cost of 35 cents a ton and a profit derived by the sale of the ashes.

The New England Construction company offers to erect its own plant on land owned by the city, the garbage to be delivered by the city, and reduce the same in a sanitary and satisfactory manner for a term of 15 years for $5000 per year; or to reduce not exceeding 20 tons per day for $2500 a year and 25 cents per ton for quantity over 20 tons.

If the latter offer were accepted, it would be necessary to procure more teams for the collection of garbage.

Dr. Coburn DENTIST 81 MERK ST.

Sweeter than honey—Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

J. H. Costello, 37 Davidson st., carpenter.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Old newspapers 5 cents a hundred at THE SUN office.

The plumbers expect to have 100 men in Monday's parade.

Have a soda at The Spa corner Prescott and Merrimack streets.

Rev. Dr. Webb of Boston will preach at the Kirk street church tomorrow.

Thomas F. Roche will be a candidate for overseer of the poor in Ward 6.

E. A. Wilson, coal dealer, is selling coal at lowest cash prices; call at 61 Merrimack street.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

John E. Maguire, constable, Room 17 P. O. block. Also appraiser, auctioneer and collector.

Oysters are now in season, the months of '94 without the R have been placed on the books of time.

Mr. Banta has leased Associate hall and will open his dancing school Sept. 19th. See advertisement in this paper.

P. Cunningham has opened a branch store for repairing boots and shoes at No. 8 Bridge street; best work; lowest prices.

Prof. Borjes has returned to this city and has opened his school for teaching the violin; for further particulars call at 31 Tyler street.

Opening reception at Lester's Monday, Sept. 3d. Dancing from 8 to 11, informal. Academy now open. See advertisement in another column.

The water in the Merrimack river is the lowest it has been for eleven years. Friday, Aug. 24, the water was 3 feet 6.06 inches below the overflow.

W. E. Stratton teacher of banjo, guitar and mandolin will receive old and new pupils on and after Tuesday, September 4th., Room 40, P. O. Block.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

Learn shorthand at the Isaac Pitman school of shorthand, Hildreth bldg., F. Blanche Hard, principal, Gertrude G. Ruggles, instructor. Call or send for catalogue just published. Fall term commences September.

Dave Bruce, the well known wicket keeper of the Andover club, will have a benefit this afternoon on the Andover grounds, the match being Andover vs. Lowell. Bruce lost his wife quite recently after two years' illness. The cricketers of Lawrence and vicinity intend to give him quite a rouser.

The Vesper Outing.

There seemed to be some mistake about the date of the Vesper outing. It will be next Saturday and the tennis tournament the Saturday following.

One Mile a Minute.

The Unicycle, C. D. Van Comp's invention, a wheel within a wheel and a man within the wheel, now on exhibition at 51, Merrimack street. Don't fail to see it.

A Serious Injury.

Charles W. Holt, a brother of R. S. Holt, chief engineer in the Boott mills, and a conductor on the Concord railroad had a leg cut off recently while crossing the track in front of the train.

Reunion of Co. K.

Co. K associates of the Fifth Regiment held its seventh annual reunion at Lakeview yesterday. The comrades held a business meeting, after which Caterer Cole supplied one of his famous dinners. In the afternoon the theater was visited.

Ready for Labor Day.

Chief Marshal Weeks and his aids are hustling to make the Labor day parade a big success. They have requested store keepers to close to allow their employes the benefit of a holiday.

Textile Union No. 68 has just procured a handsome badge which will be worn for the first time Labor day.

Prominent Labor Man Here.

Adolph Strauss, who for 15 years was president of the Cigarmakers International union, a man connected with the treasury department of that organization is making a New England tour, during which time he will examine the accounts of local treasurers and instruct officers. Mr. Strauss arrived in Lowell yesterday.

Where Did the Bottle Go?

The passersby on Moody street and the clerks in city hall are laughing yet over something funny which happened yesterday.

Early in the morning those who chanced to glance at the window of a certain boarding house on the street, frequented ofttimes by members of the theatrical profession, were surprised and amused to see standing on the window sill an inviting bottle of Bass' ale, "a cold bottle," as our New York friends would say.

Those who had time stopped to cast more or less endearing glances at the bottle, but it never came to them. About 11 o'clock the bottle suddenly disappeared from its position on the window sill and those who looked for it were surprised to see in its place a pair of yellow stockings hanging from the same window sill. The clerks are wondering where the connection between the bottle and the hose comes in.

THEATRICAL NEWS.

OPERA HOUSE—This afternoon James B. Mackey appeared before his friends in his new role in "The Side Show," a farce comedy which promises to bring him fame and dollars this season. The piece is brimful of fun, and will tickle the risibles of every audience. He will be seen in the same piece tonight.

"The Circus Clown," on Monday afternoon and night will introduce here two popular comedians, Richards & Canfield, the original Minks & Bingo of the Temperance Town. These fun making actors have some of the finest lithographs out ever seen. One represents a circus ring with Richards & Canfield in clownish attire in the foreground, while on the boards as spectators are Minks & Bingo, and other characters in which the two actors have won great reputations in past years. The idea is a novel one for advertising purposes.

"Eight Bells," the acrobatic comedy by the Byrnes Brothers, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

MUSIC HALL—Today began the engagement of Miss Octave Berbe in A Modern Heroine, a beautiful military drama by Mr. Simsn a very successful playwright. The company supporting the star is one of the best ever seen here in popular priced plays, and the drama is staged in remarkably fine style. The charming actress is sure to become a favorite with audiences here.

A General Call

to all the inhabitants of Lowell and vicinity to buy our teas and coffees and get useful presents. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

Louis Alexander,

Importer and tailor, 65 Central street, is a first class practical cutter of long experience in the New York houses. Is up with the times and guarantees satisfaction. Fall importations now ready.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

WITH QUICK RETURNS

Will the Battle of Ballots be Known by Reason of New Ballot Law.

It doesn't look as if it will take all night to find out how the election goes this fall judging from the new law passed by the legislature.

Under the new law an important privilege is granted precinct officers in counting the ballots cast at an election. It provides that in cities of less than 100,000 inhabitants, according to the last national or state census, the ballot box may be opened between the hours of one and two o'clock in the afternoon and ballots taken therefrom for counting, whenever it is deemed advisable to do so in the unanimous judgment of both the selectmen and town clerk or both the moderator and town clerk, or in the unanimous judgment of the election officers of the precinct.

When the ballots have thus been removed, before the voting has ceased, the warden of the precinct is required to select from the precinct officers an equal number from each of the two leading political parties, to count them. The law places a restriction upon the canvassing under these circumstances in requiring that the straight party tickets shall be left to be counted after the polls have been closed.

The announcement of the result of counting votes thus removed must not be made until the total result of the canvass of votes has been ascertained.

It is quite probable that this privilege will be taken advantage of in this city in the coming election, which will mean the completion of the counting in all of the precincts at an early hour in the evening.

Good Luck McCaffery.

D. J. Mack, the popular young vocalist of this city, will start tomorrow evening for New York, where he will remain a week, prior to starting out on his season's engagement. Mr. Mack has shown wonderful improvement in his voice during the past few years, and the manner in which he essayed to play the various characters assigned him during his theatrical career displayed his vocal abilities to great advantage.

Mr. Mack's work while a member of the Dazzler company will be remembered by his many friends in this city as of the highest order.

He has several flattering offers under consideration for the present season but is undecided to accept.

After spending a week in New York he will sign for the season with one of the companies already negotiating for his services, and if the company have a date in this city, "Dan" will be royally welcomed by his friends.

Civil Court on Tuesday.

The September term of the Superior (civil) court will open at the Gorham street court house Tuesday, Sept. 4th. The county commissioners think that the work on the removal of the building will not interfere with the court. Judge Blodgett will preside.

Watchman Con Dugan.

After a well planned line of campaign Cornelous Dugan has landed a good government job. It is as watchman of the Federal building and he received his papers from the treasury department last night. He will go on guard tonight.

From the Republican Party.

The young men on the city committee want to get the "old fossils" dumped out, and so the canvass for places on the city committee this fall will be very lively.

The republican city committee is not expected to vote in favor of adopting the state law relative to caucusses.

An Insane Man Abroad.

An insane man escaped from the Tewksbury institution yesterday, and the officers are on the watch for him.

Yankee Boat Was Ahead.

DARTMOUTH, Eng., Sept. 1.—The sailing committee of the Royal Dart Yacht club has decided that the Vigilant-Satanita race was void on account of being becalmed. The Vigilant was a long way ahead when the race was declared off.

Anxious to Die.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 1.—Dennis Lane, coxswain of the commandant's launch attached to the naval training station, tried to commit suicide yesterday. He first cut an artery in his wrist and later tried to hang himself. Since then he has disappeared.

Fighting at Port Arthur.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 1.—A Tien-Tsin dispatch says that 14 Japanese ships with over 4000 troops are attacking Port Arthur. The Chinese garrison, numbering 5000 men, and the Chinese fleet, have been ordered to attack the Japanese.

Krupp Guns For Japan.

BERLIN, Sept. 1.—Prince Kamashina, a nephew of the Japanese emperor, and a Japan court official, paid a visit to Krupp's iron works yesterday, and it is rumored that Japan is about to give the Krupps a large order for armament.

Standing In.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Commencing today, the Boston and Maine and Fitchburg roads will accept each other's tickets to competitive points. The agreement does not include mileage tickets or punch commutations.

A Boy's Misfortune.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Sept. 1.—Maynard Bishop, aged 10, was shot by a reckless hunter, while he was picking apples in a tree at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Franklin Brown.

Boston Has 76,000 Voters.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—The number of names of men on the voting list of the city of Boston to Sept. 1, 1894, is 76,020, a decrease of 12,927 from last year.

Against the L Road.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Judge Bischoff has enjoined the Manhattan Elevated Railroad company from building a third track on Ninth avenue above Fifty-ninth street.

Crushed to Death.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 1.—Frank M. Butler, aged 30, was crushed in an elevator well in the Barnum & Staple building last night and instantly killed.

Reduced $200,000.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 1.—The Third National bank is to reduce its capital from $500,000 to $300,000, owing to poor quality of some of its securities.

Killed by Fowler's Solution.

ROYALSTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—A Swiss woman named Fanny Ezuger committed suicide here by taking Fowler's solution.

A Tourist Killed.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—A distinguished Oxford scholar named Mitchell, who was an assistant of Murray's in the compilation of his dictionary, was killed in the Snowden mountain by a fall.

His End Drawing Nigh.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Comte de Paris last evening received the last sacrament of the Roman Catholic church.

Failed For £140,000.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The failure of a Dundee jute merchant is announced with liabilities of £140,000 and assets of £5000.

DOCTORS ARE PUZZLED

By the Mysterious Affliction of a Lad at Danvers, Mass.

DANVERS, Mass., Sept. 1.—A year and a half ago Walter Crosby, who is about 12 years of age, walked home from school one afternoon and told his mother that he was feeling sick. The boy was taken with convulsions soon after being placed in bed, and when the family doctor was called in he could not tell what was the matter with him.

As soon as the boy came out of one convulsion he went into another, and this sort of thing continued for several days, Walter remaining unconscious and appearing at times as if dead. Physicians called, one after another, and none of them could make out what ailed the boy. His stomach appeared to be in first-class condition, the action of all his vital organs was perfect and he was not affected with brain or nerve trouble, so far as could be ascertained. One day he came out of the convulsions and was as well, except for the strength he had lost by not eating, as he was before the attack came on.

Two days ago the boy went to Salem Willows in company with his aunt, and while there he went for a ride on the "flying horses." in company with a number of other children. He was on the horses for perhaps 15 minutes, and when he came off he complained of feeling sick, and within 10 minutes he was in convulsions and unconscious. He was brought home to Danvers, and an examination by physicians showed that he had eaten nothing which would cause indigestion, the action of his heart was regular, and everything about the little fellow appeared to be in perfect condition.

Medical aid was at once summoned and the child taken home. All efforts to bring him to himself proved unavailing until at the end of seven hours he came to. He was last night apparently as well as ever.

Captains and Wardmen Dismissed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The police commissioners have dismissed the following men who have been on trial for the last three weeks on charges of receiving bribes and failing to suppress disorderly houses: Captain A. A. Cross, Captain W. S. Devery, Wardmen George Smith, Edward Glennon and James Burns. These men were charged with levying blackmail for protection.

Colorado Prohibs' Ticket.

DENVER, Sept. 1.—The Prohibitionists nominated the following candidates for state officers: Governor, George Richardson; lieutenant governor, Mary J. Tellford; secretary of state, D. H. Hunter; auditor, A. H. Johnson; treasurer, David Brouthers; superintendent of public schools, A. B. Weld; attorney general, John H. L. Riper.

Justin Andrews Dead.

NEWTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—Justin Andrews, for many years a principal editorial writer on the Boston Herald, and for four years one of its proprietors, died yesterday after a prolonged sickness, at the age of about 75. About three months ago he was attacked with pneumonia, and before he had fully recovered typhoid fever set in, of which he died.

Singing Festival Opened.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Sept. 1.—The "saengerfest," or biennial singing festival of the German singing clubs comprised in the New England Saengerbund, opened here today under the auspices of the Arion, Lyra and Glocke clubs. Upward of 1000 visitors are here from out of town.

Imprisonment For Life.

BATH, Me., Sept. 1.—Melvin Bessey of Bowdoinham, charged with the murder of his wife on the night of May 27, was found guilty of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to hard labor for life in state prison. The prisoner was unmoved and had nothing to say.

Wouldn't Arbitrate.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 1.—The trimmers and edgesetters in the shoe factory of Leary & Luddy are out on a strike to resist a cutdown in their wages. The firm announced that they would cut their salaries last Thursday, and refused to arbitrate the matter.

To Avoid Steamers.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Field says: We understand that Lord Dunraven and the yachtsmen associated with him are desirous that the next contest for the America's cup be sailed off Newport, instead of New York, in order to avoid excursion steamers.

A Washington Society Engagement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The engagement of Miss Susie S. Fillmore of this city, grand niece of President Millard Fillmore, to Guy A. Camp, son of Rev. Charles W. Camp of New York, is announced. The wedding will take place in October.

Badly Hurt on the Diamond.

ROCKLAND, Me., Sept. 1.—M. R. Powers, captain of the Poland Springs Baseball club, had three ribs nearly dislocated in an accidental collision with a Rockland player. He will be debarred from ever playing ball again.

Officers Had a Jag.

LEWISTON, Me., Sept. 1.—Early yesterday morning two officers, Charles Hanscom and Henry Moriarty, became intoxicated and raised a disturbance in the city, arresting one man without any cause whatever, and raiding a certain "protected" rumshop. Both officers have been suspended by City Marshal Teel, and an investigation will probably follow.

Chinese Outlawry.

PARIS, Sept. 1.—On the night of Aug. 27 Chinese marauders murdered M. Chaillet, French controller of customs at Monkai in Tonquin, and kidnapped his wife and children. Troops pursued the outlaws, but failed to capture them. The French government has demanded indemnity.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WATERS CAME

And Submerged the Town of Uvalde, Texas.

TERRIFIC CLOUD BURST IN A TEXAN VALLEY.

Great Loss of Life Is Feared at Present.

UVALDE, Tex., Sept. 1.—A terrible catastrophe befell this thriving town Thursday night, and there is mourning in many households. The calamity was entirely unexpected.

The treacherous Leona river, swollen to a raging torrent by recent rains, rushed, without a moment's warning, down upon the town, submerging and wrecking many houses and drowning a number of people.

In this arid section such destruction by the elements has never before been chronicled. It is not definitely known how many have been drowned, but the number is believed to be large.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the flood began. The atmosphere had been close and predictions of a storm were made. Just as the storm broke over the city, a torrent of water rushed down the Leona river, overflowing the banks of that stream, and flooding the lowlands on either side to a depth of several feet.

The east side of the city is built on low land and was directly in the path of the water. All the houses in this part of the town were submerged, and in the darkness could be heard the cries of distress from ill-fated inhabitants.

As soon as those in the high part of the town were made aware of the terrible flood and its consequences, the work of rescuing began.

Great Loss of Life Feared.

Great apprehension is felt for the families living on the ditch south of here. There were from 75 to 100 of them, and it is feared they have been destroyed.

One Mexican family living on the ranch of Schwartz, five miles below town, is supposed to have been lost, no vestige of the ranch being left.

An earthquake shock of some seconds' duration was distinctly felt during the night. At one place near the city a number of heavy cracks appeared on each side of the Leona river, having apparently no bottom.

The loss to the Southern Pacific company is enormous, 40 miles of track and many bridges having been washed away. Over 100 carloads of material and 300 laborers left San Antonio for the scene of the wreckage last evening.

A rough estimate of the loss to property in general and the railroad company will reach $1,500,000.

Britishers Asked to Invest.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Financial News says that the owners of the Nicaraguan canal concession have approached a syndicate of British capitalists with a view to its sale to them. The News adds: "Can it be that Lord Rosebery will extend his admiration for the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield into an imitation of his purchase of Suez canal shares?"

Tests Were Satisfactory.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—In the training elevation and depression of the eight-inch gun, both by hand and electricity, the trial at Sandy Hook yesterday showed that the requirements of the United States government specifications were more than complied with, the time for each operation being considerably inside that allowed.

Gifts Declared to Be Treacherous.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1.—Mr. Gladstone sent to the Irish parliamentary fund a check for £100, and expressed his wishes for the success of the Irish cause. Baron Tweedmouth also sent £100 to the fund. The Evening Herald (Parnellite), commenting on these donations, says: It is the price of their treachery to Ireland.

Intent to Murder.

SWEETSBURG, Que., Sept. 1.—The trial of W. P. Kelly of Hudson, Mass., John Howarth and M. L. Jenne for conspiracy to kill President Smith of the Temperance Alliance began yesterday. Smith had prosecuted Broome county liquor dealers, and it is charged Kelly was hired to murder him.

Cheering News.

HARTFORD, Sept. 1.—Business in the Stockinet mills at Windsor Locks is improving. Next week the working hours will be increased. The Seymour paper mill will start up full force next Monday. One machine will resume operation which has not been making paper for over a year.

Results at Charter Oak.

HARTFORD, Sept. 1.—The 2:22 trot for the Hartford guarantee stake, $5000, was won by Alar, and Guy took the free-for-all pace. It took several heats in each to decide the winner.

DAVIS' WILD THROW

Was All That Prevented Boston From Being Shut Out.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The New Yorks and Bostons played off a tie game. The Giants bunched their hits off Nichols in two innings and earned all their runs. Rusie was in great form, and at critical moments the visitors could not touch him. Twice they had three men on the bases, and failed to score. It was a brilliant contest all the way through. The visitors would have been shut out but for a wild throw by Davis.

New York.......... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 —5
Boston.............. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Base hits—New York, 13; Boston, 5. Errors—New York, 1; Boston, 1. Batteries—Rusie and Farrell; Nichols and Ganzell.

At Philadelphia:

Philadelphia....... 0 3 0 0 3 0 0 1 3—10
Washington........ 1 0 1 0 1 1 3 1 0—8

Base hits—Philadelphia, 18; Washington, 15. Errors—Philadelphia, 3; Washington, 4. Batteries—Taylor and Grady; Maul and McGuire.

Philadelphia........... 4 0 1 2 1 0 1 2—11
Washington........... 0 3 0 1 0 1 0 0—5

Base hits—Philadelphia, 11; Washington, 12. Errors—Washington, 6. Batteries—Weyhing and Clements; Wynne and Dugdale.

At Baltimore:

Baltimore........... 1 0 3 0 0 1 0 0 0—5
Cleveland........... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1

Base hits—Baltimore, 13; Cleveland, 7. Errors—Baltimore, 1; Cleveland, 2. Batteries—Esper and Robinson; Young and O'Connor.

At Bangor—Bangor, 8; Haverhill, 4.

At Portland—Portland, 8; Fall River, 2.

At New Bedford—New Bedford, 11; Brockton, 3.

A Hard Case.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—A little girl, about 13 years old, went to police headquarters yesterday in quest of her mother. She said her father was Adelbert O. Brewster, the forger, recently sent to the state prison for eight years. Her mother was arrested yesterday on the charge of stealing a watch. Not long after young Henry Brewster, her son, was brought in by an inspector, accused of larceny from C. H. Breck & Co. The entire family, with the exception of the little girl, is behind prison bars.

Thief Overpowered.

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 1.—Arthur S. Day, a milkman of Egypt, was murderously assaulted on his own premises by E. C. Ingalls. It is supposed he intended to steal a horse from Day's barn. The milkman was struck several times with a hammer. He clinched with Ingalls, and with his brother's help overpowered him. Day's face will be disfigured for life, and Ingalls is in the hospital, badly pounded.

Cattle Threw a Train.

GRAND RAPIDS, Sept. 1.—A Chicago and West Michigan train was wrecked near Baldwin by running into a herd of cattle. Fireman Kobe and Engineer Patterson were killed, and Mrs. Dockery was slightly injured.

For the Fall Campaign.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—President Tracey of the Republican National league has issued a call for a meeting on Sept. 10 of the executive committee, to arrange for the league's participation in the fall campaign.

Mothers! When Anything Happens

use PAIN-KILLER. By its timely use serious results are prevented when neglect of supposed trifling ailments or accidents may cause long suffering and expensive doctors' bills.

A lady, writing to the "New England Farmer" of August 1, '87, after giving good advice as to the care of children says; "Perry Davis' Pain-Killer is worth the price of your life in some cases—much more than a doctor for the diseases people, and *especially children*, suffer from in hot weather. It cures *Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic and Diarrhœa* immediately." Many a young life might be saved if every mother would

Use PAIN-KILLER

Send for book on Summer Complaints mailed free to any address.
Remember—Only Pain-Killer kills pain. *Bottles now contain double the quantity, at same price.*

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Sole Proprietors, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New Fall Clothing.

NEW FABRICS. NEW STYLES.

The new tariff act has had its effect on prices. And whatever advantages are to be gained by the consumer under the new bill, you'll reap the full benefit of in our fall stock.

A Royal Assortment

To which we ask your attention. Our newspaper announcements may be strong, but they are fully justified by our grand showing for the present season. It's not what claims we make in the papers, but the stock we show you here that clinches the argument for supremacy.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

Cut Prices.

Hires' Root Beer, 15c. bottle.
Allen's " " 15c. "
Knapp's " " 15c. "
Williams " " 15c. "
Kohler's " " 8c. "
Ex. Wild Cherry Beverage, 8 and 15c. bottle.
Ginger Ale Extract, 15c. bottle.
Best Lime Juice, 20c. bottle.
Lemonade, Orange Phosphate and Strawberry Sherbert, 20c. bottle.
All new goods and strictly pure.

FARLEY'S :. CASH :. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

Of Every Kind, at Lowest Prices.

We will sell you this week a Solid Oak Antique High Back Dining Chair with Brace Arm, for $1.25, worth $1.75.

Also a set of Dining Chairs, including Gents' Arm Chairs, for $9, former price $11.

We have a fine Turkish Couch, Spring Edge, with Chenille Drapery, all for $10, regular price $13.

Chiffonieres, Bookcases, Writing Desks, etc. Chiffoniere Beds, Antique complete with Spring and Mattress, for $18, regular price $22.

Other goods equally low.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 25 Prescott Street.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A Car Load of Beef

FROM KANSAS CITY,

And we unload at the Lowest Prices heard of in the city of Lowell. Come on everybody and receive a fine piece of Steer Beef at

HARD TIME PRICES.

Take Notice

That we are laboring men and close on Labor Day at 10 o'clock a. m.

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St

CARPET REMNANTS.

We have a large stock of Carpet Remnants and Samples which we are selling very cheap. Just the thing for Rugs and Mats. Goods that usually sell for 65c. per yard, you can buy from us for 25c. per yard; 85c. goods for 50c.; $1.25 goods for 65c.

Remnants large enough for a good sized carpet we can sell you for half price. Bring the measure of your room and you can get a carpet very cheap. We can furnish you anything you need in the furniture or carpet line at bottom prices. Our stock is one of the largest and best selected in Lowell. We guarantee our goods first class and our prices the lowest. We are here to stay and when you want anything in our line come to

Cookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.

THE LOWELL DAILY SUN.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 1. LOWELL, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. 8 PAGES ONE CENT.

Second Edition

5 O'CLOCK

☞THE SUN is the only paper in Lowell receiving The Associated Press, cable and telegraphic despatches. Most of the news items in this issue can be found in the other local papers tomorrow, if you are willing to wait till then.

GEN. N. P. BANKS

Died at His Home in Waltham Today.

HE WAS KNOWN AS THE "BOBBIN BOY" OF LOWELL.

Passed Away Peacefully in Presence of His Family.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WALTHAM, Sept. 1.—General Nathaniel P. Banks died at 17 minutes after 8 this morning, passing from this life to the one beyond, peacefully and without signs of suffering. He was unconscious from midnight until his death. At his bedside were Mrs. Banks, Miss Maud Banks, and Miss Sybal Banks, his daughters.

The funeral will occur on Tuesday from Ashbury Temple, and on Monday the body will lay in state there. The private services will occur at his residence on Tuesday followed by the public services later. The interment will be at Grove Hill cemetery.

A meeting of citizens to act upon the death of the general will be held tonight.

Gen. Banks was one of the most striking figures of the late war, and in public and private life he has been an important personage. He was known as a boy as the "Bobbin Boy" a sobriquet coming from his occupation in the mills of this city.

Gen. Banks commanded the Red River expedition and previously was in the Army of the Potomac, commanding the left of the line at the battle of Cedar creek, where Stonewall Jackson attacked him. The history of the civil war is full of reference to Gen. Banks, and with General Butler his name was the most prominent since the war. Gen. Banks went to Congress and in the fierce congressional fight over free states was speaker of the house in 1855.

Sketch of His Life.

Nathaniel Prentiss Banks was born in Waltham Jan. 30, 1816, his father being an overseer in a cotton mill there. He went to work at the age of 10 years and afterwards learned the trade of a machinist. He was a studious, ambitious boy, and made rapid progress in his business, and the time usually devoted to amusements by young men of his age was given to study. He was an eager student, and though his means of procuring books were limited, he managed to procure them, and made fair progress in history, politics and science. While still a youth he distinguished himself by addressing local political assemblies and lecturing before the lyceums of his own and adjacent towns. He became the editor of the local weekly newspaper at Waltham, and was concerned in other newspaper ventures in Lowell and Waltham.

He went into theatricals and made his debut at the National theatre, Boston, June 14, 1839.

Later he went into law and then drifted into politics. He was at the birth of the republican party and in 1857 was elected, re-elected in '58 and '59 governor of Massachusetts.

In 1860, ex-Gov. Banks succeeded "Capt." George B. McClellan as president of the Illinois Central railroad.

The name of N. P. Banks appeared as one of the candidates before the convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860.

In 1861 Mr. Banks was commissioned major-general of volunteers and hurried to the front. His task it was to arrest the whole of the secessionist legislature of the state of Maryland, in session at Baltimore.

Then began a grand military career, probably one of the most notable in the Union army.

Since the war he has been equally prominent in state affairs.

He was married April 11, 1847, to Mary, daughter of Jedediah and Sarah (Turner) Palmer. He had two sons and two daughters. One son died in infancy, the other, Joseph W. Banks, is a civil engineer, settled in the west; Mary Binney Banks is the wife of Rev. Paul Sterling, and is settled in Ohio; Maud Banks is well known as an actress.

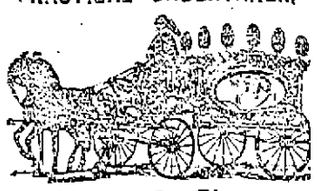
Though so long and so prominently in public life, Gen. Banks remained a comparatively poor man until the end.

Leavitt Has Been Found.

It is reported that Mr. Christopher Leavitt whose mysterious disappearance has been mentioned is located at the Lowell jail where he is doing time for non-payment of taxes. It is also said that he was arrested in his own room in the presence of his wife.

James F. O'Donnell,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER.



Always On Time.

Market Street, Corner of Worthen.

F. L. EMERSON, No. 11 South Loring Street,

Sterilized Milk.

Mothers, if you love your little darlings take care of their health. More babies die from impure milk than by all other causes. The healthiest babies are those that use Sterilized Milk. Delivered to all parts of the city. Order at once.

30 Cents a Week Buys a $15.00 Watch
30 " " " $20.00 "
$1.00 " " $25.00 "
At Mower & Sparks, 285 Central St.

FIFIELD CO.

New Tool Making Concern Launched in Business.

ITS INCORPORATORS MEN OF ESTABLISHED REPUTATIONS.

Strongest Local Enterprise Ever Established in Lowell.

The incorporators of the new company on the 29th inst. selected its directors and chose officers. We publish a short biographical sketch of the several members.

Hon. Geo. W. Fifield, the president of the Tool company, is the founder of the business, establishing it in 1874, and it has grown under him so that today it is the largest establishment in America devoted to this single industry. Mr. Fifield is president of the Appleton National bank, and also of the Middlesex Electric Light Co., and is the predecessor of Mayor Pickman, occupying the position in 1891 and 1892.

E. W. Thomas, the vice president of the Tool company, is the energetic and capable agent of the Tremont & Suffolk mills; previous to which he occupied a very responsible position in the Lowell Machine shop. He is among the youngest of the men having the supervision of our principal manufacturing industries. The Tremont & Suffolk under his management has been remarkably successful.

Hon. John J. Donovan, who has been chosen treasurer of the Fifield Tool Co., is a life-long resident of our city. As a lad he entered the store of David Gove, and when he reached his majority became his partner, and ultimately succeeded to the business. For ten years he was engaged in the manufacture of jute paper. He was the constructor of the lines of the Atlantic Telegraph Co., and has been its treasurer since 1884. He is president of the Lowell Trust Co., and is also president of the Washington Institution of Savings. He was mayor in 1883 and 1884.

E. C. Swift is treasurer of the North Packing and Provision Co., treasurer of the firm of Swift Bros., and treasurer of the Hollis Dressed Beef Co. A single firm of which Mr. Swift is treasurer, transacted in 1893 a business of $90,000,000.

G. T. Sheldon is a resident of Chelmsford, with business established in that town, also Boston and Cambridge. Mr. Sheldon is treasurer of the Chelmsford Foundry Co., and president of the Copley Square Hotel Co., and Kimball Bros. Carriage Co. He is one of the largest contractors in the country, and erected the iron structure of the new Union depot in Boston.

Hon. Francis Jewett. The stalwart figure of Mr. Jewett is well known to the citizens of Lowell, whose chief magistrate he has been for a number of terms. Mr. Jewett is a senior member of the firm of Jewett & Swift, and is connected with the business of Swift Bros. of Chicago. He is also a director in the Wamesit National Bank, trustee of the Merrimack River Saving bank, and is president of the Middlesex Odd Fellows Building association.

O. B. Ranlett is one of our most successful merchants and for many years has been established on Dutton street. Mr. Ranlett is treasurer of the Highland club and a member of its board of trustees; is also treasurer of the Bradbury-Stone Electric Storage Battery Co. and is trustee of the Merrimack River Savings bank.

G. H. Marston is a resident of Ward Two in our city. He founded the business of Marston & Prince and is now largely interested in real estate with an office in the Marston building. He was a valuable member of the city government for several years and is a thorough going business man.

N. D. Pratt, who has been elected as clerk of the corporation, is one of the best known and most successful attorneys. Mr. Pratt was city solicitor in 1883 and 1884, and is at present, and has been for some years, one of the principal assessors of our city.

The Fifield Tool Co., with its officials duly elected and their new establishment embracing the largest area of floor space devoted to this business in America, is now busy sending its product to every portion of the country. On the lower floor which covers 22,200 square feet are to be found ninety machines, embracing planers of various sizes from 8 to 36 feet in length, many different styles of drills, and in this line the new radial drill is in itself worthy of a day's journey to inspect; also shapers, gear cutters, spline cutters, screw cutters, chucking and boring machines, and a great variety of lathes, all specially constructed to perform their several duties and embracing every known labor saving device. These run automatically, and it is indeed an object lesson to see the wrought iron, steel, and cast iron transformed into powerful and useful machines. The temperature of the building is controlled by the new Sturtevant system. The workshops are lighted by electricity, adding not only to the facilities of doing finer work but to the comfort of the workmen. Only the best mechanics are employed as the character of the work necessitates such as are masters in their several lines.

Mr. Fifield has repeatedly stated he had a single purpose in view, and that was to make the Fifield Tool Co. the most successful in the country. As president and general manager he has not only the large business to which he has devoted twenty years in establishing, but with facilities increased three-fold and appliances to manufacture more complete than are possessed by any competitor, and with his well known mechanical and business ability, there is no question whatever as to the fact that the Fifield Tool Co. will not only be everything that Mr. Fifield so confidently asserts, but that it is a positive boon to the progress and permanent prosperity of our city. Never in our history has the stock of any manufacturing or mechanical enterprise found such a ready sale. The confidence which the people have had in the statements of the prospectus and in the utterances of Mr. Fifield is evidenced, first in the character of the men comprising the board of directors and also by the fact that but ten thousand dollars of the stock remains for subscription. This will soon be taken and should be applied for promptly, as that which our citizens can now subscribe for at par, $100 per share, will in the near future sell for $150 and $200. This is one of the inevitable results, as it has been stated by its president, Mr. Fifield, that every five years the entire investment will be paid back in dividends. The Lowell Trust Co., who have charge of subscriptions have abundant reasons to be pleased, for in a few days the stock will undoubtedly have been all subscribed.

Best prizes ever offered in athletic meeting in New England on exhibition at Ellingwood's. Tickets 25 cents, grand stand free.

FOR LABOR DAY.

Program of What Will Go on Monday in This City—Parade in the Morning and Sports in the Afternoon.

Monday will be a general holiday and Lowell people will have enough amusement on hand to keep them awake. It will not be a day when people go out of town, but will stay at home and patronize home affairs. In the morning the streets will be crowded with people to see the Labor day parade of organized labor which promises to be the biggest turnout ever seen in the city.

After the parade there will be sports at the Fair grounds beginning at 11 a. m. and in the afternoon there will be dancing, and a ball at Huntington hall in the evening.

This latter feature will be directed by the Central Labor union.

The regular fixture of the Lowell Cricket Athletic association, their Labor day games at the Dracut oval will attract as usual a big crowd of sport loving people, for these games are the best amateur exhibition Lowell ever sees. The program this year is far ahead of any previous year and the prizes are of gold and silver, purchased of Lowell jewelers. The value of the prizes is over $200. As usual the grand stand will be free excepting a small reserved portion. The club house will be open to club members and ladies. If the day is pleasant the games will be a grand affair.

There will be several ball games around town and matinees for theatre goers at the Opera house and Music hall.

Of course Lakeview will welcome the multitude, and the campers at Mountain Rock will hold services all day. Willow Dale will be the scene of slaughter of the innocent sphere by the ball nines of the Lowell and Salem post office clerks.

There will be rifle competition for militiamen at the range and for sportsmen at the Middlesex range of the Middlesex club. In the evening there will be a camp fire at the armory.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Ambrose Vigeant is dangerously ill.

Mr. P. H. McDonough is in Manchester, N. H.

Probation Officer Tuttle is stopping at the Weirs.

E. L. Galer and family will start today for Vermont.

H. D. Wadleigh and his wife have gone to New York.

J. L. Jewett will spend the next ten days at Plum island.

Dr. Spaulding is prostrated with a complication of diseases.

Rev. Fr. Lamothe, O.M.I., has returned from Champlain P. Q.

John McNeese and James B. Cahill are on a brief trip to Portland, Me.

Mr. James Henry of Howard street has returned from a vacation at Salem.

Mrs. George Bartlett has returned from a two months' stay at Swampscott.

Joseph Johnson of Suffolk street will enter Boston college the coming term.

Mr. Willis Farrington and Miss Elizabeth Farrington have returned from New York.

Miss Sarah J. O'Connor of Fitchburg is the guest of Mrs. R. B. Allen of Nesmith street.

Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Pillsbury have returned from Mattapoisett, their summer home.

Madame Carpendale and daughter of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ludger David.

Rev. E. T. Curnick and wife, Rev. Mr. Millington and wife have returned from their vacation.

Louis P. Brault of the News leaves this evening on his vacation, which will be spent in Canada.

Rev. Fr. Gleason has returned from Buffalo, N. Y., where he went to attend the funeral of his brother.

John O'Hearn, a student last year at Holy Cross college, will enter St. John's seminary, Brighton, next Tuesday.

Prof. St. George will be musical director at Music hall this season, a personal note which will please his many friends.

Mr. Charles H. Noyes, wife and son, Joe, from Paris, Texas, are visiting his sisters, Miss Hattie L. Noyes and Mrs. R. S. Hart.

Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Sr., Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Jr., and daughters, and Mrs. G. W. Farnum of this city, are at Bear island, Lake Winnipesaukee.

W. T. A. Grigg, president of the Sand Creek Mining company of Butte City, Montana, is in this city for a few days as the guest of C. W. Sherwood.

Messrs. Will Shaw, James Hill and Harry Pollard are at home from a two weeks' yachting cruise of the Maine coast, going down as far as Bar Harbor.

Mrs. T. H. Gotts and daughter, Josie, of Rochester, N. H., who have been stopping with Mrs. H. A. Burrows of 318 High street, for the last two weeks, left today for their home.

Miss Sarah Cluin will spend the next two weeks at Waltham, where she will renew her acquaintance with her friends at the Waltham Watch company where she was formerly employed.

Ex-Alderman Bloomfield of Providence, R. I., is the guest of Mr. John Boyle of this city. They were fellow passengers in a trip across the "big pond" and retain as relics two companion pieces of the "Blarney stone."

Geo. E. Caisse, A. B., and his brother Wilfred, will enter the seminary at Trois Rivieres, P. Q. Misses Minne Blanoette, Corouce Leboeuf, and Marie Anna Hertubise, will take up studies at the Ursuline convent at the same place. Miss Duchenaux and the Misses Traveby will study at Mealiet.

Sergt. Kew has returned from Vermont with quite a big yarn about the potato crop. He was taken for a "shell worker" at one of the county fairs and had to produce credentials to clear himself. After hobnobbing with the county constable for a while, and the latter learned that he was a real live "sargent" of police an offer was made for him to reorganize the country police force. But Sergt. Kew explained that he was simply at the fair to post a notice that Inspector Goodwin was going to make the rounds of the fairs pretty soon in order to meet his old friends. Sergt. Kew learned to wrestle collar and elbow while in Vermont.

Some Church Notes.

The parochial schools of the city will open after Labor day.

Rev. Fr. Ronan of St. Pete's church is expected home from his vacation this evening.

The stone work on the new St. Peter's church is nearly completed and passersby are impressed by the architectural beauty of the building.

The new church, with the Immaculate Conception and St. Patrick's churches make a collection of fine structures seldom seen in cities of this size.

At the high mass at St. Patick's church tomorrow, Rev. Fr. Geason, the acting pastor, will preach on the gospel of the day.

LATEST

FIRE FIEND ABROAD.

ANOTHER BIG BLAZE AT SOUTH ACTON YESTERDAY.

Deputy Fire Marshal Goes to Investigate—Loss Will be Heavy For Mrs. Taylor.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SOUTH ACTON, Sept. 1.—This village is again stirred up by the burning of the house of Mrs. Irene W. Taylor, yesterday morning.

An investigation shows that the loss is fully $20,000, as furniture and valuable paintings, bric-a-brac, diamonds, silver plate and other articles of value were destroyed. Upon these is an insurance of about $3000.

Yesterday's fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, and while the fire was burning briskly early comers saw a man on quite an elevation some distance away, watching the process of devastation.

Edward F. Stone of Lowell, aid to Fire Marshal Whitcomb, was here yesterday afternoon investigating the cause of the fire.

SIX NEGROES LYNCHED.

THEY HAD KEPT A COUNTY IN AN UPROAR.

Armed Men Strung Them Up and Then Filled Their Bodies Full of Buckshot—The Way Criminals are Tried and Punished in the South.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 1—Six negroes were lynched and their bodies filled with buckshot at a place near Millington, at midnight. The county has been terrorized for a year by incendiaries and suspicion fell upon Dan Hawkins, Robert Haines, Edwin Hall, John Hayes, Graham White and Warner Williams. Yesterday a deputy sheriff arrested them and while conducting them to Millington at night a force of 50 armed men with shot guns captured the prisoners. They were chained together and strung up and their bodies filled with shot.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict as above.

Vigilant Won Today.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

DARTMOUTH, Eng., Sept. 1.—The Vigilant won today's race with the Satanita.

LYNCH THE SWIMMER.

He Accomplishes a Remarkable Feat and Will be Given a Medal by Admiring Friends.

Percy Lynch, the Apollo of the Mail, is wearing a halo about his head since yesterday when he swam down the Merrimack from Tyngs Island to Stevens' wharf below the Vesper club house. Some two weeks ago this extraordinary young man went between North Chelmsford and Lowell "in the swim," but that didn't satisfy him and yesterday donning his Atlantic City bathing suit, a beautiful thing, he felt into the water, out of a boat at the island and began his hair raising feat, while his pace maker, Dare Mahoney kept ahead of him in Percy's cute little boat. A stiff breeze was blowing yet Percy swam on, unconcerned. According to Percy's write up of his own experience in the Mail this morning, the crowds on both sides were dense, and it is to be regretted that the railroad company neglected to run special cars for their accommodation. The Mail states that "a crowd of about a dozen, chiefly ladies, walked along the bank from Chelmsford to Lowell." It must have been tough walking along that bank. It is said that the ladies carried lorgnettes and field glasses through which they, many times and oft did, cast admiring glances at Capt. Webb, Jr.

The trip was made in just two hours and 45 minutes, and at the finish he was just as fresh as ever. He made one short stop to take a drink of a mixture prepared especially for him by his particular friend Prof. Lundstrom of the New York athletic club.

Pastimes Were the Winners.

The Big 12 were defeated last night by the Pastimes at Lakeview, by 101 pins. Wells bowled a total of 548. The scores were:

Pastimes—Brown 457, Wilson 433, Sargent 433, Bond 448, Wells 548; total 2319.

Big 12—Sanborn 408, McMahon 455, Gallagher 407, Dawson 448, Viney 380; total 2218.

Some Police Notes.

Bean's bake shop on Middlesex street was entered Thursday night. The theives got in through a basement window, and stole $7.

The bicycle pants found with a stolen revolver at West Manchester have been identified by James Bayles of the board of health. They were stolen from his camp.

No SUN Labor Day.

We sincerely hope the sun, our luminary will shine on Labor day, but THE SUN, the luminary of the local newspaper field will not shine, as the staff will observe Labor day by a holiday.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

E. K. DONOVAN, Office: 85 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

P. H. HEELON, 557 and 559 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

CAMP MEETING NEWS.

Yesterday's Services Were of a Conference Nature with Reports on the Growth of the Work.

The attendance at the services of the Mountain Rock camp meeting yesterday was quite large, and Elder Porter is very much pleased at the success of the meeting.

A big crowd is expected today and Chief Davis will have ten ushers on the grounds for the benefit of any "fresh" visitors. The speakers yesterday were Rev. George B. Wheeler of Everett, in the afternoon, and Rev. George E. Fifield in the evening. Among the clergymen present were: Elder C. L. Kellogg, Worcester; Elder Fifield, Elder H. J. Farnham, Haverhill; Elder George B. Wheeler, Everett; Elder F. L. Mead, Michigan; Elder Jean Vuilleumer, Worcester; Elder Charles Edwards, Mansfield Centre, Conn.; Elder H. W. Cottrell, Elder F. W. Mace, Providence, R. I.; Elder Clark, Hartford, Conn.; Elder M. Wood, New Bedford.

A business meeting of the New England Conference Tract society was held in the forenoon at 9.30 o'clock.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

Matters at the City Farm Given Consideration.

At the regular monthly meeting of the overseers of the poor at the city farm, yesterday, Supt. Collins, at the request of Mayor Pickman, submitted a report showing the repairs made at the farm, and the increased expense over previous years, up to Aug. 1.

The report contained a statement of the amounts paid to different firms for improvements at the farm, the price paid for groceries and provisions, and a list of articles purchased.

The improvements made at the farm are: Water closets in women's insane department, sewing room, top floor in men's building, two water tanks, one Dean pump in boiler room, changing receiving tank, repairs on boiler and extensive repairs in boiler room, painting and enlarging fences, finishing fourth floor of annex, putting in windows in women's building, painting interior of new building and women's hospital, radiators in several departments, gas stove in nursery and women's hospital, painting doors and window frames in all the building, speaking tubes, call bells, fire alarm and outside bells, radiator in cook's and watchman's room, paving floor in boiler room.

The monthly report of the superintendent showed, 445 inmates, 4 deaths.

Fourteen inmates applied for a pardon, and Mayor Pickman took occasion to give vent to his feelings in this matter.

Only two pardons were granted.

The case of Flora Gervais, the girl whose condition has already been made known, was taken up. Several possible opportunities for the commission of the crime have already been investigated by the mayor and Supt. Collins, and the latter stated that there were possible opportunities for the commission of the crime which brought about the case were found—one by the employment of workmen about the building. This was a remote opportunity, as there were attendants then about. Another was the proximity of the bakery and kitchen to the female ward in which the event occurred and the employment of male assistants, who were inmates. This was also a remote possibility, and the change of the location of the kitchen and bakery had been recommended in the superintendent's report. The third was the employment of a male night watchman with keys to the apartments, although no evidence existed or ground of suspicion.

As a result a woman has been employed as watchman for the female department.

ALLEGED ARSON CASE.

Magee, Accused of Setting a Fire in Davis & Sargent's Lumber Yard, Discharged in Court Today.

Four drunks.

Andrew Doucette, a third offender, was sentenced to the workhouse for five months.

Joseph Tellier went into the room of Joseph Rivet and stole a voilin bow and box, which he afterwards sold. He was sent to jail for four months.

Charles Jellison's case for assault for assault and battery on Bridget Sullivan was finished this morning, and the defendant was discharged.

Henry Magee, the man suspected of setting fire to Davis & Sargent's lumber yard way arraigned this morning, and he pleaded not guilty to the charge of burning lumber. Asst. Chief Norton was the first witness and he merely testified to the location of the fire.

Fire Marshal Stone, the new boss of this district, was the next witness, and from his testimony it is evident he has not had much experience on the witness stand. He said he went to the fire and investigated the cause. Magee told him that he saw a man light a match among the lumber piles and then run away. Magee and some boys chased him, and he afterwards returned and rang in the alarm. The boys told him that Magee set the fire.

Arthur Wood, a small boy, testified that he was present with Magee and others when the fire broke out. The Sunday night before the fire, a boy named Crapo bet there would be a fire in the lumber yard within a week. Magee left them for a minute and coming back told them to say they had seen a man. Witness was with Magee when he rang the alarm. The youngster has told three or four different stories of the affair, and on cross examination twisted them around.

Magee was discharged.

Advance

Sale of men's heavy weight suits and overcoats also boys' and youths' suits and overcoats beginning Friday, Sept. 7, 1894, at Merrimack corner.

Everybody having the least idea of buying a garment this fall ought to attend this sale. 'Twill test the market. 'Twill be a monstrous clearance sale at cut prices. We must make room for new goods. Opp. City Hall.

Lawrence Police Wanted Him.

Some time ago Herbert Merrifield of Lawrence was visited at his house by the liquor inspectors who found liquor for sale illegally. They got out a warrant for Herbert, and he skipped, coming to Lowell. He was caught yesterday by Inspectors Donaldson and Goodwin, and Inspector McCarthy came after him today.

Hurt in the Mill.

Henry Somers, residing at 21 Cabot street, and employed in the Tremont & Suffolk mills, fell from a step-ladder in the mills today and struck a pulley. His nose and lip were badly cut and he was removed to the corporation hospital.

Another Candidate.

One of the latest candidates for the council in Ward Three, is Mr. John H. Callahan.

Team race between Lowell and St. Mary's A. C. Boston, first held in Lowell at Dracut oval.

MANSLAUGHTER

Could Board of Health be Charged With It?

HALE'S BROOK IN A FEARFUL CONDITION TODAY.

Ward Three Citizens are Armed With Shot Guns, 'tis Said.

"Can the board of health be prosecuted for manslaughter if an epidemic follows the present condition of Hale's brook?" was the question asked by a Ward Three resident today.

Time and the court will answer this.

But the condition of Hale's brook today owing to the drought is indescribably frightful.

The bed of the brook from Ayer's city to Congress street bridge is almost entirely exposed, and the stench arising from it is something frightful.

A narrow rivulet, not the sparkling, purling rivulet of Tennyson's poems, is running in the brook bed. The rivulet is pure, unadulterated sewage and fecal matter from sewers and closets emptying into the brook.

The bed is a mass of rotten vegetable and animal matter and if the weather should come in warm the bed would be an ideal hot bed for raising germs of an epidemic.

People living near the brook today are frightened at the prospects of an epidemic.

There is some water in the mill pond at the batting mill but not a great deal and if no rain comes soon Ward Three, and in fact Lowell will be a dangerous place to live in.

DEATHS.

Charles Johnson, aged 92 years, a former resident of this city, died Aug. 28, at the home of his niece, Mrs. George Whitehouse, at Keene, N. H.

Carrie May Zimmer, daughter of Wm. Zimmer, died last evening of membraneous croup, at No. 52 Fay street, at the age of 4 years.

Gancelo Leighton received information of the death of his father at Exeter, Me., on Wednesday; and left the same afternoon for that place, where the funeral took place Wednesday.

Moise Mailloux, formerly of Lowell, died Wednesday at his home in No. Cambridge. Mr. Henry Mailloux, Mrs. Alfred Simard and Mrs. Joseph Leduce, three of his children, reside here.

Sister Mary Agnes, O. S. D., formerly a teacher of music at St. Michael's school, Centralville, died at St. Catharine's convent, Springfield, Ky., the mother house of the order, on Sunday, the 26 inst. Deceased contracted illness while in Lowell and was called to the mother house in hope that the change of climate might restore her health. She was a very talented musician and an ideal nun, and made many friends among the scholars while in Lowell. The funeral occurred last Monday in the beautiful little chapel of St. Catharine with appropriate services, and the interment was in the sisters' cemetery.

McMannon, florist, Prescott & Merr'k sts

LOCAL NOTES.

All crack amateurs of N. E. at L. C. A. A. games on Monday.

Children's hair cutting a specialty at Glidden's, Sun building.

Go to L. C. A. A. games on Dracut oval, Labor day, 3 p. m. Best of the season.

Bernard Doherty and others will try for world records in L. C. A. A. games Monday.

Queen Sherbert is a delicious drink. Try it at The Spa, corner of Prescott and Merrimack streets.

Fisher H. Pearson will be an inspector at the N.E.A.A.U. championship games at Holmes' field, Cambridge, on Sept. 22d.

Take Bridge street car for Dracut oval Monday afternoon and see the finest athletics of New England at L. C. A. A. games.

St. Patrick's Boys' school, Notre Dame academy and St. Patrick's parochial school will commence the school year next Tuesday.

William Eagan stopped a runaway horse on Gorham street yesterday morning and saved from an accident a young lady who was driving.

The Daughters of Liberty of this city made a trip to Plymouth, Thursday. They went all over the historic town and had an enjoyable time.

Thomas F. Charlton, employed at Pike's market, received a bad cut in the leg Thursday from a knife accidentally dropped by a fellow workman.

The Worthen street entrance to city hall has been closed yesterday and today in order that visitors may not interfere with the work on the city hall lot.

Rosealar—The best known toilet requisite, 30 cents a bottle at the Merrimack Clothing Co. opp. City Hall. Effective but harmless for ladies or gentlemen.

Thomas Collins, F. W. Que, J. F. Manning, F. W. Bulkeley, A. G. Walsh, with the chairman and secretary, have been appointed a committee to confer with the republican state committee and ascertain why all the republican caucuses have been called on the same date, Sept. 10.

Lakeview theater will close next week with H. M. S. Pinafore as the wind up attraction. The season has hardly been as successful as last year but the attractions in the operatic line have been of the very best. Manager Gilbert will take with him the best wishes of a host of friends.

Some Post Office News.

There will be one delivery by the carriers Labor day, a morning trip. The office will be open for business from 8 until 10.30 a. m.

The Salem letter carriers and clerks will be entertained by their Lowell brethren at Willow Dale, Labor day. The Salem boys accompanied by Postmaster W. F. Cass, are expected to arrive here at 12.45 o'clock. They will thence be escorted to Paige street where special electric cars will be boarded.

Letter Carriers Daniel J. Crowley, Thomas F. Riley, Wm. J. Lane and John D. Pedrick have departed on their annual 15 days vacation.

Clerks Chas. W. Nevers and Edwin H. Cooke are also enjoying their vacation.

When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

Euston stripes and plaids are the best new things in neckwear this season.

Cut on the bias, the silks are strikingly effective, at the same time quiet, stylish and genteel.

The Teck has a small knot with long aprons; the Four-in-hand is slightly smaller than last year.

The Club House Tie is copied from a late London fashion.

We have just received our first order of these silks, and with them an excellent selection of Royal Armures in the same shapes.

PUTNAM & SON,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

Central Street, Cor. Warren.

FROM OUR 6 O'CLOCK EXTRA.

MORE BLOODY WORK.

Japanese and Chinese Had a Pitched Battle at Liau-Tie-Shan.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 31.—A Che Foo dispatch states that Japanese warships, convoying a number of transports, landed troops at Liau-Tie-Shan yesterday.

The forces were marched at once upon Port Arthur, and Japanese ships of war in the mean time bombarded the forts at that place.

The object of the Japanese is to destroy the docks and forts at Port Arthur, in order to prevent disabled Chinese vessels from sheltering there for repairs. The fight is still in progress.

The British gunboat Redpole has sailed from Che-Foo for Port Arthur.

Junks arriving at Che-Foo from New Chang report that a large number of bodies of Japanese are floating in the water at the mouth of the Tatung river.

Several hundred cattle boats, which were moored stem and stern in the Canton river were set on fire and burned.

Those on board were unable to escape and several thousand were burned to death.

Turned Out of White House.

By Associated Press to THE SUN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 21. Miss Alice Sanger, who enjoys the distinction of being the only woman ever employed in the executive mansion in a clerical capacity, has been transferred to the post office department.

PLUMBERS REGISTERING.

Law Gives Them Until Tomorrow to Take Out Licenses.

All masters and journeymen plumbers who have business or employment in this commonwealth would do well to familiarize themselves with the Massachusetts plumbing law passed by the legislature of 1892 and extended by the act of 1894.

This latter legislation is far stricter and more mandatory than the original, and contains the specific requirements that "no person, firm or corporation shall engage in or work at the business of plumbing, either as a master or employing plumber, or as a journeyman plumber, unless such person's firm or corporation has received a license or certificate therefor."

Furthermore, it is provided that "on or before the first day of September, 1894, every master or employing plumber and every journeyman plumber, engaged in or working at the business of plumbing in this commonwealth prior to July 10, 1893," and desiring to continue in such business or employment, shall register his name and address at the office of the board of health or of the inspector of buildings.

An Acrobat's Visit.

Mr. Joseph Donnelly, better known on the stage as Joseph Anzo, the great acrobat, is paying a visit to this city, his native place.

Mr. Donnelly was engaged at the Chicago grotto during the World's Fair and has a world-wide reputation as an all-round acrobat and instructor in physical culture.

He was instructor in the gymnasium at Nashville, Tenn., for quite a period, and has travelled extensively with the leading theatrical troupes of the United States and Canada.

Put It in a Collection.

One of the old "colonial" passenger coaches of the Boston & Maine is in Lowell. It is standing on the track where the accident happened a short time ago, near Thorndike street. It is quite a curiosity and is well worth seeing, as it shows the great progress which has been made in car building.

War in China.

Doesn't change the price on our Teas. Notice the samples in one of our show windows. Our Eagle chop Formosa at 50c., no presents, beats the world. The U. S. Tea Co. Lowell.

Why Not.

If you are economizing why not look over your printing bills and see if you are not paying too much for printing. Call at this office and get prices on your work, and see if we cannot save money for you.

All the latest designs in fine pleasure vehicles.

Our Business Wagons are specially constructed to withstand the wear of pavements and car tracks.

We can save you money. Get our prices and look over our assortment before you purchase elsewhere.

FAY BROS. & MOSFORD.

THE WISE SPEAKER.

What He Said to a Meeting of Chicago Strikers.

Is It Not Better to Face an Unpleasant Truth and Prepare to Deal With It than to Delude Ourselves With the Fancy That We Have Won When We Are Vanquished?

Down in the southwestern part of the city last Saturday interested people held a picnic for the purpose of encouraging and benefiting the strikers in Pullman. They gathered under a beautiful cluster of trees, the one breathing spot amid a desert of walls, smoke and dreariness, for this vicinity, being the home of crowds of working people, abounds in ugliness, with streets that are never finished and alleys that are never cleaned.

The working people all about who could find a spare quarter in their clothes assembled in the grateful shade and tried for the time to throw away all care and anxiety. The Pullman band played, the young people danced, the older ones gathered in groups and talked, and spite of all efforts their faces would grow serious and their voices low and earnest as they continued. As evening drew on and the people moved in and out of dark shadows and the flickering gleams of light from cheap torches an impromptu speakers' stand was set up at one side and an audience drew near. No electric light threw into bold relief the worn faces and shabby clothing of speakers and hearers. In darkness they faced each other, keeping in touch while they could not see by the force of a mighty sympathy.

The speakers were workingmen, close to their hearers in sad experiences, in knowledge, in purpose. First came Heathcote, the leader of the strike in Pullman; then Adair, a Times writer; another Pullman leader, and Speen, a Kelly commonwealer. They were brave, these wageworking orators. They were determined. They earnestly tried to encourage and strengthen their listeners. But, ah, it was all so pitiful!

Their words were strong, and as though to reassure themselves they were repeated o'er and o'er. They were words you hear in every strike when the struggle is intense: "We are not beaten! We never will be beaten! We will stand out for our rights against Pullman if it takes 20 years! The railroads are losing money with their green hands every day. They can't keep it up forever. The oppressor Pullman is hated. He is uneasy. Keep up your courage, boys. Just a few days longer, and we are bound to win," etc.

There was such pathos in the undertone of their defiance! Such a pitifully forced animation in the applause and cheers that came from poorly fed bodies and careworn brains! Still they meant it, poor fellows! They were truly willing to pit their puny strength, their helpless poverty against Pullman's enormous power, determined never to yield until death seizes them, even though death is sure to seize them before Pullman is ever so faintly hurt.

But there was another speaker. After the others were through he began in earnest, steady tones, as though the subject were too serious to approach with anything like bombast. He had been in the labor field many years, and he knew what lay before the workingmen. He has been true to his convictions through strikes, labor struggles, campaigns of every description. He had experienced all that the laboring man had to contend with and was not afraid to tell them what it was. He made no sentimental appeals, raised no false hopes. His words presented such a contrast to those that had been spoken, they were so unexpected, that the leaders moved uneasily, and the striking workingmen hung their heads, and, instead of cheering, began to think. He said in substance:

"I do not come here to encourage you with false hopes. I want you to look the situation fairly in the face and be men. Don't flatter yourselves that you are on the edge of a victory, and that in the immediate future ease and prosperity are to be your lot. You have not won the strike. You will not win it. You are already beaten, and you would better admit the fact like brave soldiers overpowered by superior weapons and superior cunning. How could it be otherwise in such a struggle? Pullman's resources are boundless. He hides himself from the noise of battle and pours out money like water that others may do his will. George M. Pullman as an individual in a contest of wit and endurance against yours might be readily brought to terms, but courts, judges, officers, work for him. A president does his bidding. His enormous interests are guarded by all the force of a great government. You might enter into a struggle with your master alone and win, but you can't pit your fists and your empty stomachs against gatling guns and bayonets. When a gatling gun was placed on every street corner where men most do congregate and United States soldiers, deputy marshals, militiamen, invaded every portion of your city and even your homes, you were beaten. Acknowledge it, for you were not fighting the United States. You never started out to win against every force the whole country could muster. Look somewhere else. Look around and find where your greatest power lies.

"How comes it that Pullman and the corporations have the power to call out the soldiers whenever they wish? How is it that cannon are set up in our streets when they say so? How is it that courts issue injunctions against men who are simply carrying out their constitutional rights? How is it that officers will serve them, go beyond their authority, seize private papers and throw innocent people into jail without warrants? How is it courts, judges, officers, will use a man like a hardened criminal because he 'stepped on the grass?' I will tell you. It is because the president, the congressmen who make the laws, the judges who interpret them, are tools of the corporations, and you have helped elect them. If you go on electing such men, you will continue to be silenced with guns and bayonets whenever you make a protest against your slavery. Your only remedy is to quit voting with the old parties, both of which are but combinations of your oppressors. Put your own lawmakers, interpreters and executives in office. Put in tried and true men from among yourselves, who will not call out the troops when you are being starved to desperation.

"Some of you have sworn never to vote the old party ticket again. More of you must do so. You must form not a labor party only, but a workingman's party. Cut loose from the old corrupt machinery by which your masters have ruled you so long. And do not expect that, having called your conventions, nominated your men, cast your votes for them, your troubles are over. The other side is skilled in political trickery. You are inexperienced. They will cajole, deceive and trick you over and over again. You will be sold out again and again, and the first few true men may be helpless among a gang of corruptionists. Expect it all, but do not be discouraged. You will be learning lessons. You will discover your own power presently, and in time the government will in reality be a government of the people, for the people, by the people. Your strikes will be settled by the exercise of common sense and justice, instead of your poverty and suffering being crushed into silence by brutal cruel force."

Some of those present said the speaker had been cruelly discouraging, and that he ought to say something more hopeful to the boys; but, under the circumstances, whose course was the wisest—that of the conventional speaker who cheered with the usual stock phrases, or the farseeing man who solemnly warned his listeners of the dangers before them?

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Chicago.

FIFTY YEARS BEHIND.

Such Is the Condition of Labor In America Compared With England.

Mr. Stead contrasts the labor movement in England and America vastly to the advantage of the former country:

"In industrial matters our American kinsfolk are where we were 40 or 50 years ago, when rattening was the first word of an outlawed unionism and murder the ultimate argument against the blackleg. What Sheffield was in the palmy days of Broadhead and Crookes, before the royal commission was appointed which revealed the secrets of a unionism resting upon the foundation of assassination—preached as a virtue and practiced as a necessity—so Pittsburg is today, and when we say Pittsburg we say Chicago, Denver or any other great industrial center; hence when an Englishman returns from the United States to the worst strike region in the United Kingdom he is conscious of an immediate and unmistakable change for the better. Our difficulties are bad enough, but they are as moonlight is to sunlight, as water is to wine, compared with the industrial feuds which rage on the other side of the Atlantic."

This statement, which accords with the reports of many recent observers in America, is borne out by a dismal catalogue of violence on both sides, neither "hesitating to shoot," and the public doing nothing but keeping the ring. The church is powerless and arbitration voted useless. "The great mischief in America is the absence of trust, the rooted disbelief in the honesty and good faith of anybody. Rightly or wrongly, American workmen seem to be convinced—I have heard picked leaders of American labor assert it again and again—that no award, no agreement, is ever respected by their employers a day longer than it suits their interests to keep it. Bad faith on the part of the employers is balanced by murder and outrage on the part of the employed, while the church, which should be the conscience of the community, is seared as with a hot iron by a conventional indifferentism to the affairs of this world." Canon Barnett, about two years ago, told a representative of this journal that America was 50 years behind the times in its attitude toward labor, and Mr. Stead exactly bears him out.—Contemporary Review.

Bicycle Riding.

There is one thing against which I wish to take an unquestioned and decided stand—that is, the incorrect position assumed by many bicycle riders. The correct position is that of a modified position of the soldier—a position of command, grace and perfect muscular control. The rider should have his handle bars so adjusted that when he sits perfectly erect the palm of the hand rests upon the bar without tension upon the arm muscles. The arms should be comfortably extended, and the trunk, as far as possible, held erect without being stiff. The legs can then be extended with comfort and without interference with the return circulation of the lower limbs.—International Journal of Surgery.

Curiosities About Wood.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shellbark, standing not far below. The wood with the least elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the Fiscus aurea. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the lignum vitæ, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various states and territories, and of this number 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.—St. Louis Republic.

IN CITY SLUMS.

Some Interesting Statistics Contained In the Special Report of Mr. Wright.

In his seventh special report Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright deals with the investigations made by his agents into the slum districts of Baltimore, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. Much that is of interest to the student of social conditions is contained in the report, and some of the figures given will be surprising to those who see them for the first time. The following excerpts from the document are of especial interest:

Comparing the sex of the population in the slum districts canvassed with that of the whole city, it is found that in each case the males predominate to a greater extent in the slum districts. In Baltimore, in the city at large, 47.44 per cent of the population are males, while in the slum district selected the males constitute 49.84 per cent of the population. In Chicago the difference is between 51.68 per cent for the whole city and 53.93 per cent for the slum district. In New York the difference is between 49.34 per cent for the whole city and 54.61 per cent for the slum district. In Philadelphia it is between 48.82 per cent for the city at large and 52.48 per cent for the slum district.

The total foreign born in the city of Baltimore is 15.88 per cent of the total population, but in the slum district canvassed it is 40.22 per cent; in Chicago the total foreign born in the city at large constitutes 40.98 per cent of the population, while in the slum district it is 57.51 per cent; in New York the foreign born is 43.23 per cent of the total population, while in the slum district it is 62.58 per cent, and in Philadelphia the foreign born constitutes 25.74 per cent of the total population and 60.45 per cent of the slum population. These figures show conclusively that the proportion of foreign born persons in the slums of each city is very largely in excess of the proportion for the whole poulation. This excess is in Baltimore 24.34 per cent; in Chicago, 16.53 per cent; in New York, 20.35 per cent, and in Philadelphia, 34.71 per cent.

In the whole city of Baltimore the illiterates constitute 9.17 per cent of the native born population and 12.41 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 9.79. In the slum districts of that city 8.13 per cent of the native born and 30.62 per cent of the foreign born are illiterate, while the percentage for both is 19.69. In the city of Chicago at large the illiterates constitute .81 per cent of the native born population and 8.31 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 4.53, but in the slum district canvassed 5.64 per cent of the native born persons are illiterate and 83.86 per cent of the foreign born, the percentage for both being 25.37. In New York the percentage of illiterates is 1.16 for the entire native born population and 14.06 for the foreign born, the percentage for both being 7.50, while for the slum population the percentage of native born who are illiterates is 7.20 and of the foreign born 57.60, the percentage for both being 46.65. Philadelphia shows nearly as large a proportion of illiterates in the slum districts as New York, the figures for the whole population showing that 2.8 per cent of all the native born persons are illiterate and 11.29 of foreign born, the united percentage being 4.97. In the slum districts of Philadelphia, however, 8.44 per cent of the native born persons and 46.61 per cent of the foreign born are illiterate, the percentage for the two classes being 37.07.

In the city of Baltimore 20.13 per cent of all the voters of the city are foreign born, but in the slum district canvassed 44.04 per cent of the voters are foreign born. The variation in Chicago is not so great, the foreign born voters of the whole city being 50.62 per cent and in the slum district canvassed 61.31. Of the whole number of voters in New York city 49.93 per cent are foreign born, while in the slum district canvassed 62.44 per cent are foreign born. In Philadelphia the differences are greater, 29.52 per cent of the total voters being foreign born and 58.94 per cent of the voters in the slum district belonging to that class.

A Co-operative Movement.

The Brotherhood of Winters Island is an attempt to put into practical operation some of the many nationalist plans of the present day. Some of those in Oakland who were interested in the nationalist movement formed an organization and leased Winters island, in the Sacramento river. Upon this island they undertook to establish a colony upon purely nationalist principles, modified in some degree in order to meet the requirements of the location and the idea of the organizers.

The plan is to lease the island, with the privilege of purchase at the end of a certain period at an agreed price. The island is to be diked and the low portion to be reclaimed, and it is then hoped that the brotherhood will dwell together there in peace and unity without strikes or railroads.

The plan was started a year ago and has been in operation since with success that has been varying, but which has, on the whole, been good.

To each member is issued one share of stock, and no member is allowed more than the one share, so that no one man can obtain control of the property. If a man has a wife, she may also hold one share, but there can be no further combination of stock in that family.

During the past year the island was rented for pasturage for $750. There are 14 members at work on the island building a levee to reclaim a portion of the low part. There is enough money on hand which, added to the amount received for pasturage, will build the levee. When this is done, the island will be put under cultivation and the produce sold to the San Francisco market.

The members are extremely hopeful, and they claim that they have solved the secret of all strikes and municipal unhappiness.—Oakland (Cal.) Letter.

The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon's temple, where there was an organ with 1[illegible] pipes.

Jewelers say that the sale of precious stones as amulets and charms to ward off ill luck is nowadays greater than ever before.

The Brooklyn bridge, the largest suspension bridge in the world, is, with its approaches, 5,989 feet long and cost $18,000,000.

GOOD HEALTH.

SOMETHING ABOUT SUPERFLUOUS HEARING.

Why Many Cases of Deafness Appear to Have a Very Sudden Beginning—The Infective Period of Various Diseases.

The various parts of a stove require careful treatment if it is to be kept shining and bright. Once a month is often enough to apply blacking to a stove, provided the kitchen is kept clean. If something is spilled on the stove, it should be cleaned off at once and not allowed to burn in. A heavy flannel rag should be kept on hand for this purpose. In case of a very obstinate grease spot a very little kerosene may be used. Where sirup or anything of a sugary nature is spilled it is probably the best way to let it burn to a char and then take it up.

It is unavoidable that a little grease should fall on the stove in broiling unless there is a regular broiling arrangement attached to the stove. In such a case the grease must be wiped off the instant the broiling ceases with a heavy flannel cloth kept for the purpose. Otherwise it will burn in and make an ugly and unseemly stain.

In blacking the stove at the monthly blacking remove the nickel work. This is easily done, as it is merely screwed on. Black the stove thoroughly, dampening the blacking if convenient with a little coffee rather than water. After applying the wet blacking with one brush to a small portion of the stove polish it off with a dry brush, and after the whole stove has been polished in this way rub and polish it with a chamois kept for the purpose or a clean cotton cloth. This last process removes the dust of the blacking. No patent blackings which have been invented to do away with the labor of polishing can be recommended as durable. They require to be continually renewed and do not take the place of the old fashioned blacking.

After the stove has been fully blacked and polished the nickel work should be cleaned bright with whiting and put back in place. If the stove has ground polished edges, as most of the best stoves have, do not polish them with blacking, but clean them bright with sapolio.

How to Fry Smelts.

Rinse them thoroughly; then lay them all out on a piece of coarse linen folded in two or three times and cover them with another piece folded in the same way. Pat with your hands until the fish are perfectly dry; then dip each one separately into an egg that has been beaten to a foam and after that into fine cracker dust in which there is a liberal sprinkling of salt. Lay them carefully on a platter and let them stand in a cool place for an hour; then drop each one into a kettle of hot fat and let them fry till a golden brown.

Serve on a platter on which is laid a fringed napkin. Decorate with sprigs of parsley and bits of lemon.

How to Make the Shells For Eclairs.

For chocolate eclairs put an ounce of butter—about half a tablespoonful—in a saucepan with 6 tablespoonfuls of boiling water. When it begins to boil, stir in about 2½ ounces of flour, possibly a teaspoonful more. What you want is a slightly cooked paste that is very stiff. It is much easier to pour the boiling water and butter into the flour, stirring briskly, than to reverse the order of things.

After you have made the paste thus, take from the fire and break in 4 eggs, one at a time, beating each in very thoroughly.

The eclair pans come in sheet iron. Grease lightly and pour in the mixture. They must not brown, only cook, and will bake in about 15 minutes in a quick oven. Cut each one open at the side and put in chocolate filling as described for cake. When cool, ice each one with chocolate icing all over. Let them dry separately; then pile pyramidwise on your cake plate.

How to Care For Wet Shoes.

First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud. Then, while still wet, rub well with paraffin oil, using flannel for the purpose. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thouroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with paraffin, and the boots will be soft and flexible as new kid and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

How to Make Tartar Sauce.

Put the yolk of one fresh egg in a bowl or a deep soup plate. Commence stirring this about gently, always one way; then gradually stir in a quarter of a tablespoonful of dry mustard. A boxwood spoon or fork is the best to stir it with. After you have stirred this for one minute take a bottle of French olive oil, and drop by drop stir it in. As it gets very thick, thin with a few drops of Tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, continuing the stirring all the time. Repeat this process till you have as much mixed as you need. The yolk of one egg will use up a pint bottle of oil. Add to this half of a medium sized red onion, a sprig of parsley, 3 tablespoonfuls of capers, all chopped very fine. Stir well together, add a dash of red pepper, and you have a perfect tartar sauce.

How to Clean a Straw Hat.

A real Italian leghorn hat may be cleaned with a nailbrush and castile soapsuds. Rusty black hats may be renovated with the liquid polish used for ladies' shoes. White or yellow hats may be bleached by washing them in clear water and placing them in a box with burning sulphur, the fumes of which, uniting with the water, form the acid which bleaches.

How to Relieve Pimples.

Bathe the face occasionally in a soothing lotion composed of a weak solution of borax and warm water. At night use very warm water, and when thoroughly dry rub in a little of some good face ointment.

The United States flag was first saluted by a foreign power at Guiberon bay in France by Admiral La Motte.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE.

A Question That Every Woman May Ask Herself After Reading This Story.

"Children are queer," said a woman. "You never can tell about 'em. Not long ago I went after a little girl to take her to our institution. She was a queer, wild little thing, and no one could do a thing with her. I didn't like the looks of her myself. She had a hard face and an impudent little mouth. She had only a few things of her own, and I packed them in my trunk.

"When we had been on the train a little while, I noticed that she kept putting her hand furtively into her pocket, as if she had something hidden and wanted to see if it was all right. I watched her do this every once in awhile, and at last I said:

"'Anna, what have you got in your pocket?'

"Her face crimsoned. 'Nothin,' she said.

"She acted so queer that I began to think of the stories that they had told me about her. 'Show me what you have there,' I said.

"'Nothin,' she said again, looking defiantly in the face.

"I argued with her a long time, and at last I made her take the mysterious thing out of her pocket. It was an odd, little, clumsy bundle, and I hated to open it for fear I should find a stolen piece of jewelry or rare trinket of some sort. I unwrapped fold after fold of dirty cloth. In the center I found—what do you think?"

"A picture," said the other woman.

"No."

"A purse?"

"No; a little, old, dirty sugar heart, tied with a piece of faded ribbon.

"'I've had it since I was little,' sobbed the child, 'and mamma used to give it to me to play with when I was good. She had it when she was little, and she used to go to bed alone if her mother'd let her have it for company.'"

"What did you do with the dirty thing?" said the other woman. "Throw it away?"

The first woman didn't answer for a minute. Then she said:

"Would you have thrown it away?"

"Yes," said the other firmly, "I would. I've managed children a long time, and I tell you you can't do a thing with them unless you make them understand they've got to mind."

"You're one of the directors of the big orphans' home, aren't you?" said the first woman, speaking very slowly.

"Yes, I am," said the other.

"I thought so." And the first woman stopped the car and got out at the very next crossing.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Immense Area of Texas.

A printed statement that the western states of America are becoming crowded is disproved by figures that, through various manipulations, tell a most wonderful story of the length and breadth of the magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi.

Of the vast area of the larger western states people who have not visited them and traveled over them have no comprehensive idea. Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles. To the casual reader these figures mean little; they show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than 54 times as large as the state of Connecticut.

If it were possible to run a railway train from Connecticut to Texas and back in a day, and if the train could take the entire population of the Nutmeg state, as given in the last census, at every trip, and upon its return there should be as many persons in the state as there were before the train left with its cargo, and if each were placed upon an acre of ground upon its arrival in Texas, the train would be obliged to make 224 trips, or to depopulate Connecticut 224 times, before accomplishing its mission, and then there would remain in Texas 703,808 empty acres.

It may be of passing interest to know that such a train, made up of coaches 20 feet long, capable of accommodating 50 passengers each, would extend over a distance of more than 56 miles.—Kate Field's Washington.

Whittier's Story of Lucy Larcom.

Some years ago, when a gentleman called upon Whittier on his birthday, the poet told an interesting incident connected with Miss Larcom.

She had been calling on him that forenoon. While she was there a very effusive minister called to pay his respects. He recited selections from Whittier's writings, and finally said: "But I think the most beautiful thing you have ever written was 'Hannah Binding Shoes,'" and then proceeded to speak of it as one of the finest poems in the language.

"Yes," said Whittier, "I think myself it is a beautiful thing. I always admired it."

Thus encouraged, the minister recited several stanzas of the poem in a very dramatic manner. As he concluded, Whittier, motioning to Miss Larcom, said: "Allow me to introduce you to the author of that poem."

Whittier said, as he told the story afterward, with a quiet laugh, "I never saw a man who so much desired to sink through the floor as did that minister."—Boston Woman's Journal.

The Creatures of Ocean Depths.

It would appear to have been definitely established by the researches of the last 50 years that life in some of its many forms is universally distributed throughout the ocean. Not only in the shallower waters near coasts, but even in the greater depths of all oceans animal life is exceedingly abundant. A trawling in a depth of over a mile yielded 200 specimens of animals belonging to 79 species and 55 genera. A trawling in a depth of about three miles yielded over [illegible] specimens belonging to 27 species and 25 genera.

Even in depths of four miles fishes and animals belonging to all the chief invertebrate groups have been procured, and in a sample of ooze from nearly five miles and a quarter there was evidence to the naturalists of the Challenger that living creatures could exist at that depth.—G. W. Littlehales in Popular Science Monthly.

How Dr. Holmes Read a Book.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes apparently does not lose his gift of felicitous expression as he grows older. A friend not long since sent the genial "Autocrat" a book, and a few days thereafter came a reply from Beacon street: "I hardly thought I should find time to read your book, for I have had a great influx of authors of late. But dipping into it I became interested, and the more I read the more I was pleased, and so read on until I had taken up every chapter, every sentence, every word and the three notes of the appendix—lapped them up as a kitten laps up a saucer of cream."—Boston Journal.

Vaccination In England.

The vaccination laws are practically in suspense. In some districts many children have never been vaccinated. Even where the letter of the law has been complied with vaccinations have been done in a very lax and untrustworthy way, and there has been an almost entire absence of revaccination.—London Lancet.

Open to Conviction.

Foreman—You say in this editorial that the colonel is "a born liar." Isn't that rather severe?

Editor—Yes; change it to "professional."—Atlanta Constitution.

Coming Together.

"Truly," said Witticus, when he saw ox tail soup and tongue on the free lunch counter, "extremes meet."—Life.

CURIOSITY SHOP.

WHERE VANILLA COMES FROM AND HOW IT GROWS.

A Remarkable Orchid Cultivated in Mexico and South America—A Famous Prison—Popular Furniture Wood—The Vinegar Bible.

Of all orchids, the vanilla is the one most widely known and is remarkable in possessing the only species of the order that has any economic value. There are about 20 species scattered throughout the tropics, that having commercial value being Vanilla planifolia. It is characterized by having a tall climbing and branching leafy stem and large flowers of delicious fragrance, chiefly white and red (in several economic species green) with a broad, concave stalked lip, at the base rolled about the column, to which the stalk is adnate. The dark brown pods, or fruit, are 6 to 9 inches long, and are filled with a dark, oily, odorous pulp.

In Mexico vanilla is planted either in a field or in a forest. To render a forest fit for growing a crop all is cleared off but its young saplings, which must serve as supports to the vanilla, the preference being given to trees having a milky sap. Near each tree two cuttings are placed side by side in the following manner: In a shallow trench, 1½ inches deep and 16 inches long, three knots of cutting (previously deprived of leaves) are laid and covered up with brush and dead leaves. The remainder of the cutting, 3 or 8 feet long, is placed against the tree and tied to it. The supporting trees should be no nearer than 12 or 15 feet apart, to give sufficient room for the development of the plant. After a month the cuttings have taken root and must be carefully kept free from weeds or briers of all kinds. On the third year vanilla thus planted begins to bear fruit (improperly called beans) and continue many years. When on the other hand a field on flat land or river bottom is selected, the Mexicans first plow it up thoroughly and on it raise a crop of maize. While this is growing, the field becomes, it appears, covered with a quantity of young lactescent trees of the fig family, which, after a year, are large and strong enough to support the vanilla vine. Then the setting of the plant is performed in the manner before described, and from these the finest product is obtained, says the Boston Evening Transcript, the source of the foregoing.

A Famous Prison.

Bastille was in France a general term for a strong fortress defended by towers or bastions, but the name is usually understood to refer to the famous prison built originally as a royal chateau by Charles V about 1370, being afterward demolished and rebuilt by Philip of Valois. When it came to be used by Louis XI as a state prison, it was provided with vast bulwarks and ditches.

In its grim towers and also in cellars under ground the prisons were situated. The unfortunate inmates were so effectually separated from the world as to be often entirely forgotten, and in some cases it was found impossible to discover either their origin or the cause of their imprisonment. They were usually persons of rank sent there by means of "lettres de cachet" or warrants under the king's name, which could be obtained for a consideration and which the person who held them could fill out with any name. In this way many people entirely innocent of crime fell victims to political despotism, court intrigue, ecclesiastical tyranny or the gratification of family quarrels and private feuds.

THE FRENCH BASTILLE.

The Bastille was demolished by the people, July 14, 1789, in the French revolution. Lafayette presented its key to Washington, and it is now numbered with the valuable relics to be seen in Washington's mansion at Mount Vernon.

Popular Furniture Woods.

The Industrial World states that furniture manufacturers are now using mahogany more than ever, particularly in chairs, and it is used also in house finishings. Perhaps the most popular wood of the period, for interior uses and furniture, is American birch, the use of which is increasing largely. It comes from Canada and New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It costs about one-third the price of mahogany. Good mahogany sells at 18 to 30 cents a foot, according to width. American birch has been growing in favor for several years to some extent, on account of the increasing scarcity and the high prices of cherry, another popular wood, which many would use more freely but for its cost. Cherry now sells at about two-thirds the price of mahogany. Oak is used for house finishings, both quartered and plain. Other popular woods are cypress, sycamore, maple, ash, elm and hazelwood. Black walnut, so generally used 30 years ago is still used somewhat.

Sick Pearls.

Pearls, like all jewels of less hardness, are apt to discolor and wear dim with age—to die, as the jewelers say. Many and curious are the methods by which it has been attempted to restore their beauty. They have been baked in loaves of bread. They have even been fed to chickens—a European plan to subject them to the action of the gastric juice—and, when the poor fowls were killed, after an hour or two the stones were found to be actually somewhat improved in color by their curious bath. The East Indian, when his pearls become yellow, scours them with boiled rice and flatters himself that it has some small effect for good, but when the pristine splendor of a pearl has once gone it appears to have vanished forever.

The Vinegar Bible.

Very trifling blunders have sometimes been enough to make an issue of the Bible famous. The edition of the "Vinegar" Bible is a case in point. In 1717 a printer named J. Baskett printed a large folio Bible in two volumes. In the headline of the twentieth chapter of the gospel according to St. Luke the word "vinegar" appeared in mistake for "vineyard." It is odd that the error occurs in another edition also issued by Baskett about the same date.

Needed Fixing.

Little Girl—Please, are you the man who fixes skates?

Mechanic—Yes, my little lady.

Little Girl—Well, I wish you'd roughen these so I can stand on them.—Good News.

The civil engineers of Germany have decided to erect a monument to the memory of Dr. Wernervon Siemens, the famous electrician and inventor, in the German capital. A well known sculptor will carry out the work.

Special Bargains In Puddings

may seem queer, but when you realize what a variety of toothsome, and nutritious dishes can be made from

SEA MOSS FARINE,

such as puddings, blanc mange, ice cream, custard, etc., at a cost of only

A CENT AND A HALF

for the Farine used, it does not seem so queer. Don't think because the package looks small you do not get enough for your money. Corn starch, farina, etc., retailing for 10c. makes only 4 quarts of blanc mange, while Sea Moss Farine, retailing for 25c. makes full 16 quarts.

See the BARGAIN?

$5000 WORTH OF TRUNKS,

Valises, Bags, Grips, Shawl Straps, Extension Cases, and every kind of goods usually kept in a well stocked Trunk Manufactory. We have outgrown our store, and in order to continue business we have got to have more room, and in order to do this work we will be obliged to get all our goods removed, so for the next ten days we will sell goods at prices that will be so low that everybody can have a trunk by calling at the

LOWELL Trunk Manufactory

70-72 Middlesex Street.

Old Wooden Building.

P. F. Devine, Prop.

I. VAN TINE

Expert Bicycle Machinist,

Builder of "Climax" and "Built to Reach" bicycles.

Fine Repairing a Specialty. All work guaranteed. Parts of principal makes always in stock. No. 7 HURD STREET.

NEW LUMBER YARD.

No. 255 HILDRETH STREET.

Best Quality. Lowest Prices. Cedar Posts a Specialty.

P. V. Allen & Co.,

Telephone 568-5.

Do You Go To Lawrence?

If So, Call At

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK,

Which now has the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. They have been recently renovated. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed

DRS. CUFF & CONSTANTINEAU

Surgeon Dentists

Rooms 5, 6, 7 8, Bon Marche Build'g, 159 Merrimack Street.

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

We will sell the material necessary for heating a house, AT COST FOR SPOT CASH.

THE H. R. Barker M'f'g Co.

Guarantees this.

What would Lowell be without the spindle? The city is known the world over as "The Spindle City."

The Spindle Cigar

is made by HENRY FLOOD: best smoke in town.

DR. KELLEY SURGEON DENTIST

MORTON WRITES

Willing to Lead the Republicans Into Canaan.

WILL ESSAY THE PART OF NEW YORK'S MOSES.

If Not This as a High Rank Political Private.

RHINECLIFF, N. Y., Sept. 1.—The following letter explains itself:

"In response to the very large number of suggestions made to me that I should declare my attitude with reference to the Republican state convention, I address myself to the Republicans of the state of New York, and beg to say that while the suggestions are in themselves unusual, I venture to express the hope that the urgency in the public journals for the announcement of my decision was not occasioned by any undue hesitation on my part.

"I am certainly not seeking any nomination from the convention. I have been absent from the country so long, and so far, that no one can refer to the slightest movement on my part to cause a discussion in which my name has been used with the names of other Republicans who are deservedly honored throughout the state for their services and character. I have

Put Myself In Nobody's Way.

nor have I suffered any one to do that for me which I disclaim for myself.

"And now, having been five days on American soil, after 12 months' absence, and having examined the situation as well as possible in that period, I beg to say that in the approaching councils of the party in convention assembled I desire to be regarded as a soldier in the Republican army, ready to receive the commands of my fellow-citizens of like persuasion in public policy with myself, whether those commands involve leadership or services in the ranks.

"When I left the vice president's chair, and since, I have no thought, much less desire, to re-enter public life. Manifold considerations regarding my family, which I have no right to intrude upon the public, led me to desire to spend the remainder of my days in retirement.

In the Hands of His Friends.

"By the kindness of my countrymen, having held high official positions at home and abroad, I was profoundly content to let the record stand. But do not understand me to imply that I look lightly upon the office of governor of the state of New York. I know something of the resources, the capacities and the needs of the Empire state, and I appreciate the importance, the usefulness and the honor of the great office of chief executive. Should I be called to fill it, I shall strive earnestly to serve the people with steadfastness of purpose and to faithfully administer a public trust.

"Finally I aver, in the sincerest terms, that if the convention shall prefer to see any other name than mine upon the Republican banner, I shall accept the result without regret or sense of injury, and will give to the successful candidate my hearty and unwavering support.

"Trusting that the action of the convention will be harmonious and redound to the best interest of the party and state, I remain, with great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"LEVI P. MORTON."

Voyage Cut Short.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 1.—Schooner Rising Sun, Captain Sparks, arrived in port yesterday afternoon, after a 70 days' voyage, with 70 barrels of oil. The captain stated that the crew was ugly all the time and refused to do duty part of the time. The vessel also sprung a leak forward, and the crew demanded the vessel headed for home.

Another War In Africa.

CAPE TOWN, Sept. 1.—A revolt has broken out among the natives in the vicinity of the Portuguese town of Lorenzo Marquez, on the north side of Delagoa bay. Thousands of natives are gathering under the leadership of Moveja. The natives in Lorenzo Marquez are joining the rebels.

Boston Physician In Trouble.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Frank S. Whittemore, a Newbury street physician, was arrested last night on a charge of uttering worthless checks on the New England Trust company. Dr. Whittemore has been staying at a well-known downtown hotel during the past few weeks.

Ocean Record Again Broken.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The steamship Lucania of the Cunard line passed in at Sandy Hook at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, breaking all previous transatlantic records. The Lucania made the passage in 5 days, 8 hours and 38 minutes.

New Factory For Holyoke.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Sept. 1.—Preparations are being made here for building a new factory for the Purcell Envelope company, which is to remove from Albany. The contracts will be let soon. Machinery for the company has already arrived.

Boiler Exploded.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 1.—By a boiler explosion in the power house of the street railway, yesterday afternoon, William Baxter, aged 40, a fireman, received a broken leg, arm, fingers and hip. The building was badly damaged.

Had Good Luck.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Mass., Sept. 1.—President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson fished all day yesterday at White Island pond in the Wareham Cranberry bog district for black bass. They made a good catch, enjoying the day greatly.

Electrical Supply Plant Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—The five-story mill building, owned and occupied by La Roche & Co., manufacturers of electrical supplies, was partially destroyed by fire last night. The loss will be heavy.

Too Much Stock on Hand.

LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Putnam cotton mills have shut down until Sept. 17, throw 750 hands out of works. The inaction is caused by an accumulation of stock.

Broke the World's Record.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—Robert J paced a mile at Fort Wayne yesterday in 2:03¾, lowering the world's record, which was 2:04. The last quarter was covered in 30s.

Looking Toward a Respite.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—Secretary Gresham has been informed in relation to the case of Edward T. Adams, the Texan convicted of murder, that the government of Mexico is making a thorough examination of the case, and that if it is found possible sentence may be commuted.

No Comparison.

No printing establishment in this city compares with THE SUN Job Print. in its mechanical equipment and the excellence of its work. Did you ever try it?

THE GAIN IS SLOW.

BOOM IN BUSINESS HAS NOT TAKEN A BIG JUMP.

Fabrics Come Down In Price All Around While the Boot and Shoe Business Shows the Most Satisfactory Returns.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: The activity which came with exhausted stocks and the pressure of delayed fall demands, and was increased by removal of uncertainty about the tariff, has continued with heavy entries of foreign goods since the bill became a law. But the people who know best are saying "improvement will come" rather than "improvement has come."

The gain is not yet what has been expected, and business, if good in comparison with last year, is still poor in comparison with years preceding. Presumably there has not been time to feel the full effects of the change, and a gradual gain will be more healthy and encouraging than a spasmodic rise, but the expansion of commercial loans has suddenly ceased. Prices of manufactured products show weakness rather than strength, and there has been a reaction in the stock market, prices of railway stocks averaging 32 cents, and of trusts 2.11 per cent a share lower than a week ago.

The mills are not running full, though the stoppage at Fall River looks every day more like an effort of the operatives to force curtailment of production in order to lift prices and make reduction of wages unnecessary. So far print cloths have advanced ⅛ cent, but without corresponding advance in other goods, and while the demand is encouraging it does not compare with years before the last.

Neither in cotton nor in woolen mills has there appeared this week an increase in production. In woolens, orders for spring goods of certain qualities have been quite large, buyers concluding that prices are

About as Low as They Will Be.

A comparison of standard articles shows a decline in price averaging 17 per cent since last year, and 27 per cent since 1892, the reduction in some important fabrics being 33 per cent.

But though transactions increase, they are decidedly smaller than in years before last. Sales of wool for the week were 6,675,900 pounds, and for four weeks of August 24,828,850, against 6,477,435 last year, and 29,007,600 in 1892.

The boot and shoe manufacturers are still receiving highly encouraging orders, though mostly low grades, so that sales of leather in all markets are notably of thirds or other qualities below the best. Shipments from the east are not only larger than last year, but for August 355,844 cases, against 323,494 in 1892.

Marked changes in tin, which sells at 15.6 cents, and in lead, which is quoted at 3.3 cents, are due to the change of duties, and tin plates sell at 75 to 80 cents a box below recent quotations.

Glass manufacturers are demanding a reduction of 40 per cent in wages, which the men, though willing to accept 20 per cent, have refused.

Failures are still few and small. For the third week of August reported liabilities were $2,076,518, but for three weeks only $8,214,470, of which $2,816,538 were of manufacturing and $3,884,414 of trading concerns. The average is only $11,521 a firm failing. The failures this week have been 188 in the United States, against 356 last year, and 40 in Canada, against 29 last year.

To Consider Financial Matters.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—An extraordinary session of the Order of Scottish Clans will be opened here on Tuesday next. The order is a prominent fraternal insurance organization, composed of Scotchmen and their descendants. The purpose of this special meeting will be to adjust and decide on necessary measures of financial reform within the organization.

They Want the Bounty.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—Senator Manderson and a number of men from Nebraska interested in beet sugar production and manufacture have protested against the recent decision that no further payments of sugar bounties should be made. The senator will file a brief giving his views to the secretary of the treasury.

The Treasury Cash Balance.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The cash balance in the treasury is $126,875,440, of which $55,248,203 is gold reserve. The total receipts from all sources at the treasury during the past month amount to $41,021,330, and the disbursements $31,688,804, leaving a surplus for the month of $9,332,526.

Did Salt Cause It?

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 1.—A trolley car on the street railway here became unmanageable, and running down a heavy grade jumped the track. Many passengers were more or less injured. Salt had been sprinkled on the rail at the point where control of the car was lost.

Samoan Barbarity.

BERLIN, Sept. 1.—Advices from Samoa state that in a fight between the native forces the ears of one of the rebels were cut off and taken to Apia, while the heads of two other rebels were severed. The rebels retaliated by cutting off the head of one of Malietoa's scouts.

Prisoners Removed From Bluefields.

BLUEFIELDS, Sept. 1.—Nicaraguans feared to leave here with the prisoners they arrested, owing to threatened interference by the warships, but after three days General Ryes, in command of the soldiery, decided to take chances, and set sail. The prisoners were taken away without interference by Americans or British.

A Gotham Murder.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Mrs. Josephine Hoffmann, a widow, was murdered early this morning by Charles Feigenbaum, 53 years old, a boarder, who had lived with the family a short time. The woman's throat was cut from ear to ear. Feigenbaum was arrested. No motive for the crime can as yet be learned.

Why Cholera Spread.

VIENNA, Sept. 1.—Cholera is reported to be raging terribly in Russian Poland. Stopnica, Miechow, Dzialoszyce and Pinczow are the chief centers of the disease. The inhabitants are camping in the woods. They refuse to obey medical orders, and conceal their sick from the doctors, treating them in their own way.

An Important Call.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Sept. 1.—Samuel Ross, secretary of the National Cotton Spinners' association of America, has issued a call for a semi-annual convention, to be held in Boston, Sept. 18, for the purpose of taking action on the recent reductions in wages and the strike of the New Bedford spinners.

May Live a Year Longer.

ALBANY, Sept. 1.—"Bat" Shea, convicted of murdering Robert Ross, and who was to have been electrocuted this week, has been granted a stay, pending an appeal which has not yet been filed. All the testimony has to be printed, and in the Buchanan case this consumed a year.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Some unknown rascal is poisoning hens in Revere, Mass.

Charles A. Warner is held at Providence for embezzlement.

John Short, steamboat engineer, was killed at Calais, Me.

Forest fires are destroying valuable lumber in Pennsylvania.

A society of Chinese revolutionists is reported formed in Omaha.

A. P. Low and party, Dominion explorers of Labrador, have returned safely.

The New Hampshire Baptist anniversaries will be held at Dover Sept. 16-18.

The Argentine government intends to reduce the duties on American imports.

A Montreal express was ditched and several persons injured at Port Kent, N. Y.

George S. Barnum of New Haven is sued for neglect of duties as a corporation secretary.

An English syndicate has purchased the Wisconsin paper and pulp mills for $14,000,000.

S. Arthur Day of North Beverly, Mass., was murderously assaulted by Edward C. Ingalls

David Avery, a convict, 22 years old, died at the state prison at Hartford of consumption.

It is estimated that three-quarters of Chicago's recently unemployed are at work again.

Mrs. L. W. Taylor's house at South Acton, Mass., was burned. Loss, $2500. Incendiary.

James G. Murphy, aged 52, committed suicide at his sister's in Providence by turning on the gas.

Professor D. E. Conant, instructor in the gymnasium of Chicago university, was drowned while bathing.

Charles, the 8-year-old son of John Davenport of Ayer, Mass., was drowned while bathing in a brook.

Harry Bevercomb, a young Englishman, was found dead at Olneyville, R. I. Alcoholism was the cause of death.

William J. Kennedy of Chicago, 28 years old, attempted to commit suicide, by taking laudanum, at East Boston.

E. M. Highley of Somersworth, N. H., has invented a unicycle that will revolutionize the cycling world, it is said.

Rev. A. J. Rackliffe of Skowhegan, Me., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational society at Hudson, Mass.

Professor E. R. Goodwin of Lawrence, Mass., was elected principal of the classical high school in Worcester, at a salary of $3000.

Schooner Puritan, 85 tons, owned by a Gloucester (Mass.) firm, and engaged in the halibut fishery, is ashore at Cape Jack, N. S.

Leander Parker, about 60 years old, who hailed from New Bedford, Mass., fell from a scow and was drowned at Wiscasset, Me.

Michael Kent, who is wanted by the police at Winsted, Conn., for assaulting John Scanlon, has been captured. Scanlon will recover.

John W. Ramsey, editor of the Granite City Leader, has been appointed deputy collector and inspector in the Richford (Vt.) custom house.

The living war governors are Sprague of Rhode Island, Curtin of Pennsylvania, Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa and Richard J. Oglesby of Illinois.

The body of Thomas Reynolds was found floating in the harbor at New Haven. Reynolds was a 'longshoreman and had been missing since Monday.

An execution debtor may not be arrested and imprisoned without being given an opportunity to furnish bail or take poor debtor's oath, according to a Boston judge's decision.

By the transfer of the old West church to the Boston public library, the latter institution secures about 2000 valuable books, formerly the library of the West Parish society.

Mark Murphy, on trial at Hartford for making and uttering forged checks in that city, has been identified as the man who operated in a similar manner in Waterbury last week.

F. A. Hobbs, ex-receiver of the Stockbridge (Mass.) Savings bank, under indictment for embezzlement, was released on bail, the amount of surety required having been reduced from $30,000 to $12,000.

Best summer drink for children. Keeps them well and strong.

Knapp's ROOTBEER EXTRACT

So delicious, economical, healthful, and pure. Unequalled in the world.

All Grocers and Druggists, 25c.

Dancing - School.

Associate Hall, Op. New City Hall.

Best appointed in the city. MR. BANTA'S FIRST TERM BEGINS SEPT. 19th. Rates as usual.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

On the petition of Margaret Whitcombe of Lowell, in said county, the wife of Joseph T. Whitcombe, commorant in said Lowell, representing that her said husband fails without just cause to furnish suitable support for her, and praying that said court will make such order as it deems expedient concerning her support, and also praying that an attachment of the goods and estate of her said husband may be made to secure the decree which said petitioner may obtain for such support, it is ordered that the petitioner give notice to said Joseph T. Whitcombe to appear at a probate court to be held at Lowell, in said county of Middlesex, on the eighteenth day of September, A. D., 1894, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, by delivering to him a copy of this order fourteen days at least, before said court, if he may be found within this commonwealth, that he may then and there show cause, if any he has, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted; or, if he shall not be so found, by delivering to him such copy wherever found, or by leaving such copy at his usual place of abode, or by mailing the same to him at his last known postoffice address fourteen days, at least, before said Court; and also, unless it shall be made to appear to the Court by affidavit that he has had actual notice of the proceedings, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in THE LOWELL DAILY SUN, a newspaper published in Lowell, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said court.

And in order to secure to the petitioner a suitable support and maintenance, the sheriffs of the several counties, or either of their deputies, are hereby directed to attach the real and personal estate of the said Joseph T. Whitcombe to the amount of two thousand dollars.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, judge of said court, this twenty-first day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four. W. E. ROGERS, Asst. Register.

LETTERHEADS and ENVELOPES of all kinds printed at THE SUN office.

GREAT SNAKES.

In Java They Grow 100 Feet Long, but the Longest Killed Was Only 94.

For the last 100 years there have been traditions of huge snakes in the interior of Java 100 feet long and as big as a hogshead, and our native hunters report these from time to time. Fifty years ago a man named Tait, a Scotsman, started with a party of natives to hunt the pythons. He never returned and was supposed to have been killed by some wild animal. He must have been a giant, as I have seen one of his guns, weighing 30 pounds and carrying two ounce balls.

About a year ago a captain in the English army named Coles landed here, accompanied by a party of Sikh soldiers. He was soon joined by Lieutenant Ayres of the British navy, and it was announced that they were after the big snakes. Captain Coles was a remarkable shot, and at 400 yards would knock over a parrot every time.

Their course was up the Dowan, a stream running clear for 50 miles and then spreading over a swamp for 100 miles, almost to the south coast, and alive with man eating crocodiles. They had with them several donkeys, and one night, encamped on the river bank, one of these animals gave a tremendous squeal, and the Englishmen, looking out, saw a huge gray mass sliding over the ground and gave the alarm. Two crocodiles had come ashore and seized a donkey. Both were shot. They were hideous reptiles, 30 feet long, with jaws capable of cutting a man in two. Next morning they went to work and killed 13, one 36 feet long.

In a few days they reached the heart of this submerged region. Snakes 35 feet long were shot, but the giants kept out of sight. On land the brush was very thick, and wild hogs and deer make well defined paths from one water course to the other, and along these the pythons watch for game.

One morning a native hunter came in and reported a big snake near. Two hundred yards away the Englishmen saw swinging between the trees a serpent almost as big in the middle as a barrel. Its backbone was broken by a shot, and after much trouble it was taken in and skinned. It was 41 feet long. Such a snake would crush a man in five seconds.

They had now reached the end of their journey. The river ended in a mass of vegetation so dense as to make further progress impossible, so a camp was made on the river bank, and next day the guides brought in the head and a few feet of the trunk of a serpent that had evidently been eaten by crocodiles. The head was nearly three feet long and indicated an enormous length. It weighed 60 pounds and was a hideous object. It had no doubt been caught in the water and bitten to death.

Early one morning an alarm was given by one of the Sikh soldiers. He pointed to something glistening in the water half a mile away. Through the glass it was seen to be a snake swimming. The raft was at once manned by the two Englishmen and their gun bearers. Seen above the water, the reptile's head was as large as a barrel and shone like bright copper. It was evidently making for a flat sandy place near shore, and the hunters waited. Part of the body was now exposed, and the men were amazed. It was at least 3 feet thick, and as the long coils glided over the sand it seemed to get bigger.

"Now, men, break its back."

Four shots were fired, and three went through the body of the snake. A hiss like a steam escape and the head arose 20 feet in the air, while the tail beat the water like a flail. Suddenly it turned, and the next moment a tremendous blow smashed the raft. All got into the water and made for shore but one Sikh. He stopped to secure his rifle, and again the tail descended, and he was struck fairly, his back and ribs being smashed into fragments. He never made a sound. Another shot back of the head, and the monster dropped. It took six hours to get the body on land, and its length was 94 feet.

The skin was treated with palm ashes by the natives, an excellent preservative. There is no record of such a snake ever being killed before.—Philadelphia Times

The Beauty of the Steppe.

The steppe grew more and more beautiful. The whole south, all the region which includes the new Russia of the present day as far as the Black sea, was a virgin desert of green. Never had the plow passed through the boundless waves of vegetation. Only a few horses, concealed in it as in a forest, trod it under their hoofs. Nothing in nature could be finer. All the surface of the earth was like a green, golden ocean, from which emerged millions of varied flowers. Amid the delicate tall stalks of the grass gleamed azure, purple, violet cornflowers; the yellow broom lifted on high its pyramidal tower; the white clover, with its umbrellalike bonnets, mottled the plain; a wheat stock, brought from God knows where, was waxing full of seed. Under their slender roots the partridges were running about, thrusting out their necks.

The air was full of a thousand different bird notes. In the sky hung, motionless, a cloud of hawks, stretching wide their wings and fixing their eyes silently on the grass. The cry of the wild geese moving in clouds was heard from God knows what distant lake. From the grass arose with measured strokes the prairie gull and luxuriously bathed herself in the blue waves of the air. Now she was lost in immensity and was visible only as a lone black speck. Now she swept back on broad wings and gleamed in the sun. The deuce take you steppes, how beautiful you are!—Gogol's "Taras Bulba."

Anatomy of a Chinaman's Brain.

Attention has been drawn by Mr. C. H. Bond to the anatomy of a Chinaman's brain—to its "external" configuration, that is. Significant differences exist here when we compare it with the formation of the average European brain. For instance, the furrows running transversely show a very decidedly more marked prominence than the furrows which run in the antero-posterior direction. The brains upon which Mr. Bond based his investigations were up to the normal standard in convolutional complexity, the frontal lobes being developed indeed rather beyond the average. One brain thus studied weighed 1,182 grams—that is, 176 grams less than the weight of an average male adult brain. Another very significant point in this field of research is the importance and marked difference of the size and weight shown in the cerebrum as compared to the cerebellum, on which fact Mr. Bond's article on the subject lays much stress.—London Hospital.

No Harm Done.

Wife (at breakfast)—Will you have some chips, dear?

Hubby (absentmindedly)—Yes, gimme 10 blue.

Wife—What did you say?

Hubby—I said give me a few, please.—Cincinnati Tribune.

And Perhaps to the Encore.

"I'll venture to say that fellow can sing," observed Banks. "Look at that long, muscular throat. Look at that larynx."

"Yes," mused Rivers. "I dare say his Adam's apple is sound to the core."

And from the orchestra came the agonizing strains of the "High School Cadets' March."—Chicago Tribune.

LOVED SAM WOOLSEY.

Doretta Neitmann Tried to Kill Herself but Now Regrets It.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 1.—Doretta Neitmann, 17 years old, is in St. Catherine's hospital suffering from the effects of a dose of carbolic acid, which she took with suicidal intent. Doretta may recover, and if she does she says that she will never make another attempt to end her life.

Until about a year ago Miss Neitmann lived with her parents at Boston. She was unable to obtain employment in the latter city, and she came to Brooklyn, and for a time lived with her sister. Finally Doretta secured a place as a domestic. She had not worked long before she fell in love with a young man named Samuel Woolsey. She kept company with Woolsey for a couple of months, but of late the pair haven't been seen together.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Neitmann went to her sister's house, and retired early, and a couple of hours later was found in great agony. There was an empty carbolic acid bottle by her side. An ambulance was called, and the young woman was removed to St. Catherine's hospital.

In Doretta's room was found a letter addressed to "Dear Sam Woolsey." The letter was to the effect that Doretta loved Sam and that she had killed herself for him. No one seems to know who Sam Woolsey is.

Oysters Are Plentiful.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The oyster season opened today, and from what can be learned from market dealers there will be a plentiful supply of oysters, in much better condition than they have been for the past two seasons.

Twenty-Five Years In Service.

HALIFAX, Sept. 1.—Edward Pero, the oldest locomotive driver in Canada, was crushed to death at Westville yesterday by the wheels of his locomotive. He had been running an engine for a quarter of a century.

Governor Waite Discharged.

DENVER, Sept. 1.—Commissioner Hinsdale discharged Governor Waite, and held the other defendants, Dwyer, Mullins and Armstrong, for the grand jury in $500, on the charge of conspiracy.

Three Charges Against Him.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 1.—James Quaw, who was arrested by Detective Parker at Lawrence, Mass., has been brought to Providence to answer to the charge of three cases of larceny.

Found at Melrose.

NEWTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—Missing Nellie Shine, who, while demented, disappeared from her place of employment last Tuesday evening, has been found at the home of her aunt in Melrose.

makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada. Send 2c. stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

Examination for Training School and for the Kindergartners' Class.

There will be an examination of applicants for admission to the Lowell Training school and the Trainers' Class for Kindergartners, in arithmetic, English grammar, geography, history of the United States, reading, writing, spelling, drawing and music, at the High School building, Kirk street, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4 and 5, 1894, beginning at 1.30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

Applicants must be at least eighteen years of age, and residents of Lowell.

A. K. WHITCOMB,
Sec. of the School Committee.

JOHN W. McEVOY, 137 Central St., Opp. American House, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

JAMES H. CARMICHAEL, No. 97 Central Street, Counsellor at Law and Notary Public

E. R. DONOVAN, Office: 55 Gorham Street, Constable and Auctioneer.

J. J. GALLAGHER, 260 Merrimack Street. Depot Cigar Store. All the leading brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

FISHER H. PEARSON, Room 44 P. O. Block, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

P. H. HEELON, 557 and 559 Gorham St. Boarding, Hack and Livery Stable.

EDWARD CAWLEY, Office, 131 Central Street. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Coal of all kinds. Also dealer in Wood, Lime, and Cement. Agent for the celebrated Portland drain and sewer pipe. Elevator, Rogers-Street Bridge.

Boston and Maine Railroad.

Summer Arrangement.

WESTERN DIVISION

Commencing July 1, 1894.

TRAINS LEAVE CENTRAL STREET DEPOT, LOWELL.

For Boston, at 6.50, 8.15, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 12.45, 2.30, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, 7.30, 8.15 a. m., 12.05, 4.15, 5.35, 8.50, p. m.

For Lawrence, 8.30, 9.25, 10.50 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.25, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25 (11.21 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p.m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Haverhill, 8.30, 9.25 a. m.; 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, 6.20, 7.00, 9.25, (11.25 Wednesdays and Saturdays only) p. m. SUNDAYS, 8.20 a. m., 12.05, 5.35, 7.50 p. m.

For Salem and Lynn, 12.15, 5.10 p. m.

For Newburyport and Amesbury, 12.15, 2.30, 3.40, 4.10, 6.20 p. m.

For Exeter, and Dover, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10, p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Rochester and Alton Bay, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10 p. m.

For Somersworth, N. H., Salmon Falls Saco and Portland 8.30 a.m.; 12.15, 3.40, 4.10, 5.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p.m.

For Augusta, Bath, Lewiston, 8.30 a. m.; 12.15, 4.10, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For Bangor; Belfast, Waterville, Skowhegan, Rockland, 8.20 a. m., 12.15, 5.10 p.m. SUNDAYS, 5.35 p. m.

For St. John N. B., Halifax, N. S., Montreal, and Quebec, 8.30 a. m., 5.10 p. m. (5.10 does not run Saturdays): SUNDAY, 5.35 p. m.

For Eastport and St John's (per steamer), on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12.15 p. m.

For Castine, Deer Island, Sedgwick and Bar Harbor, Jonesport and Machiasport (via steamer Frank Jones of Rockland), Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5.10 p. m.

Southern Division.

On and After July 1, 1894, Trains Leave Merrimack Street Depot, Lowell, as Follows:—

For Boston—5 45, 6 30, *6 50, *7 45, *8 50, *9 00, *9 40, 11 00 a. m.; 1 40, 2.10, ¶3.00, 4.30, *5 40, p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45, a. m.

Trains leave Middlesex Street, Lowell as follows:

For Boston—5 48, 6 34, ¶6 53, §7 01, §7 18, §7 27, *7 48, *8 57, 9 03, *9 50, 11 03, 11 51 a. m., *12 17, 1 43, 3 03, ¶3 03, 4 03, 4 10, 4 33, ¶5 21, *5 43, 6 28, 7.47, 8.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, *7 15, 7.27, 8 45, *9 16 a. m.; §4 23, §6 03 p. m.

For Woburn, §7 01, 7 45, 11 00 a.m.; 1 40, 4 33, 8 40 p. m. SUNDAYS, 8 45 a. m., §4 26, 6 03, p.m.

***Express. §Northern Depot only. ¶Via Bedford.**

For Lawrence — 6.30, 10.00, 2.10, 4.15, 5.50 p. m.

For Salem and Way Stations—§7.38 a. m.; 1.25, 5.50 p. m. Via South Lawrence 6.30 a. m.

☞Time below is from Middlesex street station.

For Ayer Junction and Way Stations—7.15 a. m.; 12.00, 5.00 and 5.47 p. m. SUNDAYS 2.15 p. m.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton—9.14 a. m.; 12.57, 3.43, 5.42 p. m. SUNDAYS 2 p. m.

For Greenfield, Peterboro', Bennington, Hillsboro' and Keene—9.14 a. m. and 3.43 p. m.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord 7.57, 9.14, 9.45, 10.23 a.m.; 12.11, 12.57, 1.41, 3.30, 3.43, 5.42, 6.21, 8.13, 8.43 p.m. SUNDAYS 10.02 a.m. (to Nashua only), 2.00, 6.00 8.13, 8.43 p. m.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon and White River Junction—9.45a. m.; 12.11, 1.44, 5.42, §8 13 p. m.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport, (N. H.), Claremont and Claremont Junction—9.45 a.m.; 1.44 p. m.

For St. Johnsbury and Lyndonville via Wells River—9.45 a.m.; 1.56 and †8.43. p.m.

For Montpelier, Montreal, Essex Junction, Burlington and St. Albans, via Central Vermont line—9.45 a. m.; 12.11, †8.43 p. m.

For Montreal and Quebec, via Montreal and Boston Air Line—9.45 a. m.; †8.43 p. m.

Quebec Express via White River Junction—1.59 8.13, p. m., daily except Sunday.

☞†Daily for Montreal.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent.

H. C. TAFT, Gen. Ag't, Lowell.

Are You Ready for Hot Weather?

Prepare by buying a good Oil Stove or Refrigerator. Perhaps you need a Baby Carriage. These can be had at bargain prices at

VICTOR PIHL'S, CORNER CENTRAL AND NORTH STS

WATSON BAKERY

Every evening at 5 o'clock Hot Tea Rolls and Cream Bread, also all kinds of Cake and Pastry. Only the best stock used in the manufacture of our goods. Parties supplied at short notice at

Nos. 24 to 30 CHARLES STREET.

Peter Watson, Prop.

FRESH AND DELICIOUS.

Finnan Haddies,

In Cans, 15c. 2 Cans, 25c. Try a Can.

For the Best Bread Buy a Bbl. of

Mont Blanc.

It Is At The Top.

THE BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Old No. 199 Middlesex St. New No. 456, Opp. Northern Depot. Telephone 374-3, Brass Signs.

CALEB L. SMITH..............Proprietor

WM. E. LIVINGSTON,

DEALER IN

Coal, Wood, Lime,

CEMENT, SAND, GRAVEL, HAIR, KAOLIN, PLASTER, BRICKS, FERTILIZERS.

Straw, Hay Grain, Flour &c., &c.

NO. 15 THORNDIKE STREET,

Branch office, 49 Merrimack street,—Calderwood's cigar store.

CHARLES E. FROST, 78 Central Street. Dealer in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Violin, Guitar and Banjo Strings, Ammunition, Fire-arms, etc. Fine Watch repairing.

FRANCIS W. QUA, No. 3 Barristers' Hall, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

A NICE OFFICE, suitable for doctor or dentist, to let in THE SUN building. Rent very low.

THE REAL PEOPLE

Are with us for they see the easy way that they can save money. We have no time to go off on a vacation, but we can fix you so that you can go off. Here is another lot of Plums to pick from:

300 pairs of Ladies' Russet Laced Boots, every pair warranted, regular price $2.50, our price $1.23.
Ladies' Black Oxfords, patent tips, all sizes, usual price 75c, our price 50c.
Job lot of Ladies' Black and Colored Oxford, regular price $1.25, our price 75c
Misses' and Children's Oxford Ties, 45c.
Children's Russet Boots, our own make, 40c.
50 pairs of Low Bicycle Shoes, former price $1.50, our price $1.
Job lot of Women's Button Boots, 25c.; also a job lot of Ladies' Serge Lace Shoes, former price 75c., our price 45c.

These are simply a sample of the hundreds of bargains offered. If you do not believe I have them, call and see. Dollars are scarce nowadays, and only by saving the pennies can our merchants keep alive. When you want anything in Footwear call on

WILLIAM WADE,
23 MERRIMACK STREET,
Two Doors Below the Post Office.

WANT COLUMN

☞ Advertisements inserted under this head for ONE CENT A WORD, first insertion: subsequent insertions HALF PRICE.

TENEMENTS TO LET

TO LET—Good, pleasant, convenient tenements of 2, 3, 4, 5 rooms, at 79 Chestnut St.

TO LET—A pleasant furnished room, in THE SUN building. Inquire at SUN office.

WHEN SICK call at the Lowell Medical and Surgical Institute, 56 Prescott street.

TWO NICE front rooms to let in a fine residence. Apply 727 Bridge street.

FOR SALE—A new Buffet clarinet. Inquire at SUN office.

WANTED—A first class registered pharmacist. Inquire of J. H. Collins, 12 and 14 Cabot street.

WANTED.—Position as seamstress by a young lady of experience in large or small family by day or week. Inquire at SUN office.

AGENTS to take orders by sample at home or travel. We pay liberal salary and expenses or good commission and furnish samples to right applicant. Address, Lock Box 1354, New York City.

FOR SALE—cottage of 6 rooms and pantry near Salem street, sewer connections, good lot of land, price $1850. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—In Belvidere, cottage house of 7 rooms, large lot of land. This is a bargain. Price $1600. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

GET YOUR SUMMER CLOTHES cleansed at the Merrimack Steam Dyeing and Cleansing house. Clothing dyed, cleansed and repaired at short notice, 477 Merrimack street, F. P. Lew, proprietor.

OLD PAPERS, just the thing to put under carpets, 5 cents a hundred at this office.

PANTS PRESSED—10 CENTS per pair at Baldwin's, 494 Merrimack street, opp. Tremont.

FOR SALE—In Centralville, good cottage house of 7 rooms, pantry and bath rooms. Furnace in cellar. Good large barn and storage house, and 6690 feet of land. Price $2800 on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

CUT PRICES—On Repairing, Sponging and Pressing Gentlemen's Clothing at BALDWIN'S, 494 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE—A fruit, confectionery, tobacco and cigar store on one of the principal business streets in this city. Excellent location for business. Price, $525. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED—Rooms to let at 40 Bridge Street.

FOR SALE—A 4-tenement block. Store in one, rents for $28 per month, built but a few years, 2740 feet of land, near center of the city and one of the best pieces of property on our list for investment, price $2500. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—Good tenement house, good barn, a lot of fruit, 8000 feet of land, always rented. Price very low and on easy terms. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street

FOR SALE—A good farm of 50 acres with good buildings, 6 miles from Lowell. Price $2000.

DO YOU WANT any old papers to put under carpets? We have them for 5 cents a hundred at this office.

FOR SALE—On Lakeview avenue, cottage house, good lot of land. Price $950 G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street.

FOR SALE, A 2-story 2-tenement house, few steps from Hamilton and Appleton corporations, will rent for $25 per month, a rare opportunity for investment; price $2800. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—A nice cottage house of 7 rooms and shed all in best of condition, gas, cemented cellar, sewer connections, concrete walks, good lot of land room for stable, situated in one of the best locations in the Highlands. Few steps from Coral street—Price $1950. Fish & Plummer, 137 Central street.

FOR SALE—City and country property of all kinds, and all prices, and all conditions, to suit everyone who wants to buy. We have boarding and lodging houses of all kinds and just what you want. Money to loan on all kinds of property. G. L. Hubbard, 17 Merrimack street, Courier building.

VARIETY STORES use old papers for wrapping purposes. We sell them at this office for 5 cents a hundred.

FOR SALE.—A small farm seven miles from Lowell, one-half mile from the depot, near the school, one acre of blackberries, one quarter of an acre of strawberries, seventy-five apple trees, twenty pear trees, one and a half acres with three acres of planted. Rare bargain. For further particulars see C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street. Come quick or you will lose this chance.—200 acres of a farm, with a 20 room house, would make a fine summer boarding house. Cuts 50 tons of hay, plenty of fruit, one and a half miles from the depot, and ($1150) eleven hundred and fifty dollars will capture this place. Inquire of C. W. Pinkham, 65 Merrimack street.

BANGLES ENGRAVED

At NUDD'S, Spalding Block, 64 CENTRAL STREET.

YOUNG'S

We have purchased a number of odd lots of Hosiery from a well known manufacturer and importer at about 50c. on the dollar. To make this lively for the next few days, we will place the goods on our counters at half price and in some cases less. Come early, as some of the lots won't last long.

100 dozen Children's Fast Black Hose, regular prise 10c, sale price 5c. pair.
50 dozen Children's Seamless Tan and Red Hose, regular price 25c, now 15c a pair.
39 dozen Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 25c, now 5c a pair.
40 dozen Fast Black Seamless Rich Hose, worth 19c, now 12½c a pair.
50 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Hose, worth 12c, 3 pairs for 25c.
27 dozen Ladies' Heavy Gray Mixed Hose, worth 12½c, now 10c a pair.
23 dozen Ladies' Fast Black and Tan Hose, worth 25c, now 19c a pair.
Our Shirt Waists at 25c. have no equal in this city.
15c Leather Belts now 5c each; 25c Bodice Belts now 15c each.
A 98c. Shopping Bag for 49c.
49c. Shopping Bags for 25c.
25c Shopping Bags for 19c.
Ladies' Large Gingham Aprons, worth 20c, now 12½c.
Ladies' Large Nursing Aprons, worth 25c, now 15c each.
Large 15c Aprons for 10c. each.
45 dozen All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 20c, now 12½c each.
24 dozen Extra Quality All-Silk Windsor Ties, worth 25c, now 17c each.

Our entire line of Ladies' Jersey Under vests to be closed out regardless of price Children's Lace Caps 5c. each, and lots of other bargains at

YOUNG'S,

111 CENTRAL ST

WM. F. COURTNEY, 13 and 14 Mansur Block Attorney at Law.

T. M. BOLTON, 139 Market street, Gates' Block Saddle and Harness Maker, Fine Repairing at the Lowest Rate

BILLHEADS of every description printed at short notice at the SUN office.

LOWELL DAILY SUN.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON, Publisher.

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6 50	8 08	7 30	7 54	9 27	10 38	10 25	11 42
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§9 00	10 30	10 00	11 13	4 10	5 23	5 00	6 16
9 40	10 40	10 45	11 58	5 10	6 41	6 05	7 13
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§From Middlesex St. station only.

HAVERHILL HASN'T yet been able to fill its license commission. As is usual with the statesmen of Haverhill, they are holding off until they find out how much there is in it.

PEOPLE ARE beginning to discover that they wasted a great deal of time and energy in asking congress to do something. If they had only begun by asking congress to take something, they would have made a success of it months ago. We will know better next time.

THE ESTEEMED Mail very mysteriously remarks that we will hear something drop by election day. Nothing surprising about that, neighbor. We will be very much astonished indeed if we don't hear something drop, and we have an impression that the wise and worthy Mail will also hear it.

OVERDONE ATHLETICS are worse than no athletics. It should not be necessary to maim or disfigure an athlete every time we have a public exhibition. If this thing keeps on, modern athletic meetings will be little better than the old-fashioned bull fights of Spain. People don't care to see blood shed. They want rational and healthy sport. What we need is reform in athletics.

JAPANESE merchants have loaned their government eighty million dollars without interest to carry on the war. American financiers would have been just as patriotic if a similar crisis should confront Uncle Sam, but we are inclined to think that they would insist upon that little affair of interest at least. American money lenders always take an interest in patriotism and derive considerable patriotism from their interest.

THAT WAS a clever remark which was made at the committee hearing on the Chicago strike the other day, even if Eugene V. Debs did make it. He said that government ownership of the railroads was a great deal better than railroad ownership of the government. If some one else had said that, it would have become an American classic. The people nevertheless are beginning to realize that Debs with all his faults is a pretty clever chap.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR who left this country to become an out-and-out Englishman, finds that he must still remain an American to the extent of paying an income tax. It is estimated that our good Uncle Sam will touch Mr. Snob Astor up to the tune of one hundred seventy-eight thousand dollars next year. If the income tax accomplishes nothing else but this, it will be a howling success. As long as there isn't a tax on brains the Astors and their ilk will find the income tax quite burdensome.

OUR ESTEEMED neighbor the Citizen pays us the flattering compliment of saying that when it started in on one of our editorials recently it could not stop until it got to the end of it. Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed. We are willing to reciprocate to the extent of agreeing with our good neighbor that the democratic councilmen should be all canonized. The Citizen evidently knows a good article or a good councilman when it comes across either.

THREATENING THE MILITIA.

The labor organizations make a great mistake when they attempt to impair the efficiency of the militia or to discourage enlistment of labor men in its ranks. These very men have as much to hope for from the efficiency of a state militia to protect them as the employers of labor. The militia isn't for any class, but for all the people in case of necessity. If it is ever improperly used, there is a means of redress. To make the militia a one-sided affair would be positively dangerous. It would be nothing short of an invitation to arm one portion of the community against the other. It would practically amount to an armed opposition of the rich against the poor. This thing would be more dangerous to the laboring people than to their employers. Besides, the fact remains that under the constitution every able-bodied man is liable to military service, whether he likes it or not. To refuse to go into the militia is the surest way to invite a compulsory draft in time of turbulence. Then again, it is little short of treason to make any organized effort to impair the efficiency of the militia or the regular army. We hope that we have heard the last of this foolish protest against working men enlisting in the militia. We really believe the more working men in the ranks, the better for the working people.

THE SCIENCE of building sewers must be more of a failure than anything else judging from the unendurable odors that come from numerous catch-basins and man-holes in the public streets. It is time that some one devised a system of public sewer building and ventilation that wouldn't endanger public health and drive pedestrians to distraction. Either improper building or gross carelessness is responsible for the frightful condition of some of the catch-basins along the public streets of Lowell.

THE SUGAR trust will contribute as usual to the next protectionist campaign but they can't do it this time unknown to the people. The days of the sugar trust are numbered. It is true that they have the senate with them for a while, but the people are against them and the people are stronger than trusts or senates. The people have said that the sugar trust must go.

THE LOWELL school board should vote to return the old Wednesday and Saturday half holidays in the schools. We believe it would be better for the pupils, teachers, parents, and everyone concerned to divide the week as was the custom before the Saturday holiday was put into practice.

POSTMASTER PEARSON is known as an athlete. He has demonstrated his ability in this direction by making good records at running, jumping, throwing the hammer, swinging the clubs, and last but not least in swinging the axe. Why not appoint athletes to every office?

CURRENT CLIPPINGS.

Crabs That Reap and Mow.

One kind of crab has been found in great numbers on tablelands 4,000 feet above the sea level and many miles away from any considerable body of water. This strange crab is a native of Hindustan, where, in one province at least, and perhaps in others, the young grass fairly swarms with them. They burrow in the ground. They can run with considerable swiftness, even when carrying in the long claws, which serve for both arms and hands, a bundle of grass or young rice stalks as big, and sometimes even bigger, than themselves.

Nature is very generous with all her children, giving to each one just the powers and faculties which it needs to enable it to provide for all its wants. So this humble inhabitant of the tablelands of India is provided with a capital mowing machine in the shape of a pair of remarkably sharp and strong pinchers. To harvest his abundant crops the conical looking creature assumes a sort of a sitting posture, so that he can use his pinchers to advantage. He works very rapidly, using one pair of claws to cut and another to bind his sheaves at the same time. As soon as he has gathered all he can carry he scuttles off with it in a funny sidewise fashion, and with an air of solemn importance that is a very amusing contrast to his clumsy motion and queer shape.

But the human inhabitants of the district preferred by this queer little mower and reaper do not find him at all amusing. They say that one of these crabs will destroy an amount of young grass and rice in one year which, if allowed to reach perfection, would keep a laboring man in health and strength during that time.—Denver Republican.

This Country Before the Flood.

As to the inhabitants of this country before the flood no one knows anything. Huge skeletons have been found in the mounds of the Ohio valley and footsteps of huge animals as well as portions of huge skeletons of animals in various parts of the continent. All these indicate that the inhabitants of the country, both man and beast, were gigantic. But what the names of the human races were no one can know. How the country became populated immediately after the flood no one knows. The story of the flood exists in the folklore of the American tribes, and it is quite as probable that there were arks and Noahs among the American Indians as that there was only one ark and only one Noah. Later on in the life of the world the Chinese are supposed to have had a part in peopling this country, for it is known that about 1,400 years ago Chinese monks reached the western coasts of both North and South America, and that Chinese colonies were founded here. This continent is the oldest land on the earth, and when you go to the St. Lawrence and look at the Laurentian ranges of mountains and hills you see the oldest part of the oldest land. One devout believer in the Old Testament story firmly believed that Adam and Eve and Noah and his family and their intervening relatives lived in this country, and that the ark was built in North Carolina, for that state, he said, was the only place in the world where shittim wood grows, out of which the ark was built.—New York Sun.

A Dangerous Metamorphosis.

HE.

'Tis but a little thing I ask,
A trifle, nothing more, I swear;
'Tis not a heavy, grewsome task
That wrinkles brow or silvers hair;
'Tis something, dear, that if you give
You cannot fairly deem amiss;
'Tis nothing more than, as I live,
A little, simple, single kiss.

SHE.

This little thing you boldly ask,
This trifle light to you as air,
Perhaps to me doth tears unmask
That well may cause me to beware,
For this same simple, single kiss
Might soon develop into kisses,
And I, from having been amiss,
Become in consequence a Mrs.

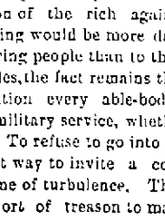
—Life.

When you need printing, remember THE SUN.

THERE'S DANGER

in a cough—more than ever when your blood is "bad." It makes things easy for Consumption. But there's a cure for it in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A positive cure—not only for Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma and all lingering Coughs, but for Consumption itself in all its earlier stages. It's reasonable. All these diseases depend on tainted blood.

PIERCE'S GUARANTEES A CURE OR MONEY IS RETURNED.



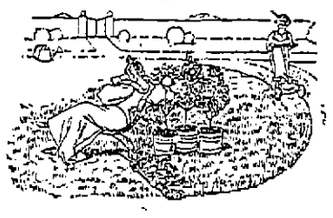
HARRISON DAVIS, of *Tompkinsville, Monroe Co., Ky.*, writes as follows: "My daughter, Miss Florence E. Davis, had been afflicted for several years with a cough and lung trouble, and tried several remedies but none seemed to do her any good. I bought a bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' and commenced giving them according to directions, for she was past doctoring, and now she is perfectly well and the cough is gone. I am thankful to you for such a wonderful medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers.

FLORENCE E. DAVIS.

SUNBEAMS.

A Tragedy of the Lawn In Three Acts.

I.



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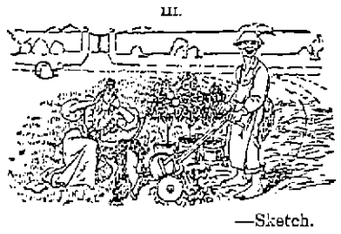

—Sketch.

Generous.

The new hired girl had a sweet face. She was not pretty, but interesting. Brown curls clustered upon her broad, low forehead, and there was a kindly light in her deep eyes.

"I might say," she observed, "that I have very conservative ideas as to the way a servant should be treated. I am very modest in my demands."

They sat breathless.

"All I ask," she continued, "is to be treated like one of the family."

They were too much overcome to speak.—Detroit Tribune.

Wrung From His Soul.

"Oh, come off!"

It was the appealing, horrorstruck, heartbroken outcry of a strong man in agony.

Mr. Kajones had seen his daughter Laura for the first time riding her bicycle in red bloomers.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Prospects.

Mamma — Robbie got thoroughly drenched today. He didn't know there was a shower threatening until he was caught in it.

Papa—Think, dear, he may grow up and make a famous weather prophet.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The New Deputy Sheriff Explains Why He Failed.

The new deputy sheriff came into the office and laid the warrant on the desk; then he went and sat down by the fireplace and gave a deep sigh.

After awhile the sheriff came in, puffing with the exertion of climbing the steps.

"Hello!" he said. "Got back, did you?"

"Yes," answered the deputy, without much spirit.

"Did you find your man?"

"Oh, yes, I found him."

"Where is he?"

"Well, I found him, but I didn't git him."

"Got away, did he?"

"No; not partic'lar. I was just goin to tell you how it was. When I got out there, his wife said Ike was over in the clearin. I went over there an found him.

"I says, 'Howdy, Ike?'

"He says, 'Howdy.'

"We talked awhile about things, an I says, 'Ike, I got a little writ here for you on account o' that fightin.'

"He said he 'lowed maybe that was what I wanted.

"We talked on awhile longer, an then I said it was time we was goin, but about that time Ike set down agin a stump.

"He said he was tired.

"I ordered him to git up an talked with him an reasoned with him, an then I took holt of him. You know how big he is?"

"What did he do then?"

"Oh, he didn't do nothin. He just continued, as the fellor says, to set there. I couldn't 'a' raised him with a derrick.

"I tell you what I'li do," continued the deputy, with some show of resolution. "If you say so, I'll take about four men an a team an go back there this evening to see if he's settin there yet."—Chicago Record.

Important.

An absentminded landlord called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its decease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it the landlord, though a kind and sympathizing person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were, "And can you believe it, my lord, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up and in congratulatory tones of voice observed, "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"—Argonaut.

Not Tonight.

Avaunt, fair maid! Thy subtle charms
No longer me enthrall!
I cannot fold thee in my arms
Tonight. I can't, that's all.

I fickle? No, 'twere not for me
To play that dreary part
Of life's perpetual comedy.
You're always had my heart.
I've loved you truly all these years,
Deep as the mighty ocean
Was my love! But now Fate sneers
And mocks at my devotion.

Pray do not touch me! Keep thy place!
My love is relegated.
I cannot thee tonight embrace,
I have been vaccinated.

—Boston Courier.

Ambiguous.

To know if she would marry him
Persistently he sought.
And finally, with being urged,
She answered, "I will knot."

—Detroit Tribune.

Botany.

The blossoms are fading
Beneath the fierce ray.
The petals are drooping
And passing away.
But their going concerns not
The people, they say,
Since the bicycle bloomer
Is with us to stay.

—New York Press.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

THE STRANGE BUT TRUE STORIES THAT NATURALISTS TELL US.

Wonderful Feats of Strength Performed by Small Creatures — Astonishing Facts About Seeds and Their Products—Long Lived Fish That Do Funny Things.

There are many surprising things in plant and insect life, especially when comparisons are used to call attention to them. For instance, Delisle tells us of a fly that ran nearly three inches and made 440 steps in half a second. This is about equal to a man's running 20 miles a minute. The flea leaps 200 times its own length. At this rate a man six feet tall would bound at one effort a distance of 1,200 feet. The mite in the cheese is only one-fourth of an inch in length, yet it can take the tip of its tail in its mouth, and then, letting go with a sudden jerk, jump out of a bowl six inches in depth. To equal this a man should be able to jump out of a vertical shaft in a mine 144 feet in depth.

A beetle placed under a glass tumbler will push the tumbler around on a table. To match this a man relatively should be able to walk off with a small lighthouse. The brain of a canary is larger than the brain of an elephant. "Oh, that can't be true!" you exclaim. Remember we mean proportionately.

President Clark of Amherst college some years ago made a series of experiments upon the growing force of a squash. When it was 18 days old and measured 27 inches in circumference, he inclosed it in a sort of iron and wooden harness, with a long lever attached to it. The latter was weighted according to the growing power of the squash. Beginning with 60 pounds on the twentieth day of its existence, on the ninetieth day it lifted 5,000 pounds.

A peculiar plant is found in the states of Oregon and Texas. It is known as the compass plant, the polar plant and the pilot weed, owing to the polarity of its leaves. The radical leaves present their edges north and south, while their faces are turned east and west. This peculiarity has long been known to hunters, who on dark nights easily get their bearings by feeling the direction of the leaves. Another guide to hunters is the moss on the trees. It grows more thickly on the north side of the tree than on any other side.

The seed of the globe turnip is not larger perhaps than the twentieth part of an inch in diameter, and yet in the course of a few months this seed will be enlarged by the soil and the air into 27,000,000 times its original bulk, and this in addition to a considerable bunch of leaves. Dr. Desguliers made some experiments, proving that in an average condition a turnip seed may increase its own weight 15 times in a minute. By an actual experiment made on peat ground turnips have been found to increase more than 15,000 times the weight of their seeds a day.

There is a shellfish called the coat of mail, which has its eyes not on its body, where we would naturally look for them, but on its shell. They glisten like crystals in their calcareous settings. As well might we expect to see eyes on the shell of a tortoise or on our finger nails. This discovery, so new in science, has led to a closer inspection. In one specimen 360 eyes were counted, 24 rows with an average of 15 in each row. Another shell, in which the eyes were very small, had 8,500 eyes on it.

Fish live to a wonderful age. Professor Baird tells us of a pike in Russia whose age dates back to the fifteenth century. In the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there for 140 years. They live on without seeming to arrive at maturity. There are also some very queer crabs in the world. The soldier crab of Bermuda carries heavy shells up the hills. A shore crab in the Cape Verde islands may "be seen running along like a piece of paper blown by a strong wind." In Ascension island there are crabs that steal young rabbits from their nests, while the famous robber crab of the Philippines cracks cocoanuts and eats them.

Perhaps not one boy in 20 while digging worms for bait stops to wonder why worms were made or how many there are in the ground. The attention of Darwin, the eminent naturalist, was attracted to the subject when a boy, and one of the last articles that he wrote was a treatise on the vast importance of the earthworms to the human race. The scientific world was astonished at what he had to say on the subject. The fertility of our soil is due to the labors of these insignificant creatures. By penetrating the earth in every direction and depositing their own remains therein the fertility of the soil is not only kept up, but is largely improved. Their number is surprisingly large. In old pastures in England the worms are estimated at 22,000 to the acre and as many as 54,000 in richly cultivated gardens. Mr. Urquhart estimated the number of worms in the rich pasture lands near Auckland at from 400,000 to 800,000 to the acre. Were it not for the earthworms soils would become barren and half of the world would die of starvation.—Frank H. Stauffer in Philadelphia Times.

He Got the Position.

Alertness of thought and the ability to adapt knowledge to any case which may arise stood an applicant for a lucrative position in good stead a short time ago. When the application was made, the applicant was told that the position had just been filled, and that the prospective employer was very sorry, but that there was really no more room. The applicant immediately turned to a water cooler, which was at hand, and filled the glass to overflowing.

"Is there any more room in that glass?" he asked.

"No, sir. Another drop would make it run over."

He turned again to the cooler and put in just one drop and said, "There was room for one more."

The employer saw the point and placed the man on the pay roll at once.—Philadelphia Call.

Movable Bedrooms.

In one of the old castles of northern England visitors are shown two rooms which are connected with each other by a singular mechanism. Each room is adjoined by an alcove, used as a sleeping room apartment, and the floors of the adjoining alcoves turn on a pivot in the center of the partition wall. This ingenious device was the invention of one of the ancestors of the present proprietor, who was somewhat of a wag, and found great pleasure in frightening and mystifying his guests. When one had gone to bed in the green room and the other in the blue, the floors were turned on their pivots, and on awakening the visitor found himself in strange quarters, with clothes that were not his own. It is said that this fun loving lord lost a rich inheritance by thus disturbing the restful moments of a wealthy aunt, who never forgave the trick her nephew played upon her.—London Letter.

So Realistic.

Author—Well, professor, how do you like my new play?

Critic—Splendid! Wonderful! So realistic! Especially the burglars in it. Even their dialogue is stolen.—Berlin Wespen.

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Matinee at 2.30. Evening at 8.

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In His Latest and Greatest Effort,

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Or Wait For The Wagon.

Mackie in a new "Grimsey Mc Boy," assisted by a great big company of artists. Magnificent specialties, a car load of gorgeous trick scenery and a brand new production from beginning to end. This is truly the laughing event of the season. Prices $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Seats on sale Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

LABOR DAY.

Monday, Sept. 3, Matinee and Evening.

THE COMEDIANS,

Richards & Canfield,

Directed by A. Q. Scammon, in the three-act Comedy Drama,

THE CIRCUS CLOWN,

BY F. J. BEAMAN.

Comedy, pathos, sentiment. Everything new. Company carries all scenery. Prices—Matinee, 75, 50, 35, 25. Evening, $1, 75, 50, 35, 25c. Seats on sale Thursday at 10 o'clock.

Two Nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 4th and 5th,

The famous BROS. BYRNE in their successful spectacular production, the

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See the Wonderful Revolving Ship.
See the Acrobatic Quadrille.
See the Amusing Carriage Ride.

PRICES—$1, 75c, 50c, 35c., 25c, 10c. Seats now on sale.

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Special scenery and realistic effects. A production of merit. A living picture of actual events.

Extra Matinee Monday, Labor Day. Prices 10, 20 and 30 Cents.

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Last Week.
Last Week.

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H. M. S. PINAFORE
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Remember it's the last week of the

Living Pictures.
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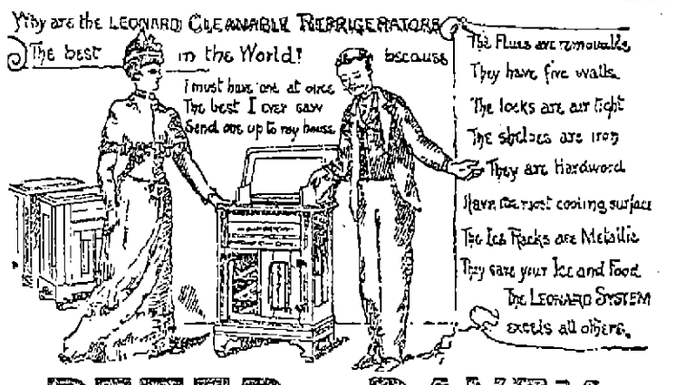

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Made from fresh Coca Leaves, a pleasant tonic and gentle stimulant, agreeable to the taste, and suitable for young as well as elderly people.

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ELLINGWOOD'S COCA WINE has been used by our local physicians and is acknowledged as the most reliable of any in use. They have found it to be a palatable, diffusible, stimulating tonic, sustaining life by retarding waste, removing fatigue, and restoring and improving the appetite.

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CORNER WINTER AND DAVIS STS

MAMSELL MALM.

A Tale of the Revelation of a Secret Long Kept and Its Effects.

How the Long Frozen Heart of an Aged Spinster Was Thawed by the Confidence of An Old Time Friend in a Chat Over a Cup of Coffee.

A strong southerly wind blew uninterruptedly for several days. The wet snowflakes fell thickly and heaped themselves in huge drifts along the streets and in the squares. One evening the weather cleared, and the air became soft, springlike. Next day the sun shone forth.

Spring had come. Spring and joyous, exuberant life everywhere.

The market place was bathed in sunlight, and the white dome of the Russian church shone brighter than ever in the clear glittering spring air, while in the distance the wooded shore of Dezemland stretched away in pale blue gray tints—fine, delicate and almost transparent—like a film of lace against the vivid sky.

The drifts disappeared as if by magic, water poured from the sloping roofs of the houses, rushed over the asphalt footpaths and plunged with a purling noise down the grated drains.

The dirty gray covering of the ice which covered the market place began to show dark patches, which soon enlarged and filled with water, until the whole square became one pool.

The face of nature had changed so rapidly it was difficult to enter at once into the new phase of things, and people still gazed about them with half comprehending, sleepy glances.

* * * * * * *

The church bell rang, and a crowd of people came streaming down the high flight of steps from Nicolai Kyrka. Union street swarmed with servants clad in their universal holiday dress of black, old ladies who carried their psalmbooks in old fashioned little reticules upon their arms, and flocks of school children who, deeply interested in the overflowing gutters, were in continual danger of collision with the passersby.

Through this crowd marched Mamsell Malm, the old seamstress. She walked with short, sharp steps. Her manner was repelling, and she never once glanced either to the right or to the left. Her large mouth, with its thin lips and heavy, massive chin, gave to her face a determined, almost hard, expression.

The spring had never given her any pleasure. This was quite natural, as to her it presented itself simply as a period of unavoidable expense, and today in particular she felt more than usually bothered by the spring sunshine.

She felt how heartlessly it showed up every defect in her old turned and dyed cloak, and the knowledge that the velvet trimming on her old hat ought to be renewed was an additional trouble, for she couldn't imagine how she was to afford it. Ah, yes, it was not so easy to be decently dressed and look like other people when one was old and sickly and sometimes so tired that the needle fell out of one's fingers, and yet, after all, she could not reproach herself with vanity.

Such thoughts accompanied her home, where before entering her room, she was obliged to sit down on a chair near the door, she felt so tired after her long walk in the spring air. Taking off her cloak, she examined it carefully. Yes, it certainly was very shabby, but it must do for this year. Her black gloves she regarded proudly. After all, they looked almost new, and yet she had bought them a year ago last Christmas.

She looked at the clock and wondered why Tina Wessberg was so late today. For 30 years they had in turn been each other's guests for their Sunday afternoon's cup of coffee. This was Mamsell Malm's one dissipation. What could have kept Tina?

In the meanwhile she arranged the cups, brought out some sweet bread and filled the sugar basin and cream jug, and having prepared everything she drew her rocking chair to the window and seated herself with folded hands, enjoying the knowledge that she had the right to be idle this day of the week.

A few minutes later a gentle knocking was heard, and then the door was carefully opened to admit a cheerful looking little old woman, whose withered face had an unusually mild expression about it.

"Good morning, dear Mina. I hope you have not been waiting very long for me, but in such extraordinary slippery weather one must be careful in walking," she said as she took off her cloak.

"Yes, you are right. Spring is a trying time. Your clothes are simply ruined by the wind. There is only one thing to be said for it, and that is that one economizes in firewood on such sunny days."

"But you are very fortunate, my dear Mina, you have a window overlooking the street. I never catch a glimpse of the sun. But, after all, it is a shame to complain when one has one's little income," added Tina Wessberg.

The coffee was ready by this time, and the two women drew their chairs to the table.

"It is wonderfully nice coffee you always have," said Tina as she sipped contentedly from the steaming cup.

"Mine. Meidlin, the wife of the commercial advisor, sent me three pounds at Christmas, and I only boil it on Sundays."

"Thinks, Mina, it is remarkably good." Tina replaced her cup and carefully swept a few crumbs off her dress into her hand and put them into her saucer.

"Have some more? There is some left," asked Mamsell Malm in her abrupt way.

"Well, it is very tempting. It is certainly the best coffee to be had. Well, perhaps half a"— At this moment she happened to glance out of the window, and her words died away. A young man of the working class was walking past with a girl on his arm. The girl's teeth gleamed and her small eyes glittered as laughingly she tried to push her companion into the overflowing gutter. In passing she gave a hasty stolen glance into the window, and catching sight of the two old ladies she drew her arm out of his and tried to put on an unconscious look while she moved nearer the wall, hoping thus to escape observation.

But Mamsell Malm's sharp eyes had caught sight of her, and a bitter expression came into her face.

"The gadabout! If she isn't out again flirting with that good for nothing! No good will ever come of that," and the old maid's voice shook with anger.

Tina had suddenly became lost in thought, and with coffee cup in hand she gazed absentmindedly before her.

"I think I must tell the landlady what an unsteady life Hilda leads. When has she time to go to church, when on Sundays she only thinks of worldly enjoyments?" and the old lady's head shook.

"Yes, yes. Youth—it is always the same," sighed Tina. "But, after all, it is a happy time," she added in her mild, almost bashful way.

"Happy time! Are you mad? You don't mean what you say, Tina. It is just the time the devil has the greatest power over our sinful hearts. One sees much during a long life, and I can tell you there isn't much to be said for the girls nowadays."

Tina was still deep in her own thoughts and forgot to answer.

"What in the world are you dreaming about? You are so wonderfully thoughtful today."

Tina started. "This season always wakes youthful memories in me," said she slowly, and her eyes shone with almost youthful brilliancy. She looked at her friend, in whose face not a muscle moved, considering if she would have the courage to continue or should she change the subject. But she couldn't resist the temptation for once to speak out. Sometimes the memories of old days seemed to stifle her, and it would be such a relief for once to relate all the past.

"It was during the time I was at the town councilor's in the country. You remember?"

Mamsell Malm nodded. Tina kept smoothing out her dress with a nervous gesture.

"You see, I was helping with the housekeeping, and at one time I was often with the family. I was young then, and—and —I— Anton, the eldest son—that is, I mean he began to care for me!"

Mamsell Malm became alarmingly stiff and straight in her chair.

"The scoundrel!" she said sharply.

Tina paused abruptly, looked confused and then continued hastily:

"It was a day in the end of March—no, it must have been the beginning of April —just such an early spring as this. Visitors had arrived, and madam had sent me for cream to the ice cellar, which lay at a little distance from the house behind a clump of birches. There was a narrow board laid along the path to bridge the mud, and I stood with the key in my hand ready to open the door, when I heard footsteps on the plank behind me. I knew it was he. Before I had time to turn my head he had put his arm round my waist."

She was silent for a moment, and then continued with a low voice, "With his other hand he drew my head back—my shawl fell off—and he kissed me on my hair, on my eyes, again and again."

Mamsell Malm was silent, powerless with astonishment.

"Every time I smell fresh damp earth I remember that day, the happiest day of my life. We met often secretly after that. I suppose it was wrong, but I was so happy. He was my all, and I would have died for him. But at last his mother noticed that he always disappeared when I was sent to the milk cellar, and she followed us—it had lasted about two months—and then there was an end to it all. Yes, yes," and poor Tina sighed, "they were good to me. They found me another place on condition I promised never to try and see him again or answer his letters. Of course I promised. It was best for him and for his future."

She paused, vainly trying to hide her emotion. Mina Malm sat stiff and haughty. At last she managed to articulate:

"And he? Have you never met him since?"

"Yes, not so long ago in the street. He is a great man now and long since married. He did not recognize me. Naturally he would not, so old and ugly as I am now," she said, almost as if excusing him, and tears stole gently down her withered cheeks, "but I—I can never forget him!" she added simply.

Mamsell Malm got up and went to the window. She could not speak. Her throat felt as if in a vise, she did not know whether from anger or sympathy.

Tina Wessberg glanced a timid, questioning glance at her friend; then she also got up, put on her cloak and turned to go.

"The Lord may have cause to forget me, Mina, but I have never repented it, never I have always admired you, but everybody can't be like you. Goodby, and don't forget me next Sunday—that is, if you still care to come."

Mamsell Malm could not bring herself to do more than not farewell.

For the first time in 30 years she omitted following her friend into the entrance hall to thank her for "pleasant company," but it had come upon her like a thunderclap. Tina Wessberg, her old friend! Tina Wessberg, it was impossible! She must be dreaming! How could she have been silent all these long years?

Mamsell suddenly remembered how harshly she had always judged people, how severe her censure had been, and she understood the reason for Tina's silence.

She turned from the window, and began to walk up and down the room with slow, undecided steps. She felt almost weak. Anger and scorn fought for supremacy in her mind and nearly killed her affection for her old friend—the affection which was the only warm feeling she had cherished during her long monotonous life.

She tried to be as hard as ever and judge as severely, but half unconsciously she felt her heart soften. She still seemed to see the gleam of happiness which lit up Tina's face—happiness over a remembrance, the reflection of a long lost joy. And now memories of her own youth crowded forward, one after another, in endless succession, and yet they were but ghosts, dim and indistinct—gray in gray—not a gleam of joy, not a moment she would wish to recall. And yet she had always done her duty—she had rendered to God what God required, to man what man required. She had nothing to reproach herself with—nothing.

She had always been strictly honest in her dealings, and she felt she had been respected accordingly, and yet now—she shuddered—she was overpowered by the blankness and emptiness of her life.

She seemed for once to see her life as others saw it, and the long years which had made up her monotonous existence passed in review before her.

As in a dream she saw her youth again, she stood by her mother's deathbed. Again she heard the piteous voice, breathless from coughing, anxiously repeating: "Ah, what will become of you, poor girl, alone in this wicked world? Resist its temptations, resist the devil, go to church regularly and don't forget your God. A poor girl is surrounded by temptations and must be doubly severe toward herself." A long and painful fit of coughing drowned the failing voice. Mina had promised all—always to remember the warning, always to do her duty, and the poor woman had died content. And she had kept her promise. A weak girl, and almost destitute, she had compelled the respect of those about her—never a smile; never a concession.

Once, long ago, a young man had attempted to pay her the attentions which other girls gladly received, but she had repulsed him so decidedly that he had never tried again, and soon no one ever thought of her as being either young or old. She was just Mamsell Malm, with the smoothly brushed hair and severe aspect, who "goes to the house to sew."

She knew that for the last 30 years she had been the terror of the servants of the families who gave her work. Mercilessly had she exposed their failings, for of course she sided with her employers. By children she was regarded as an ogress, for she never looked with a kindly eye upon their little naughtiness, and as they grew up they still cherished a wholesome fear of their old enemy.

She thought of the many occasions she had taken charge of both house and children during the mother's illness or absence, the many funerals and weddings and births she had assisted at, and yet what strangers they all were to her—all these people whom she had seen born and die! She had never expected or asked for anything but justice—she had received it. Was it not sufficient?

Poor Mamsell Malm sat in her rocking chair, deep in heavy thought. The dinner hour had long since passed; she did not notice it. The church bells rang to evening service, and still she did not move, though never yet, except in case of illness, had she omitted her attendance there.

At last her thoughts reverted to Tina. How she must have suffered all these years, and had never dared to speak of it! How unselfish and self sacrificing her love had been, and how humble she was! Mamsell Malm had to confess to herself that, in spite of her friendship, she had always looked down with some slight scorn upon Tina's humbleness. She considered it weak, and she hated any kind of weakness, and now, when she knew her friend's sad story, she had not given her a word of sympathy; but, after all, and in spite of herself, the old impatience and scorn began to reassert itself, and then again she felt the need of being friendly to some one.

She went and stood at the window, drearily looking out into the street. The sun had set, but its afterglow of red still burned on the horizon. Daylight and the evening shades struggled and mingled together in the clear spring twilight, behind which the day's brightness still seemed to linger. Some ragged children were playing horses on the footpath. A pair of garters tied together did duty as reins. In lieu of a whip they clacked with their tongues, and then rushed away as fast as their small feet would carry them, filling the narrow street with their shrill shouts. They echoed from the walls and entered Mamsell Malm's small room by the open window. They seemed to her to resound from every corner. At this moment the door opened, and some one tried to enter noiselessly. It was Hilda, who brought in the wood for the stove and some hot water, and she was trying to look interested in her duties. At sight of her Mamsell Malm's anger was on the point of bursting forth, and she had remembered the sermon she had intended for her. Hilda evidently was prepared to bear her fate with the calm of a stoic. She knew that once outside the door of the room she need pay no more attention to the tiresome old creature, with her exacting principles. Mamsell paused just as she was beginning her tirade, for again she thought of her youth. It had surely been too miserable. Perhaps, after all, it was not such a dreadful sin to be young and gay.

Hilda gazed questioningly at her mistress. She quite expected the scolding, but Mamsell was silent. She was wondering how she could show some little sign of friendliness to this girl. She had such an irresistible longing to be friendly to some one.

"Will you drink a cup of tea with me, Hilda?" she said at last, and tried to endue her voice with a kindlier tone.

Hilda stared at her with her shrewd eyes, passed the back of her hand over them, and then tossed back her fringe of hair with a jerk of her head before she answered.

"Many thanks for your kindness, Mamsell Malm," she said in a tone of uncertainty, as if she was not quite sure but that the invitation might prove the prelude to a sermon longer than usual.

Mamsell brought out the cups and tried to think what she should say next, but it was not easy to find the right words or tone, and the severe expression seemed carved into her features.

They sat down, and Mamsell poured out the tea.

"Did you have a pleasant walk? I thought I saw you out this afternoon," she asked, and cast a searching look at her vis-a-vis. "Now if she would brush away that frizzled fringe, and wear a plain cotton dress instead of the cheap finery, she might look quite decent," was her thought, and she unconsciously drew her chair from the table.

"Oh, Mamsell means my walk with Kalle Forsman. Yes, it is always so jolly on the Esplanade on Sunday afternoons." Hilda began to feel more at ease.

"Are you engaged to Forsman?" Mamsell forced herself to ask. She could not accustom herself to the idea that any one could devote a Sunday afternoon to harmlessly promenading the streets.

"Well, no, not quite; but, of course, he likes me, and we are very good friends, you see."

Mamsell Malm had difficulty in hiding her disapproval, and the old severe lines appeared round her mouth.

Hilda was puzzled over the motive for this sudden thaw in the old lady's manner, but suddenly began to find the situation comic. The corners of her mouth began to twitch, and she burst into an irresistible, helpless giggle. In vain she tried to hide it, to cover her reddening face with her hands. She laughed and laughed, and not daring to look at Mamsell Malm she got up and rushed out of the room, slammed the door, ran into the kitchen and threw herself into the first chair.

"Dear, oh, dear, how funny Mamsell was this evening," and again the giggling began, "and I, trying to slip in with the hot water, hoping she would not notice me. Of course I expected to catch it—and then she inviting me to tea! I didn't know if I was on my head or my heels. I was so astonished. And then to ask me if I were engaged to Kalle Forsman! Could she not guess it would come to that? And what a face she put on when I said 'No,' just as if I weren't to be allowed to go for a walk with a gentleman!"

Up stairs in her room Mamsell paced the floor, with a heavy heart. She was ashamed, so bitterly ashamed of her unfortunate attempt at being kind. It was too late now to begin. She saw it clearly, she had only made herself ridiculous, and yet—she would herself have given much for the warm clasp of the hand, but it was too late. Her very voice refused to put on a softer tone. Did not the neighbors' children hide at sight of her; did not the young people silence their gay chatter in her presence, although she knew they laughed at her behind her back?

She sat down and tried to deaden her thoughts by reading a sermon. The loneliness oppressed her. She could not bear it any longer. She would go at once to Tina and beg her pardon. She would then feel that there existed one person in the world with whom she was in sympathy. So she wrapped a shawl about her, thrust her feet into goloshes and hurried out. The thin coating of ice which covered the footpath crackled under her feet.

As she passed the kitchen window Hilda saw her. Hilda was now feeling conscience stricken over her rude behavior, though she still giggled when she thought of the old maid's horrified face, and as she watched the tall meager figure disappear round the corner she wondered: "Can the old lady have taken sudden leave of her senses? What can have induced her to change all her habits in this way without any apparent reason?"—From the Swedish in Gentlewoman.

London's Smoke and Fog.

Let the black pall settle for two or three days over the metropolitan area, and the following issue of the registrar general's returns would emphatically tell the tale of its death dealing presence. Any scheme, of course, which would be designed to deal with the evil would necessarily be one of a gigantic nature. But was not the inception of the scheme for the main drainage of London a gigantic one, and, looking at it now, does it not appear to be a monument of engineering skill and a triumph and victory over difficulties which seemed to be almost insurmountable? Let the same enterprise which called into existence the organization of this, perhaps the most indispensable attribute to the maintenance of the health of London, be now turned in the direction of solving the problem of the fogs.

We have generally been regarded as a practical nation, and a cursory glance at England's history is all that is requisite to display how the praise has been deserved. It behooves us therefore for our credit as a nation to tackle this great problem and deal with it in the manner with which it should be dealt. Truly it can be said that we have led the van of sanitary reform throughout the world, and here is one opportunity for adding further to our laurels in this respect and of relieving London of an incubus which, apart altogether from anything else, is an obvious disgrace to our clime. But not until the whole subject is taken in hand by the government of the day is it likely that much progress will be made in respect to the solution of this problem.—Nineteenth Century.

Life From the Inorganic World.

Bastian's theory of spontaneous generation, which took the world by storm, melted away under scientific tests and is dead forever. The present tendency is undoubtedly to look for evolution of life from inorganic matter, but it seems not unreasonable to suppose that life was imparted by the Creator to matter, and that from an exceedingly simple form of living matter all the numerous forms of the life of the earth have been evolved. The problem of heredity also is a perplexing one. The law of succession is that by reason of which all organisms produce others similar to themselves. But parallel to this is the law of variation, in accordance with which all organisms vary more or less from their ancestors. The reason for these two laws is a perplexing problem, but it constitutes a most important element in the consideration of the problems of life. The doctrine of evolution is no longer a mere theory, but finds almost universal acceptance.

The unmistakable progress of life from the lowest to the highest forms, the close relationship between the order of introduction and relationships of various groups and the numberless instances of abortive organs found throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms force the thinking biologist to some theory of evolution. The enormous extent of time since life was first introduced upon the earth shows that this evolution must have been exceedingly slow.—Professor J. H. Pillsbury.

Charlemagne's Navy.

Away back in the eighth century Charlemagne had organized a sort of coast guard by enrolling all the seaboard population who lived within 1½ miles of the shore, but, with the dismemberment of the vast Carlovingian empire, all dreams of naval greatness were dissipated. Long afterward Charles V built some military nefs on the Atlantic, and Louis XI's galleys chased the Barbary pirates who infested the shores of the Mediterranean, but it was Francis I apparently who first conceived the idea of a war fleet, purchased and equipped from the royal treasury.

He converted the small fishing village of Havre into a fortified port, which speedily attracted commerce to the mouth of the Seine, and he projected a scheme—which he did not live to realize—for the construction of an oceanic navy under canvas. "Fleets were massed in the Mediterranean," writes Mr. Norman, in his "Corsairs of France," "and for the first time in history a French squadron, passing through the straits of Gibraltar, defeated an English fleet off Brest, and then, moving round to the eastward, drove off the blockading squadrons of Henry VIII from Boulogne."—Good Words.

An Anxious Parent.

Charlie—Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen.

Mamma—Well, yes. But don't go too near.—London Quiver.

The Curious "Whistling Jugs."

The silvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of the ancient Peruvians are most ingenious specimens of old time handiwork. The F. M. Kinne collection at Knoxville, Ia., contains some remarkable specimens of this rude and ancient art. One of these vessels, which is in reality two vessels joined together with a clay stem after the fashion of the Siamese twins, is the finest example of the "whistling jug" the writer has ever seen. The stem is hollow, and one end is entirely closed except a small opening provided with a clay tube leading into the body of the whistler. When any kind of liquor is poured into the open mouthed jug, the air is compressed into the other through the opening in the connecting stem, from whence it is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing the lovely songs of the various forest birds peculiar to Peru and other South American countries.—Philadelphia Press.

An Apt Reply.

One day, as Sir Isaac Heard was with George III, it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting.

"Sir Isaac," said the good monarch, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favorite, and without waiting for an answer added, "We call him Perfection." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters."—Argonaut.

His Usual Fate.

Getthere—Did you ever attend any of Miss Budd's "at homes?"

De Bore (sadly)—N-o, but I've attended a good many of her not at homes.—New York Weekly.

Scientific investigations are continually revealing new ways in which the sun, the great governor of the solar system, directly influences the destiny and the welfare of the earth and all of its inhabitants.

ROSE WON THE HOME.

THE STORY OF A RACE FOR AN ISLAND IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

A Girl Against Two Men, and She Won by Her Skill, Tact and Courage—How the Mosenthein Family Came to Have 365 Acres, Much of It Farming Land.

When Rose Mosenthein reached the age of 16, there was very little that could be termed alluring prospects visible in the future. She was the eldest of a family of four. Her mother was rapidly growing old, and it seemed that nothing but an unexpected inheritance could save the girl from a severe contest with poverty. Her father at that time was not in evidence and has not been since.

The question of bread and butter was an all absorbing one to her, and she sat on the porch of the houseboat throughout many of the long days, thinking of the serious question at an age when most young girls think of lovers. The Mississippi river steamboats passed along the river in front of the house, but she paid no attention to the efforts of the gallant pursers and occasionally a captain who attempted to get up a distant and therefore wholly unsatisfactory flirtation with every pretty face seen on the banks of the river.

Her monotonous life had reached its most prosaic era, when one day her accustomed reverie was interrupted by a stranger. He was an uncouth looking fellow, but the girl at that time had not learned to judge persons by the clothes they wore, and she answered pleasantly to his salutation. Had she replied with some angry answer she would in all probability have still been wondering where the bread and butter was to come from and would not be the owner of 160 acres of island land which is now quite valuable.

The stranger told her that he had been living on a sandbar which is now known as Mosenthein's island. The restless current of the Mississippi, ever changeable, had made the island much larger than it was originally, and it is now covered with a deposit of alluvial soil which produces the best corn and vegetables of any farm near St. Louis. He had homesteaded the island, but for reasons which he did not name was compelled to leave.

He advised her to get to the island as quickly as possible and take possession of it until her mother could homestead it. Even while he was speaking two men had shoved a skiff into the water and were heading up the stream. The stranger, however, divined their intention, and, with an apology that he had not told her before it was too late, was about to leave, when she asked him why it was too late.

"Them fellers is a-goin up thar now. They have been watchin the place for a long time," he replied.

Rose, however, did not believe it was too late, for she ran to the boathouse and shoved her light racing shell into the water. She was bareheaded, and there was a pull of six miles against a powerful current before her, but it was not the first time she had pitted herself against oarsmen, and she was serenely confident that she would pass them before they reached their destination, if they were really setting out for the island.

Raised on the river, the surface of the stream was an open book to her. She knew the obstructive force of every eddy and the dangerous qualities of every whirlpool.

The wind was blowing from the north, and the waters, irritated by the strong breeze, formed a choppy sea that was dangerous to even an expert in the light racing shell. Notwithstanding this, she headed her shell across the river, taking care to keep its bow pointed north by east, in order that the current should not carry her down. The two men were already some distance up the river, but they kept close to the west bank. By the time the girl had crossed the river they were almost a mile in the lead, but she was in the back water, and with remarkable presence of mind had taken care not to exhaust her strength in the beginning of the race.

When near the shore, she turned the shell up the river, and it skimmed across the surface of the water like a bird flying just above the waves.

The two men, who had seen the former possessor of the land talking to her, knew that she was trying to beat them to the island. They strained every nerve, and their boat made remarkable progress. Their steady strokes and the oars, which were scarcely raised from the water, proclaimed them to be expert oarsmen, but their broad beamed skiff was retarded by the current much more than the shell was. They saw that the girl was gaining rapidly and redoubled their efforts. At a bend in the river the waves rose to a threatening height, and the men laughed to themselves as they thought that the occupant of the shell would not dare to venture into such a sea with such a boat.

They were mistaken in their calculations, however, for with one powerful sweep of the long spoon oars the girl forced her skiff into the boiling current. It seemed that the frail boat would surely be dashed to pieces, but Rose managed her boat with the cleverness of a veteran. Floating logs and stumps of trees hurried past her, but she threaded her way through them all. At every stroke of the oars the shell seemed to bound from the water and fly on its course up the river.

The island was in sight when the men started across the river. They seemed to be making much better speed than at first, but the girl's strength was waning. They reached the east bank a short distance ahead of her and kept their boat in such a position that for a time she could not get by them. When they started to go around a projecting point, however, she turned her boat toward the shore, and her competitors laughed in derision, supposing that she was about to retire from the race. When she reached the bank, however, she drew her boat up and dragged the 50 pound shell around the obstruction. Just as she launched it in the river they were coming around the promontory, and as they saw the advantage she had gained they were furious. From that time they had no chance of winning. The shell left them behind like a passenger train pulling away from a freight.

"Where are you going?" they shouted.

"To the island," she replied, and then the men gave up the struggle and let their boat drift down the stream. Rose Mosenthein reached the island, and a few hours afterward, when her mother arrived with a certificate from the land office, she was sure of a home. The girl risked her life that day and passed through a long siege of brain fever during the week that followed after, but today there are 365 acres in the island, and it is all the property of the Mosenthein family. Much of it is fertile and is under cultivation.—St. Louis Republic.

Driven Toward Socialism.

If the intensely practical, sensible American people are moving toward state socialism, they are being goaded thereto by the scandalous influence of trusts at the national capitol and the moral and mental incapacity of men administering great railway systems.—New York Bulletin.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

Three Different Renditions of Goethe's "Wanderer's Night Song."

In Germania, a monthly magazine for the study of the German language and literature published in Manchester, N. H., appears a new translation by Thomas C. Zimmerman of the Reading (Pa.) Times. In connection with this translation, Germania publishes two additional translations of the same poem—one by Henry W. Longfellow, the other by Sir Theodore Martin. Before introducing these translations to the reader, it may not be out of place to state that the difficulties attending the translation of this particular poem have been considered so great that so eminent an authority as Blackwood's Magazine a few years ago referred to the poem as "the untranslatable poem." Herewith follows the Germania's editorial introduction to the several translations, which are also appended in the order in which they appeared in the magazine:

"It seems there are some poems which cannot be translated without marring the beauty of the original. These are, naturally, the best poems—those having the greatest merit. It gratifies us that Mr. Zimmerman, of whom and of whose excellent translations we have already read, has undertaken to translate such a poem. Appended herewith we give Goethe's poem, "Waudrer's Nachtlied" (The Wanderer's Night Song) together with three different translations by Zimmerman, Martin and Longfellow. We leave to the reader to discover the respective merits of the translations:"

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spuerest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Voegelein schweigen in Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch. —Goethe.

Over every summit
There's a rest.
Scarce e'en a zephyr
Th' woodland's crest
Waileth to thee.
The birdlings are hushed in their song.
Only wait ere long
At rest thou'lt be.
—Thomas C. Zimmerman.

Peace breathes along the shade
Of every hill;
The tree tops of the glade
Are hushed and still;
All woodland murmurs cease.
Be patient, weary heart, anon
Thou, too, shalt be at peace!
—Sir Tim[illegible]

Under the tree tops
Is quiet now.
In all the woodlands
Hearest thou
Not a sound.
The little birds are asleep in the trees.
Wait, wait, and soon like these
Sleepest thou!
—Longfellow.

Sarah at the Pump.

She was sitting patiently in the waiting room at the Central Union depot when he came lankily stalking in with a dejected face.

"It ain't no use, Lizy," he said wearily, "there ain't one of them pieters in the whole city. I've been a-goin since 9 o'clock this mornin trapsing all over the place, and I've been in every book store down to a newsstand, and I've been in every picter store down to a tintype gallery on Main street—and if there's anywhere's else you want me to go you'll have to send the police—I'm fagged plum out!"

"It's mighty funny; Mary Spriggins"—

"Yes, Mary Spriggins said she got hern down here, but I believe Mary Spriggins yarned about that picter. There wasn't a single picter dealer in town had ever even heard of such a picter as 'Sarah at the Pump.'"

"'Sarah at the Pump!'" ejaculated the old lady. "'Sarah at the Pump!' Josiah," and her voice grew cold as ice in January; "pick up that bandbox and set down."

He sat.

"Josiah," said she in a tone like a crosscut saw, "don't you never come to town agin till you're clear baked through. The picter that I wanted was 'Rebecca at the Well.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

People With a Low Sense of Duty.

A low sense of duty is essentially vulgar. The people who look upon pleasure and selfish indulgence as beyond the sterner law and higher standard of duty are people who are vulgar at the core, no matter what their outside bearing or conventionalized grace. These are the people who ridicule all idea of that higher law and maintain the impracticability of those councils of perfection at which we ought at least to aim. Self interest with them ranks before justice to others, and to keep a promise to their own hurt strikes them as about the most ridiculous bit of Quixotism possible.

There is no good in going to these vulgar souls when your own is oppressed with the sense of weakness in the face of a nobler duty. They will counsel you to take your ease on the lower levels, and they will argue against that endeavor of yours to mount and soar upward into the purer regions of a faithful but in a sense an abstract duty. Consult them not, lest you, too, be dragged down into their vulgar estimate of self before the right.—London Queen.

An Interesting Legal Case.

A case involving the ethics or perhaps the law governing the legal profession has arisen in central Maine. It grows out of a suit in which the plaintiff consulted two or three attorneys before placing her case in the hands of another to bring action thereon. While it was pending, some of these unemployed attorneys made statements in public places that they were consulted and advised the lady that she had no case. The question now being mooted is an interesting one to the public at large.

All attorneys of the court are under a solemn oath to keep inviolate the secrets of their clients, and the plaintiff claims such declarations in regard to a pending case are violations of duty in this respect, for which damages would be given. The tongue bridle is an important article in the legal profession, notwithstanding it is a "talking" business.—Lewiston Journal.

Thackeray as a Public Speaker.

Mr. Sala says that Thackeray aspired to be an after dinner speaker, but his efforts in that line were not very happy. On the morning of a great banquet in Hyde park the novelist told Mr. Sala, in answer to an inquiry, that his prepared speech was "as bright as sixpence!" "I have repeated it twice to myself, and it will go trippingly," he added. It did go trippingly, for after he had stumbled through two or three disjointed sentences he became completely upset and was obliged to sit down.

Flowers at Funerals.

The English journals are agitating again the waste of money in funeral flowers. A correspondent writes to one of them that he has formed the habit of sending to the local hospital the price of a funeral wreath on the occasion of the death of any friend whose memory he would wish to honor. It is suggested in an accompanying comment that the gift may be explained by a line, "In memory of ——, in lieu of funeral flowers."

As a matter of fact, in this country the abuse of flowers in this regard is not so flagrant as formerly. It is a lovely office which the bunch of memorial blossoms fills—it would be a pity to banish it altogether, though it is an equal, if not a greater, shame to outrage it as is often done.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE

may be robbed of its charms by the blight of a poor complexion

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder

is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades:—Pink or flesh, White and brunette.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR MILLING WORKERS

Either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. A capital is not required you can not risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

J. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

FIRST Beginners' - Class —AT— LESTER'S WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5TH.

Academy now open for the reception of pupils. No circulars will be mailed this season. See daily papers for announcement of classes or call at the academy. All former pupils and friends are cordially invited to call and learn the arrangements of classes for season of '94-'95. If desired arrangements can be made for private classes either for adults or children; special inducements will be offered to those who desire to form such classes. Choice of afternoons or evenings will be given those making first application.

Children's class begins Saturday, Sept. 29th.

D. C. Lester, member of American National Association of Masters of Dancing. Assistants, Mrs. Helen Lester, Mr. Charles A. Lester. Pianist, Mrs. May Darling.

8 Cents and 7 Cents.

These are prices made for One week on a

BLUE PLATE —AND ON A— JAPANESE .·. TEAPOT.

The prices are made low enough to sell them at once, and the entire lot ought to go in a short time. Both bargains are of first class material, and we cannot duplicate them for more than twice the money.

French & Puffer, 245 Central Street.

Rochester Lager Beer,

Brewed by the Rochester Brewing Company, is the best beer in the market, for age, purity and strength, and the sole agent in Lowell and vicinity is the proprietor of the GOLDEN SHEAF, who bottles and sells this beer for family use, and also offers it as bottled by the brewery, see the different brands:

The Premier, a fine table beer, put up in the most attractive manner.

The Bohemian, an unequalled table beer, a very attractive beer for the table.

These beers can be obtained for prescription purposes of Billingwood & Co. and the East Merrimack street drug store.

VICTOR PENCIL.—The Harris house is now among those which have this delicious drink for sale.

The Golden Sheaf 55 MIDDLE ST., LOWELL, MASS.

JAMES MEEK, HAY, GRAIN AND POULTRY FOOD. Little Stone Mill foot of Anne St. LOWEST PRICES. TELEPHONE 9-22

M. W. MILLER House and Fresco Painter and Paper Hanger. 65 WILLIE STREET. Wall Papers supplied at wholesale rates. Get my prices before going elsewhere.

Great Removal Sale.

We are about to remove to more commodious quarters and find it necessary to close out our present stock of Harnesses of every description. The greatly reduced prices will place our stock within reach of everybody in need of Harnesses. Have leased for a term of years the "Old Brabrook Stand," established in 1827.

J. C. DONOVAN, 57 Market street.

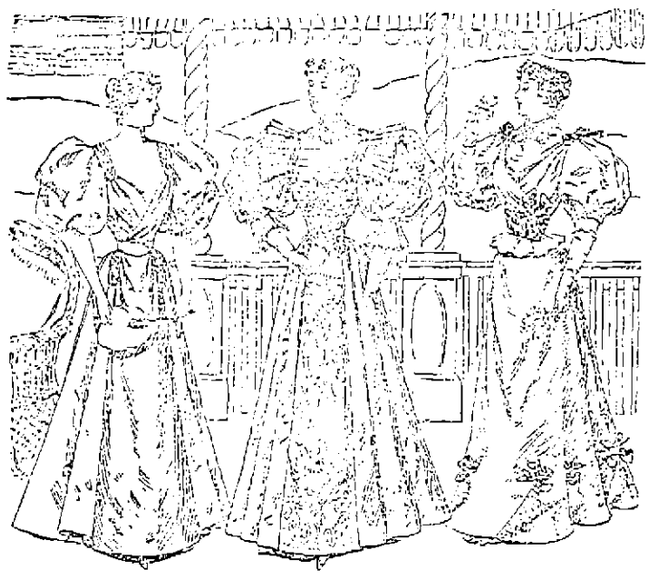
McCARTIN'S BAKERY, 107 Gorham Street. Domestic Bread, Cake and Pastry. Orders for Wedding Cake promptly filled. Teams received for baking.

JAMES A. CAWLEY, Moore Street COAL. Telephone for Summer Prices. All orders promptly delivered. (Late of firm of Cawley Bros

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Everything Will be Covered With Ribbons This Fall.

New Fancies In Black Crepe Cloths Adapted For Mourning and Other Wear—Rainstorm, Crocodile, Teardrop and Lizard Markings In Empress and Eudora Cloth.



THREE CHARMING GOWNS.

The gown on the right is of mauve faille, with full draped blouse, pelka surplice with heliotrope belt and trimmings. The center one is of pink chaille, with front panel of Spanish flouncing. The sleeves are of lace and the horizontal plaiting is of white crepon. The other is lawnmie, apple green in color, trimmed with white lace.

Ribbon and more ribbon and still more in addition will be the watchword this fall and winter. No costume except the tailor gowns will be complete without ribbon, and even one or two rows of thick grosgrain ribbon may be seen on those, stitched and pressed down tightly. Lace and ribbon are to women's attire what the blossom is to the tree, and they will be worn to an extent never before dreamed

NEW FALL GOWNS.

of, or at least so I believe from what I have seen and heard this past week. Grosgrain and satin ribbons in light colors and black lead, and next comes satin faced velvet ribbon with woven edge, and after this the moires and very wide and astonishing plaids. These two latter kinds will be mostly used for sashes and bows on hats, though they will prove very useful also as trimmings for children's dresses. The ribbon is applied in every conceivable manner to dresses and wraps, jackets and underwear. Nothing is considered finished without ribbon somewhere about it. I remember one dress that had a complete overskirt made of flots of ribbon. The ribbon met around the upper part, and I am not sure that it did not lap in some parts, and the ends were left to hang loose to the bottom of the skirt, where they were cut out in deep fishtails. The effect of this arrangement was extremely graceful when the wearer was in motion. Several other gowns were garnished in very nearly the same manner, though with wider ribbons and not so many of them. They all appeared to be fastened under a belt, and thus the whole set could easily be transferred from one gown to another if the ribbon is of a good and firm quality.

The plaid ribbons are generally about 10 to 12 inches wide and of the rawest, most glaring colors. They are always of the taffeta silk, and I noticed one design made of three shades of red and three shades of yellow and a little brown. They follow the patterns and designs of the taffeta silks to be offered a patient and long suffering public next spring. They would have been presented this winter if the American people had not been too much troubled by hard times to endure such a shock.

There are some of the loveliest cheviots this fall that have ever been shown. The colors are no longer confined to mixtures, gray, brown, blue, etc., but they are shown in the most delicate of tints, like salmon, pale blue, etc., and a few of them have small dots or other figures. These are rather light in texture and very soft. Almost all the woolens are woolly this season, except some of the finest black goods, where the ground is what they call scheil, but which means that the groundwork is glossy and shining. Among this line of goods are some of the most superb and exquisite fabrics ever shown. The celebrated Priestley fabrics are the most beautiful as well as perfect. The number of different woven designs on the silk warp henriettes is legion. There are pebble designs, seeded effects, alligator weave, and no limit to the patterns, all small, but exquisitely wrought out on that standard material by throwing up the figures in mohair, the body of the goods being half silk and half Australian wool. There is one figure like the crackle glassware. Then there are no end of fancy cheviots with mohair figures, tiny flowers, dots, pinheads, squares, herringbone stripes with all sorts of small figures thrown over the surface in bright mohair, and all figures are small, but remarkably clear. This comes from the using of the mohair, which is as glossy as silk over the duller Australian wool. All these extra fine designs and figured goods come under the name of wool fancies, and all have either a cheviot, empress, eudora or silk warp ground. There are several new effects in armures and fine honeycomb and many magnificent wool brocades which will be used for cloakings. The eudora cloth and a dead fine empress cloth as well as a drap d'alma are seen both plain and figured, and the effect in them all is a bright and lustrous ground still further illuminated by the small dainty figures brocaded over them.

There are perhaps 20 new fancies in black crape cloths which are really beautiful, and while adapted for mourning are not altogether for such garments and are made up with moire or grosgrain silks. Some of the crape cloths have pretty figures brocaded on them. Crape cloth is a mixture of Australian wool and mohair or vicuna, and that makes the crinkle show up very well. There are also several new designs in basket weave, and the homespun and hopsack are not entirely forgotten. The drap d'alma is very fine and close, and that, with silk warp henrietta, eudora cloth and a new material called mourning cashmere, makes up the list of the finest mourning goods, though all of these can be worn at other times, according to the manner of trimming.

There are also wool crepons in black, with waved effect, and rough, woolly camel's hair, and there are many ribbed effects and stripes, both straight and broken, all in black woven, so that there appears to be several shades of dark gray to black.

Some of the empress and eudora, also the silk warp henriettes, show the oddest designs, such as a rainstorm, crocodile and lizard markings, stars, geometrical figures and teardrops. There is no lightning, but from amid a clouded ground the raindrops appear to fall.

Among the finest of the back woolens, as in silks, the ribbed effects are seen. The empress is closely woven after that style and is generally overstrown with other figuring, and I noticed some of these where there was a wide moire wool stripe between a woolen crape one, and both sprinkled with dots representing drops of water.

The heavy cheviots for late fall and winter are beyond measure the handsomest goods of this kind ever before produced. The twill is deep and firm, and the surface is covered with fine hairs, which give it a most elegant look not to be mistaken. It shows its value at once

TWO MOURNING GOWNS.

and is really the handsomest material ever offered for outdoor winter dresses. This quality of cheviot retails for about $3.50 per yard, but is 54 inches wide, so that six yards will make a full gown, and it will wear forever and never go out of fashion, for cheviot is the daily bread of dress materials. If a lady can afford but one expensive dress, the most useful and elegant one would be the black cheviot, black grosgrain next.

Writing grosgrain reminds me that that sterling weave of silk is the favorite for this fall and winter and probably for next season, too, for dresses. The remarkable popularity of silk shirt waists has made it necessary to produce a new silk for them. The patterns are very small and neat and are in every instance thrown over a changeable ground. I saw some where the pattern consisted of one thread stripes, and these stripes were checked in the weaving, with three stitches missed at equal distances, which gave the effect of very fine dots. These were in black and white over a ground changing from blue to bronze. The same pattern was wrought over a crimson and blue, and, in fact, every new design was produced in 10 colors. All this was in taffeta quality. There were hundreds of new designs in such silks, all beautiful and refined.

For dress silks the grosgrain is prime favorite. Part of it is quite plain and of excellent wearing quality—that is, the American made silks, for the foreign silks, as they always do, go shiny with two or three wearings. Our American silks are free from whatever is put in the foreign silks, and so keep their luster to the last hour of existence. The bengalines are also seen, most of them with small figures brocaded over them. There is something about bengaline that shows up a brocaded pattern as though it were carved thereon, and it is very rich. There are also more kinds of brocades than I could write down in a month. Black and white in very tiny figures, cross, broken and hairline stripes are seen, and also some exquisitely fine silks where the ground is a fine rep, with very small brocaded figures. I have one piece before me in rep with a lustrous ground combining dark green with chestnut brown. Scattered irregularly over the surface are numbers of triangular satin spots, some of them brown and some peacock blue, bordered with moss green. The delicacy of the work may be judged when I state that the figures are not a sixteenth of an inch long, and the border to them is no thicker than No. 60 cotton. This silk is produced in 10 colors, not including the black, and that allows every woman to suit herself. The quality is most excellent. The grosgrain silks are as often brocaded as plain, and the figures are all small, neat and artistic. The figures are rarely floral, but dots, rhomboids, par-

NEW SILK COSTUMES.

allelograms and stars, moons and twigs, everything that can be imagined, and they are so well woven that there can scarcely be said to be any reverse side to the silk.

The handsomest dress I have seen this week was of black grosgrain, with a rose plaiting at the bottom and a cape collar trimmed with beaded passementerie. It was a pattern model imported dress and was shown with a beautiful mourning costume of silk warp henriette and courtauld crape, both with stiff skirts not too full, but having ample folds. There was a pale gray cheviot, too, that was very beautiful. The skirt was plain but for a little apron drapery and a large sash of reseda green velvet, with white guipure applique. The sleeves were of gray silk, with small green figures, and the waist had a trimming of fancy jet.

Another very handsome dress was of the brown figured taffeta, described above. The upper skirt lifted in two places on the left side. The sleeves and waist were trimmed with knife plaitings and fancy white and brown silk passementerie.

At this same house, which makes a specialty of its fine madeup gowns, were two beautiful dresses for sisters, one of them being of black grosgrain, with white horizontal broken stripes. Around the skirt and on the plain waist were set bands of guipure insertion picked out here and there with a silver bead. At the waist was a knotted belt of black ribbon, and above and below the insertion was a narrow flat satin ribbon sewed.

The other gown was of the green silk mentioned above, and the skirt opened over a panel of chestnut colored satin and was finished with a windmill bow of satin ribbon to match. The folded belt was of the same, finished by white guipure in the form of a corselet. The front opened over a satin vest, and there was a shirred collaretto of the silk finished by white guipure.

I have nothing but unqualified praise to give all the new fall and winter styles, except the glaring, flaring plaid ribbons, and even they, when properly used, may not prove so terrible a shock to weak nerves.

MATE LEROY.

A Summer In Kashmir.

In the middle of the year, when the snows are melting, the Sind river is very muddy and rushes down the valley with such speed that the water becomes a mass of foam, on which the sunlight through the trees often flashes with great brilliancy of effect. The wild flowers were beautiful, especially the roses, of which there were great quantities growing in clusters like the favorite banksia of California. The single flowers, however, were much larger, opened wide and were of a very pure white. There were pink roses, too, and yellow and white jasmines, and among innumerable other shrubs the wild indigo, which grew in great profusion and which in the distance suggested heather, but when riding through it was found to be five or six feet high.

The path was very pleasantly situated by low growths and by fine mulberry and walnut trees. Mulberries are very common throughout the valley and form an important article of food both for the people and the fish. They are the most effective bait for small trout, and the missionary doctor in Srinagar informed me as a proof of the real poverty of the people that the children are always much fatter and better looking at the end of the mulberry season than at any other time.—Francis P. Lefroy in Californian.

No Danger In Oranges.

The Berlin correspondent of The Medical Press and Circular states that the imperial health office has recently issued an announcement to the effect that experiments have demonstrated that the bacteria of cholera in contact with the cut surfaces of both oranges and lemons are destroyed in a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruits, but even then they die within 24 hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in these fruits.

In consequence of this quality the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restriction on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons, and as these are consumed in larger quantities in this country than perhaps any other fruit the news will be reassuring.

A King's Deathbed.

When any question was brought before William IV of England on which he was not prepared to express an opinion, he would say, "That's another matter."

On his deathbed, watching through an open window the sun sinking below the horizon, he said reflectively to the archbishop of Canterbury, who stood near:

"Ah, my friend, I shall not see another sunset."

"We don't know that, sire," answered the prelate, "and I pray heartily that your majesty may see many more."

"That's another matter," replied the king.—"Gossip of the Century."

Lawyers and Their Fees.

According to the last census there are 33,163 lawyers in the United States, who receive $35,000,000 every year in fees. This would give an average professional income of about $1,100 to every lawyer; from which it would appear that the law is still one of the best paying professions, if it were not for the fact that the unequal division of the sum total gives to about two-thirds of the whole number hardly enough to pay laundry bills for cleansing their consciences.—Chicago Legal Adviser.

Raw Beef Eating as a Fad.

English medical authorities are advising their patients that beef is more digestible raw than cooked. Quite a circle of raw beef eaters is being established, and it promises to become a fad.—New York Recorder.

HOW SERIES.

INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT THE CARE OF A STOVE.

The Various Parts Require Careful Treatment—Blacking Need be Applied Only Once a Month—How to Care For Wet Shoes.

The normal ear is capable of hearing considerably better than is necessary for the ordinary purposes of civilization—in fact, is endowed with what may be termed "superfluous hearing." Proper tests will discover the loss of even a small portion of this superfluous hearing and warn us that we are gradually becoming deaf—in fact, already partially deaf—although we may not have noticed the slightest deficiency.

According to Popular Science Monthly, this explains why it is that many victims of certain forms of chronic deafness believe their complaint to have been sudden in its beginning, when in reality it has been progressing for several years, the longer time having been occupied by the gradual loss of the "superfluous hearing" and the patient's attention not having been directed to his affliction until the "necessary hearing" was encroached upon.

The authority mentioned says that the great majority of all forms of deafness are dependent upon and directly resultant from affections of the nose and throat. The earliest symptoms of beginning deafness in many cases is a ringing sound in the ears. Many persons describe it as a noise all through the head rather than in the ear itself. It is at first intermittent and occasional. The ringing may be present for some time, scarcely perceptible, when suddenly the sound will change, becoming much louder and the notes jumping high up in the scale, where it will continue to ring quite loudly for some minutes and gradually die away, to appear again some time afterward. It may reappear in a few hours, as the trouble with the ear progresses. Ringing in the ears may also be the prelude to an acute attack of earache, but it is here very soon followed by pain, which so predominates over the ringing that it is no longer heard. If the hearing is properly tested just as soon as the ringing in the ears has become more or less constant, some degree of deafness will be detected. As the case progresses, even before all the so called superfluous hearing has been destroyed, the patient will realize that he is becoming deaf.

For this condition there is nothing to be done by the patient himself. Advice from a physician should be obtained just as soon as diminution of hearing is suspected.

The Infective Period of Various Diseases.

The report of a clinical society is the source of some details in regard to the period of incubation of infective diseases. Diphtheria, 2 to 7 days, oftenest 3; typhoid fever, 8 to 14 days, sometimes 23; influenza, 1 to 4 days, oftenest 3 to 4; measles, 7 to 18 days, oftenest 14; mumps, 2 to 3 weeks, oftenest 3 weeks; rubeola, 2 to 3 weeks; scarlet fever, 1 to 7 days, oftenest 2 to 4; smallpox, 9 to 15 days, oftenest 12. Diphtheria was found to be infective during the period of incubation, attacks and convalescence; mumps and rubeola are also infective for three or four days before the onset of the parotiditis and appearance of the rash; the contagiousness of the measles speedily disappears and does not continue in disinfected persons for over three weeks; typhoid fever is infectious from the time of onset until two weeks after the fever has gone and convalescence sets in; the contagiousness of scarlet fever varies greatly, but is generally continued a very long time, certainly until desquamation ceases and sometimes as long as eight weeks.

A French Tan and Freckle Lotion.

Rosewater 6 ounces; glycerin, half ounce; bitter almond water, 2½ drams; tincture of benzoin, 2½ drams; borax, 1½ drams.

Rub the borax with the glycerin, gradually adding the rose and almond waters. Lastly, add the tincture of benzoin, agitating constantly. Apply night and morning.

NOTES AND LETTERS.

Brief, Crisp, Yet Elegant, Are the Society Woman's Missives.

Every one has been in houses where the request for writing material occasioned a search all over the house for the family inkstand and the family supply of paper. Such houses, however, do not in these days exist in cities, where very much of the commerce of life must needs be carried on by means of notes. A society woman's day begins with the reading of and replying to her many correspondents' missives, remarks Harper's Bazar in preface to the following:

But this is a hurried age. We do everything in haste, and we seldom take time and thought to go through things as thoroughly as those did who went before us. Therefore crisp, hurried notes are very much in order, and a cardinal point in good breeding is to write these with grace and precision, though with promptness. The art of terse expression, of putting things clearly and lucidly, yet without brusqueness, is one to be cultivated sedulously.

No gift should ever be received without the formal courtesy of acknowledgment, and this should be as full and as appreciative as possible. No one need be afraid of giving a superfluity of thanks. If possible, a note of thanks should be sent immediately on the receipt of a gift. It loses its grace by being deferred. So it is with the answers to invitations. They should be written and sent at once, if possible by the next mail after their reception, so that the person from whom they come may know how to go on in her arrangements in case either of acceptance or its opposite. Much embarrassment and great inconvenience may be caused by tardy attention to an invitation.

Notes of condolence or of congratulation should follow rapidly upon the event which calls them forth. To rejoice with those who are happy, to express sympathy with those who are in sorrow, is the dictate of kindness and neighborly feeling, and no one who aspires to a place in good society ever neglects these obligations. In fact, the answering of every letter personally or by a secretary is a token of good breeding, and the well bred are punctilious in doing this.

A Substitute.

Behind a tinted ivory fan
One night I saw a face,
'Twas molded on such marv'lous plan
And woo'd by such sweet grace

That we I left an impulse fine
Led me to certain bliss,
And on two lips pursed up to mine
I left a fervent kiss.

That we were watched I dreamed not then;
Alas! had I but known!
For when next night I came again
I found—her chaperon.

—Tom Masson in Vogue.

Afraid of the Signs.

Mrs. Brown—How do you like your neighbor, Mrs. Black?

Mrs. Green—Oh, I like her well enough, but I suspect she doesn't think much of me. I saw our girl talking to her over the fence last evening.—Boston Transcript.

ON BABIES.

Georgie Tells of the Different Kinds of Babies He Knows.

There is three kinds of babies. Babies that ain't borned yet, babies that is borned and babies that never o't to bin borned, and doll babies, but cats' babies is kittens, and dogs' babies is pups, but a cow's baby is a calf, and so forth.

Babies is bawled and bald. Good babies is the kind you read about. They are mostly dead, or else they belong to uther fokes and not to you.

A baby is a small pece of breething skin which is like a nuspaper—red awl over (gosh). Some fokes uses them for clocks, because a baby's insides is all full of yells, and when he goes off it is night, and most parunts knows it is time for them to git up.

Some babies was invented by Mr. Edison, and some by uther men.

Babies is devided into 2 kinds—boys and the kind that never o't to bin borned—gurls. But twins and triplers is the uther kind whitch comes in groops.

Babies ain't got no teeth, but they want to swaller thare own fists and everything, the littul suckers! But thare is too mutch babies in this world anyhow. If doctors would only mind thare own bisnis and cure sick fokes mort and not go round for so mutch new babies awl the time, the world wouldn't have half so mutch trubble. They could cure awl the collick and meezles on erth by not finding no more babies, and littul boys like me would get some atenshun too.

If uther babies growed in egs like a hen's, you could eat them, and they wouldn't git borned to squall and waste milk on. But a duck's babies is called goslings.

Some babies is very tuff. You can drop them on the floor and nock thare heds on the wall and slam them awl over the house and they won't kick none, nor cry. They don't have no hooping colf, nor nothing. They never wake up, and thare stummicks don't ake, because they are full of sawdust, and they are doll babies.

Our baby makes me tired—she crows 2 mutch. I gess she's stuck on herself.

Unckle bob don't like babies no more. He used to dote on them, but he don't dote no more. Ourn cured him. ma she let him hold the baby and that settled it.

I gess unckle don't no the rite name for pants, for when he was agoin away he said that darned brat of ourn had dampened his ardor. He always was grate for big words. But a mouse ain't a rat's baby any more then a bullit is a cannon ball's little boy.

Lams is baby shepes with wool whiskers on thare outsides to make clothes out of for storekeepers to stick you with. But if babies could only stay littul they would be happy, for When they git growed up and havt to hump for a living they find out what a hard, coaled spere this world is, you bet.

Jay babies is borned on farms, and has one nerse, whitch is its muther, but city babies is brot up on a bottil, and hast to be interdused to its muther 2 or 5 times a yere, because city muthers has got to be swell.—Truth.

Newspaper "Cuts."

The question of "cuts" in the columns of the daily newspapers, if not exactly a burning one, excites more animated comment than many of more importance. It has been settled in favor of their use now by every considerable morning paper in New York, and the report reaches us that an "art plant" has been arranged for the most conservative journal in that most conservative city, Philadelphia. In the calmer atmosphere of weekly journalism the problem has long since been solved by the adoption of the apparently simple principle that "illustrations" should illustrate. There is no more reason why the reader should not receive accurate information or pleasing or satisfying impressions through the fruits of the engraver's art than there is why he should not be given, in legible type, the printed matter that is suited to his needs and tastes.

That the business of printing pictures, whether once or seven times or thirty times a month, may be conducted in a manner to make the judicious grieve, or even swear, is something of which the general reader does not need to be informed. He cannot pass a railroad station without having it forced on his weary and wounded mind. But no general business practice is to be adjudged by its abuses alone or condemned on account of them. The one thing that the last half century of publishing in this and in other countries has established very clearly is that good pictorial work justifies itself wherever it can be achieved, and with this solid fact to go upon the timid or oversensitive or desperate critic of bad pictorial work may wait with patience for its disappearance.—Harper's Weekly.

The Memory of a Fall.

"I wonder how it comes about," said J. T. Abrams, "that a beautiful face of which you only had one glance in all your life can live so vividly in your memory? Mine was a mere passing glance. Why, confound it all, every time a chilly rain drizzles down all day and makes everything lonesome and cold I feel like getting off alone and looking out on the dull earth—just to think of that one face. It has been so long now, nearly twelve years since I met a pale faced girl in New York coming along Fifty-first street. It was a disagreeable day, with muddy streets and drizzling rain to beat everything. Some dark brown curls were loosened by the wind and lay limp and wet against her forehead. I observed all this in passing by, and I imagined that the girl was hungry or homeless, or both, but I couldn't tell; all I could do was simply to turn and look after her.

"I have traveled nearly around the world since then in Asia, Africa and Europe and out through the lonesome, dreary mining camps of the west, but I haven't been able to forget that face. On bright days I wonder little about her, but every time it rains I feel this way. I know away down near the Cape of Good Hope I sat one entire morning looking out and seeing that girl's face in the wet leaves of the trees and pools of water held in basins of sand. It was always one thought—what did the girl want?—whether she was hungry and cold, or homeless and cold, or both, and why didn't I help her? Queer, isn't it?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The First.

The editor turned pale and caught at his desk for support.

"James," he called to the office boy.

"Sir."

"Take that envelope out in the coalhouse and open it with the ax."

Five minutes later the boy returned, pale and trembling.

"Was my presentiment right?" asked the editor hoarsely.

"Yes," sobbed the boy, striving in vain to keep the tears back. With a despairing cry the editor fell to the floor in a fit.

The first spring poem had arrived.—Truth.

Taking the Initiative.

First Medical Man—I was summoned the other day to a neighboring town in which there were 20 cases of influenza. By the time I got there all the patients had died.

Second Ditto—I presume they thought it no use waiting for you.—Petit Parisien.

Why He Disliked Him.

"What was your objection to my predecessor?" asked the missionary of the aesthetic cannibal.

"He was utterly devoid of taste," returned the cannibal, with a wry face.—Harper's Bazar.

A. G. Pollard & Co.

ANOTHER SPECIAL SALE AND RARE BARGAIN

TO COMMENCE ON

TUESDAY MORNING NEXT

September 4th,

38 CASES WHITE DOMET FLANNELS

-AT ONLY-

4 CENTS PER YARD.

We have just purchased from one of the largest Flannel Mills, their entire accumulation of short lengths in White Domet Flannels, running from 2 to 12 yards, and shall open them in our Palmer Street Annex on Tuesday Morning next, at the unprecedented low price of 4 CENTS PER YARD. They are a handsome creamy white, very soft and thoroughly unshrinkable, and in suitable weight for underwear, skirts, dresses, waists, or any purpose for which Flannels can be used. They are now on exhibition in our Palmer Street Windows, and will be placed on sale TUESDAY MORNING NEXT. CALL EARLY.

A. G. POLLARD & CO.,

Merrimack, Palmer, and Middle Streets.

CAN WE DO IT?

YES, WE CAN, AND WE WILL

Promptly at 8.30 o'clock Today, Saturday, September 1, we offer to the public, Men's Women's, Children's, Infants'

WOOLEN HOSIERY

Which are Mill Seconds and Samples, not entirely perfect, but the imperfections do not in the least interfere with the looks or wearing qualities of the goods, while the price on such well known Hose as "THE SHAWKNIT," for men, and other mills equally well known, which make only Women's and Children's Hose, will be shown in a vast array of styles, qualities, etc., at FULLY ONE HALF WHAT THE MILLS CHARGE US for the goods today. There is more than one hundred thousand dozen for you to select from, all bought during the dull months of May, June, and July, for cash down on delivery of the goods. Lots small or large were not refused by us when the maker made prices low enough, our aim being to save our customers from 5c. to 25c. on every pair of Woolen Hose needed for themselves or their families for the fall and winter of '94-95. Hose usually selling for 10c., 15c., 17c., 19c., 21c., 25c., up to 50c.

CAN BE HAD AT THIS GREAT SPECIAL SALE AT 5c., 8c., 10c. 12c., 15c.

And this last price for an elegant quality of Ladies' Hose, worth 25c. a pair. We will have our GREAT WINDOW DISPLAY ready for Friday noon. Don't fail to see it. Now is your opportunity to fit the children out with school hose at low prices.

Cook, Taylor & Co.,

231, 233, 235, and 237 Central Street.

O'Donnell & Gilbride.

Japanese Umbrella Stand, 89c each.
Japanese Teapots, regular price 25c, down to 9c. each.
Japanese A. D. Coffees, regular price 50c, down to 19c.
Japanese Berry Bowls, 19c per set of 3.
China Cuspadors, 39c each, worth 50c.
Parlor Cuspadors, $1.25, reduced from $2.50.
1 lot of Japanese Cups and Saucers that sold for 25c, reduced to 5c. to close.
56 piece Tea Sets, 3 colors, $2.69 per set, reduced from $3.50.
130 piece Dinner Set, flo blue, full gold line, $19, worth $30.
130 piece Dinner Set, semi-porcelain, full gold line, pencil decorations, only $16.49, reduced from $25.
10 piece Toilet Sets, $1.89, reduced from $3.
10 piece Toilet Sets $2.19, reduced from $4.
12 piece Toilet Sets, $3.98, reduced from $13.
12 piece Toilet Sets, Dresden pattern, $15.49, were formerly $25.
10 piece Sets, pencil decorations, full gold line, $3.49, reduced from $7.
1 lot of American China Dinner Sets, 112 pieces, hand decorated, gold striped, reduced from $15 to $9.98.
Stone China Cup, Saucer and Plate Sets 17c. per set, reduced from 25.
1 lot 10 inch Porcelain Lamp Shades, plain White, 29c, worth 50c.
50 dozen Gas Globes, in assorted colors, to close at 43c. each, worth 50c.
Plain white Gas Globes 19c each.
50 dozen pint Bowls, decorated, 5c each.
50 dozen quart " " 6c each.
30 dozen 2 quart " " 7c each.
Table Tumblers, imitation cut bottom, 30c per dozen, reduced from 50c.
Table Tumblers, pressed, banded, 50c dozen, were 75c.
Plain Pressed Tumblers, ground bottom 39c. per dozen, reduced from 60c.
Glass Pitchers, half gal. size, 2 for 25c.
Glass Footed Comports, 8 inch, 2 for 25c.
Quadruple Plate Pickle Jars, that sold for $1.50, reduced to 98c.
Triple Plated Butter Dishes, regular price $1.98, reduced to $1.23.
5 bottle Castor, regular price $3, reduced to $1.98.
50 dozen Tea Spoons, $1.73 per dozen, warranted first quality, Rogers' A1 goods.
75 dozen Desert Forks and Spoons, at $2.98 per dozen.
50 dozen Medium Forks and Table Spoons, at $3.25 per dozen, these are all A1 goods, warranted.
100 Japanese Pin Trays, that sold for 15c each, reduced to 10c. each.
We are also headquarters for Mason and Lightning Fruit Jars, Jelly Tumblers, Ice Cream Freezers, etc.
1 gross Favorite Pillow Sham Holders, regular price 30c, reduced to 13c.
Dover Egg Beaters reduced to 10c each.
Tooth Picks, double point, 3c package, 2 for 5c.
Toilet Paper, reduced to 10c. package.
35 dozen Straw Cuffs that sold at 10c per pair, to close at 3c per pair.
Ladies Dinner pails, 3 parts, 15c. each, regular 25c pail.
Nickle Plated Tea Kettles, copper bottom, reduced from $1.10 to 69c. each.
Oil Stove Tea Kettles, 10c each, regular price 15c.
25c. Dish Pans reduced to 15c each.
25c Tea Kettle Steamers reduced to 17c each.
50c. Tea Kettle Steamers reduced to 39c each.
1 lot of Sink Cleaners, sold to date at 5c, to close 3c each
Stove Brushes, former price 15 to 25c, only 7c each.
Shoe Brushes, formerly 25c, now 10c. each.
Coat and Hat Racks, regular price 15c, sale price 7c. each.
Towel racks, former price 25c, reduced to 7c.
One lot of Steel Hammers that sold for 30c, reduced to 19c. each.
Hammers 9c each, regular price 20c.
3 gross Corn Brush Brooms at 5c each, regular price 10c.
7-inch Glass Berry Dishes, 15c. each, or 2 for 25c.

O'DONNELL & GILBRIDE.

Importers and Retailers of Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture.

MERRIMACK, PALMER and MIDDLE STREETS

HORSE TENDERLOIN.

Pretty Good Eating, According to a Man Who Has Had Experience.

"Did I ever eat any horse meat? Well, I guess I have, and if I hadn't I doubt if I would ever have been here," said Lieutenant John Poppe of Cincinnati's detective force.

"When was that, lieutenant?"

"During the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition of 1876 against Sitting Bull. The whole story of the expedition has been recounted by Captain Charles King. He was the adjutant of my regiment and has written things just about as they occurred, though many people believe that such things are exaggerated. I had some experiences which, when I come to think them over, seem more like fairy stories, but at the same time they were hard facts, I tell you."

"But what about eating horse meat?" was asked as the lieutenant evinced indications of dropping the subject. "Is it good, lieutenant?"

"Yes. If you had a fine horse tenderloin in one hand and one of beef in the other and didn't know one of them was horse meat, I'll bet you would choose in favor of horse tenderloin. Take a nice horse steak, and it is sweeter than beef and more tender. The meat is coarser grained. I lived for 10 days on that and buffalo berries."

"What are buffalo berries?"

"They are a little red berry that grows in the Bad Lands of Dakota. If it hadn't been for those berries, we would all have had the scurvy upon that expedition. We left with 15 days' rations and got about 10 days' rations after meeting General Frey's command. We got into the Bad Lands after Sitting Bull and found ourselves 10 days from nowhere without rations. They began cutting down upon the army biscuits until they ran out, and then we commenced to kill the horses as they would drop from fatigue. The first horse meat I ate was a piece of kidney, and I was pretty hungry or I wouldn't have eaten that. After tasting a nice steak I enjoyed it as much as beef."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEER HONEY GATHERERS.

Tiny Ants Which Are Living Storehouses For Honey Brought by Others.

"As I sat in my office in Santa Fe one day," said the ex-government official from New Mexico, "my next door neighbor, a deputy land surveyor, came in.

"'Did you ever see honey ants?' he said, and held out for my inspection a round tin blacking box, the bottom of which was well covered with translucent yellow spheres about the size of large peas. Fast to each of these orbs, as if in emerging it had become stuck by its tail, was a tiny ant of a light brown color. The pellucid sphere I perceived at a second glance to be a membranous sac expanding from the posterior end of the ant and a hundred times the size of the rest of the insect's body and filled with clear honey. By these honey balls the little creatures, kicking and clawing feebly in the unaccustomed light of day, were anchored, so to speak, beyond all power of moving about.

"These ants, I then learned, are found in colonies, the workers of which gather the honey from the galls of the oak tree and bring it to those whose function it is thus to store it. The honey, which is both bitter and sweet, the Mexicans regard as a 'dulce' and eat eagerly. Used as an ointment, it is regarded by them as a remedy for soreness of the eyes.

"Two or three days afterward, happening to be in the land surveyor's office, I glanced into the tin box again. Most of the globules had broken, and afloat in the liquid honey at the bottom were the tiny insects, drowned in their own sweetness."—New York Sun.

One of Hawthorne's Letters.

In the Duyckinck collection, as shown at the Lenox library, may be seen the manuscript of Hawthorne's "Mosses From an Old Manse," with the following letter bound with it:

"SALEM, Feb. 22, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR—At last I send you the copy for part second of the proposed collection. It will make, as near as I can calculate, just about 175 pages. I hope and fully believe that it will soon be followed by the contents of part first.

"I have bestowed much and solemn consideration upon the title of the book. 'Well Flowers From an Old Abby,' occurred to me, but it is too fine. 'Mosses and Lichens From an Old Parsonage,' that does not go off trippingly enough. 'Mosses From an Old Manse,' suits me rather better, and, if my wife agrees with me, so shall the book be christened. I will tell you in the postscript. All the titles, you perceive, refer to our old Owl's Nest at Concord, where all but two or three of the tales were written, and to which the introductory article will refer.

"Have you looked over the Dartmoor (?) papers, and do you reject them? They certainly have spirit and novelty. Truly yours, NATH HAWTHORNE.

"P. S.—We decide on 'Mosses From an Old Manse.'"—New York Critic.

Artist Healy's Diplomacy.

G. P. A. Healy, the artist, often had to draw upon all his resources with sitters. A young woman once came to his studio with her face so covered with paint and powder that every characteristic line was obliterated. He was, of course, in a dilemma. When the sketch was lined, he rose from his seat, sat down beside his subject and kindly asked her if she was feeling as well as usual. Surprised, of course, she replied that she was.

"But, Miss Jones, you walked from your hotel, did you not?" "Yes." "And you came hurriedly up stairs without stopping to rest?" "Why, yes, of course." "Ah, yes, Miss Jones, but, you see, though you may not be feverish, you have exerted yourself so severely that there is so much color in your face that I fear it would mislead me. Now, tomorrow, if you will be so good, please bathe your cheeks in cool water the first thing, come in a close carriage and stop and rest yourself upon the sofa you will find on each landing. If you do that, I am sure we shall have no more trouble."—Kate Field's Washington.

Ships Named Resolution.

No fewer than four warships named Resolution have come to an untimely end by battle, fire or wreck. The first bore the flag of Blake in his great victory off the North Foreland over Van Tromp Sept. 28, 1652, and in Monk's equally great success off the same headland July 25, 1666, she was burned by a fireship, the only one lost, as against 20 sail taken or sunk. Forty years later the Resolution engaged a squadron of six ships off the Spanish coast and was run ashore and burned by Captain Mordaunt, son of the famous Earl of Peterborough, to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Only four years afterward, 1710, near the same spot, off Barcelona, a third ship of the name was driven ashore by a storm and became a total wreck. Finally, in Hawke's great victory off Quiberon, when the French lost four ships of the line destroyed and two taken, the Resolution and Essex ran upon a sand bank and were lost, together with a portion of their crews. We should, however, put to the credit of the name the success that attended her under Captain Cook's command on his second voyage, when he explored the Antarctic continent and New Zealand and discovered New Caledonia, Georgia and other islands.—Blackburn (England) Times.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

SOMETHING OF A MINIATURE VESUVIUS.

An Experiment in Physics That May Be Presented in a Picturesque Guise—How Pepsin is Prepared—Photographing Running Water.

Place at the bottom of a glass bowl three parts full of water a little bottle containing red wine. It should be corked, but the cork must have a very small hole bored through it perpendicularly from top to bottom. We know that by reason of the difference of specific gravity between the two liquids the water will make its way

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

into the bottle and force out the wine, which will escape upward in a thin red line and finally spread itself over the surface of the water.

The experiment is one very generally known, but it may be presented in a more picturesque guise as follows: Mold with clay or plaster of paris at the bottom of the bowl a miniature mountain, high enough to just cover the bottle. In the apex make a minute opening for the wine to flow through. This will form the crater. Agitate the water a little, so that the rising stream of wine may the more nearly resemble the wind tossed smoke and flame of the volcano, and you will be enabled to offer the spectators a really very fair representation, on a small scale, of an eruption of Vesuvius.

How Pepsin Is Prepared.

Pepsin, which in various forms is so largely used as a remedy for indigestion and stomach trouble, is obtained from the membrane that lines the stomach of various animals, that of the hog being most largely used. The National Provisioner describes the method of preparing it as follows:

The fresh stomachs are deprived of their fat and divested of their outer coating, cut open, gently washed with cold water and macerated for several days in a pickle. This pickle is composed of water 30 parts and hydrochloric acid one part and requires frequent stirring. The liquid is next strained and filtered clear through coarse paper or allowed to stand 24 hours and then poured off. Common suet is then added and thoroughly mixed with the liquid. The pepsin rises to the top, and after standing is skimmed off. After this it is drained in a strainer, then submitted to strong pressure to force out all that is possible of the saline solution. Next it is carefully dried in warm air without other heat. The resultant constitutes the crude pepsin, which is used for making purified pepsin, etc. "Purified pepsin" is prepared by redissolving the crude pepsin before drying in water acidulated with hydrochloric acid, then adding just sufficient salt to separate it from its solution. It is next washed gently with cold water and drained, pressed and dried rapidly on glass with gentle heat.

Photographing Running Water.

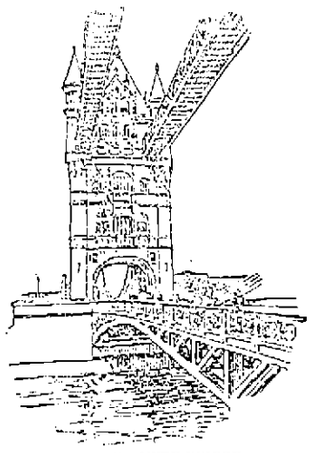
In a French photographic journal is told how to get on the same print an instantaneous fall of water and the exposed woody background. Make one after the other from the same point, two exposures of the same subject—one instantaneous, which will give you a live cascade, but the landscape will be hardly visible; the other with sufficient exposure to get a good landscape, while the cascade will be entirely solarized.

An easy retouching will render the landscape of the first plate and the cascade of the second plate completely opaque. Now print successively to the right point your two negatives on the same print, care being taken to make a careful adjustment at the second impression. In this way you will have a landscape which will have all its value and the cascade all its interest.

This operation requires naturally a great deal of artistic feeling, and more than one in the application of the process will not obtain a satisfactory result.

A Glimpse of the Tower Bridge.

From each of the two central towers of the new Tower bridge of London there extends to the other overhead a permanent footway, and down near the water two leaves or bascules, which part and rise on end to let vessels pass. Many pictures have appeared of this remarkable structure, but the New York Tribune calls attention to the accompanying one as being from a point of view hitherto unoccupied by artists. In the cut one may see not only the bascules lowered into place, but also the two parallel lattice bridges above. This part of the structure is double, like the sidewalks of a street or like the footway along the bascules. Of course when the lower crossing is available pedestrians who are in a hurry will not care to waste time by going up in elevators and then coming down again.



HALF OF TOWER BRIDGE.

Sisterly Love.

Elder Sister—Oh, you fancy yourself very wise, I dare say, but I could give you a wrinkle or two.

Younger Sister—No doubt, and never miss them.—New York Telegram.

Two Wonders of Nature.

A beetle can draw 20 times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster.—Ringgold New South.

A DOUBLE GRAVE.

How Two Old People Lost Their Lives on the Battlefield.

As the sun went down and darkness came the roar of the cannonade began to slacken and the crash of musketry to lose its spite. In another half hour it was a scattering fire all along the front, and by and by night brought a strange silence. Cannon and musket ceased to echo and regiments and brigades to march, and that made silence, but yet that silence was broken by a continuous sound such as you must hear with your own ears to understand. It was like the murmur of a mob of men coming from a long way off. It was the cries and groans of wounded men—thousands of them—left on the field between the two armies. Mingled with their cries were the pitiful groans of wounded horses as they tried to get on their feet, or, being already up, limped painfully about.

Men left wounded on a field of battle do not cry out or shout. They groan and curse or pray. Sometimes they are silent, as if dumb. They have looked into the eyes of death, as it were, and feel awed and stricken. The noise which comes up to you off a battlefield on the air of night has no fierceness about it—no harshness. It is a sobbing, murmuring chorus coming from lips parched with thirst, and you pity them and curse the very name of war as you listen.

At 10 o'clock we of Company A were pushed to the front as pickets. We scattered along the edge of a cornfield and crouched down. On the other side of the field, and hardly pistol shot away, were the pickets of the enemy. We had come up as a re-enforcement just at dark and had not looked over the ground and did not know of the farmhouse a few rods distant. At 11 o'clock, when the men on the battle lines were asleep and muttering as they dreamed, I heard footsteps in the darkness. Some one was coming along down the edge of the cornfield. I challenged, and the footsteps ceased. I challenged again, and the voice of a woman called to me through the darkness:

"Please let me come. I want to speak to you."

She came forward and stood close beside me in the gloom. I saw that she was old and gray and bent, and that she leaned heavily on a stick. The farmhouse was almost the center of battle. From noon to sundown it had been exposed to every missile of war, and that it had not been burned as well as rent and shattered was a wonder. No one lived there except an old man and his equally aged wife, and no time had been given them for flight. For hours their lives had been spared while hundreds of others had been taken, but as the sun hung low the poor old man received a mortal wound and died in her arms. She had hobbled down to me past the dead and wounded to ask help to bury him. She would go away if we would assist her, but he must be buried first.

I passed the word back, and a corporal and two men were sent forward. They had been aroused from sleep, and I feared they would speak gruffly to the poor old wife and widow, but they did not. They called her "grandma" and gave her words of sympathy, and the corporal gave her his arm to lean upon as they made their way to the house. There lay the old man dead, and while she kneeled to weep and pray beside the corpse the men dug a grave in the garden behind the house. It was a grave among the dead. In that quaint old garden, where the pinks and hollyhocks and lilies shared the ground with the lettuce and onions and cucumbers, were a score of men whose eyes would never open again.

"Now, grandma, come on, and please don't cry!" said the corporal as he helped her to her feet. "Men, get sheets from the bed. We will give him better than a soldier's burial."

With the strange murmur rising from the wounded, with the face of the dead looking up into the black night, with 200,000 living men asleep to renew their strength for the morrow's battle, they made ready to lower the gray haired dead to his resting place. Hark! Away down on the left there is the echo of a single musket, fired by accident perhaps. There is another and another, and the reports come rapidly nearer. It was always so. The discharge of one musket meant the discharge of perhaps 500. The pickets simply fired into the darkness in front. It was a signal that they were alert. The reports come rippling along the line. I fire with the rest of them, and the pop, pop, pop runs to the right. One single bullet, fired from across the cornfield, reached a human life. It cut through the branches of the cherry tree, whizzed over the tall stalked hollyhocks and struck that poor old woman in the side, as she sobbed and grieved, and laid her dead, with the tears yet welling from her eyes. She sank down and died without a cry—with only a sob in her throat. The firing died away a minute later as the men bent over her to see if she were dead. One dead in his winding sheet—the other dead and waiting.

The corporal motioned with his hand, and the men began to widen the grave. He entered the house and brought out other sheets, and when the grave was ready two bodies were lowered into it side by side. So were they covered in and left to their eternal sleep. At midnight a group of men, looking for a missing officer, entered the garden and stumbled over the newmade grave.

"Who is buried here?" they asked of one another in surprise, knowing that the living do not bury the dead until after the battle is over.

There was no one to tell them. Cavalry galloped over that grave next day; the wheels of cannon cut the earth; men fell and died there. It was stamped into the earth, as it were. Son or daughter might have searched for a lifetime and searched in vain. M. QUAD.

Overreached Himself.

An old farmer in Waldo county had a choice lot of cows, and a neighbor, seeing the herd in the pasture, asked for how much he could have his pick of one. "Twenty-five dollars," said the owner. "All right. I'll be around tomorrow and select one." The next day the owner of the cows told his hired man to drive the only poor cow in the lot to the barn. Soon the buyer put in an appearance to buy a cow. He missed one, however, and was suspicious. "How is this? You said I could have my pick of the lot. Where is that other cow?" "Oh, that cow you don't want," said the owner. "She is old and no good, so I placed her in the barn. You don't want her." But the buyer insisted on having that cow. He suspected she was the best one of the lot. "All right, then," said the seller. "Drive that cow out, John." The cow was driven out, and the buyer would not look at the rest, but purchased her at once and drove her home. A day or two afterward he came back and accused the seller of cheating him and wanted him to take the cow back. But the old fellow refused, saying that the buyer had had his pick.—Lewiston Journal.

The Cracking of a Whip.

The cracking of a knot on the end of a whip is simply the concussion of the air produced by its rapid movement. The effect differs with the material used for the whiplash, because some textures present a much greater resistance to the air than

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A STORY ABOUT THE FASHIONABLE CRIB.

Attractive Both From the Hygienic and Artistic Points of View—When Packing Your Trunk—Maple Sugar Biscuit—The Unhandy Closet.

Brass and enameled iron cribs are constantly gaining in public favor. Much, indeed, can be said in advocacy of their use. From a hygienic point of view, if for nothing else, they are to be commended. The brass ones, while costing more at the start, are probably the cheaper in the end. The enameled cribs when new, in their immaculate coating of white and gold, are very fair to look upon, but soon show the marks of usage in the unsightly places where the paint has been rubbed off. To keep them looking well requires extraordinary care and more than the average human can afford to give them.

The Decorator and Furnisher comments upon the facility with which sleeping cots of this character lend themselves to the draper's art: "With many of them there comes a canopy rod adjustable to the headboard, from which the drapery is suspended. We have seen a crib bedecked in this fashion, the curtain being of dotted swiss. Any thin material will answer for the purpose—even the humble cheesecloth need not be despised. A dainty embroidered spread and a little pillow likewise ornamented are always in order for the very young child. The pillow may have forget-menots in the corners and the word 'Baby' diagonally across the face of it."

When Packing Your Trunk.

Gather from the four corners of the domicile those things which will be needed and leave to a long rest those not needed.

Roll tightly all smaller undergarments, nightdresses, towels, etc., thus securing much more room.

Wrap each boot, slipper and shoe in a piece of tissue paper, tie mates together and slip them into convenient crevices.

Put all toilet appurtenances, each separately wrapped, in a soft bag in a corner at the top of a trunk.

Stuff with tissue paper the ribbon loops on bonnet and hat, the sleeves of dresses and toes of boots and slippers. Cover waist trimmings with the same paper.

Pin tapes to loops and sides of headgear and tack those tapes to sides of hat box, thus securing hat and bonnet from being crushed or mashed.

Cover the contents of each trunk with a large soft cloth and pin to the outside of this a paper containing a list of the contents of that particular trunk.

Lock the trunk and put the key in your purse and your purse in the pocket of the dress you will wear while traveling.—Good Housekeeping.

Ice Block Table Decoration.

Exceedingly attractive is the latest development of the ice block decoration for buffet or dinner table.

It consists of a basket cut from a solid block of ice—carved out, in fact, as stone

ICE BASKET FOR TABLE CENTER.

is carved—and then decorated with flowers and foliage till it forms a perfectly fairylike centerpiece for a table.

These blocks will last unharmed for quite five or six hours and can be carved in any shape that may suit the period and the style of the rest of the table and have the further merit of individuality, as each, is, of course, carved for the special table for which it is intended and made be made a really artistic piece of work.

Maple Sugar Biscuit.

In this tempting method of using maple sugar an ordinary soda biscuit dough is first made, and when ready to roll out a generous cupful of maple sugar which has been cut into the size of peas is stirred in. Then cut the biscuits the usual shape and let the whole process be as rapid as possible. Bake in a quick oven and serve hot. The sirup cooks out somewhat in baking and forms a sirupy coating which is very agreeable.

Any that may be left over will be liked cold next day and will also be found a pleasant addition to the children's lunch-basket.

The Unhandy Closet.

The average height of women is 5 feet 2 inches, but rarely does one find a house in the city or country in which any attention has been paid to this fact in arranging the closets. The hooks are placed 6 feet high from the floor, and lucky for the housewife if it is not more, and above that is placed a shelf, which is practically almost useless. No woman cares to mount a chair or table every time she wishes to get her bonnet or shawl, and the result is that there is a series of boxes on the floor, which, if handy, have to be removed with every sweeping.

Apple Charlotte For Eight.

Six large apples, a half box of gelatin, a pint of cream and sugar to taste. Pare and steam the apples until tender, then press them through a colander and add the sugar. Cover the gelatin with cold water and soak half an hour, then add it to the hot apples; stir until dissolved. Now pour this into a tin basin, stand the basin in a pan of ice water and stir continually until the mixture begins to thicken, then add quickly and carefully the cream, whipped. Turn in a fancy pudding mold and stand in a cold place to harden. This will serve eight persons.

Refreshing and Strengthening Drink.

Boil 2 quarts of milk with a stick of cinnamon, blanc, 4 ounces of sweet almonds, pound in a mortar with a little rosewater; mix with the milk, sweeten and let boil five minutes. Strain and set on ice until very cold. This is a refreshing drink for an invalid or any one suffering from exhaustion.

A Coincidence.

"The doctor has discovered a curious thing about Penelope's heart," said Mrs. Waldo of Beacon street. "It beats in exactly the same time as that of Shelley's 'Cenci.'"—Harper's Bazar.

He Took Her.

He—Miss Waiting, you are a puzzle to me. I never know how to take you.

She (shyly)—You never tried.—Texas Siftings.

The Life of the Ichneumon Fly.

A writer gives an interesting account of the curious habits of the ichneumon fly of Ceylon, the natural enemy of the spider. This insect is green in color and in form resembles a wasp with a marvelously thin waist. It makes its nest of well worked clay, and then goes out on a hunting expedition. Its victims are invariably spiders of various kinds, but all are subject to the same mode of treatment. A scientific sting injects some poison which effectually paralyzes the luckless spider, who is then carried off to the nest and there fastened with a dab of moist clay.

Another and another victim is brought to this chamber of horrors. Then the prescient mother ichneumon fly proceeds to deposit her eggs, one in the body of each spider, which can just move its legs in a vague, aimless manner, but can offer no resistance. This done, the fly returns to her work as a mason. She prepares more clay and builds up the entrance to this ghastly cell. Then she commences a new cell, which she furnishes in like manner and closes. Then she adds yet another cell, and so proceeds until her store of eggs are all provided for, and, her task in life being accomplished, she dies, leaving her evil brood to hatch at leisure.

In due time these horrid little maggots come to life and find themselves cradled in a larder of fresh meat. Each poor spider is still alive, and his juices afford nutriment for the ichneumon grub, till it is ready to pass into its chrysalis stage, thence to emerge as a winged fly, fully prepared to carry out the traditions of its ancestors with regard to spiders and to fulfill the purpose for which they have been created, according to ichneumon belief.—Leisure Hour.

Some Theater Curtains.

At the house occupied by Mr. George Alexander—the St. James—the act drop charmingly represents the front of the palace from which the theater takes its name. The time depicted is the days when 3-cornered hats and bob wigs were the fashion. Mr. Toole possesses an act drop which is essentially original. It shows the famous comedian, as the Don, peeping from behind a curtain, apparently to ascertain if the house is full. The curtains at Drury Lane and Covent Garden represent the green cloth of old days and are remarkable only on account of their size.

Perhaps, however, the curtain which may fittingly take rank with that of the Lyceum is used at the new Palace Theater of Varieties. It was made for the theater when Mr. D'Oyly Carte opened it with Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera, "Ivanhoe." When hanging, the curtain looks like a magnificent pair of golden gates. Measuring 33 feet high by 48 feet wide, a special room had to be hired for it to be made in.

The base of the curtain is gold colored silk, on which has been worked an applique of a darker tone of the same color. The applique, outlined by a fine cord of silk, has suspended from it a fringe with tassels. Between 500 and 600 yards of silk—a yard in width—and more than 400 of such cords have been used in the curtain. The cord and fringe were made in London and the silk in Lyons. The substance of the curtain is composed of layers of wadding, the lining being of yellow satteen. The vallance is in applique work in bright reds, blues, yellows and browns.—Million.

A Powerful Editorial.

The writing editor of a certain Cleveland newspaper is a man who is ordinarily as impervious to compliments as a stonewall is to bird shot. The other day, however, he was forced to blush at praise. A well known man in that town had by some means been reported dead, and the editor, having known him well, set about preparing an obituary editorial worthy of the occasion. When it was all done, and he had a proof of it before him, in walked the man himself.

The editor was surprised.

"I just heard," said the visitor, "that a rumor was abroad to the effect that I had gone over, and I came in to prove to you that it was not correct."

"We heard about it," said the editor, "and I just fixed you up a little something here as a token of our esteem," and he handed over the proof.

The man read it through carefully and with evident gratification.

"By Jove, old fellow," he said fervently, taking the editor's hand, "after reading that editorial I'm almost sorry the rumor isn't true."

Then the editor blushed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Physiological Fancy.

It is surprising how many people believe that the entire body of a man is renewed every seven years exactly. This used to be taught in books, and although not orthodox now is still accepted as gospel by many.

To show its inaccuracy one has only to hit a nail on his finger hard enough, for in that case the injured object will come off and be replaced by an entirely new nail.

If this process occupied seven years such an accident would be a very tiresome affair, but as any mechanic will tell you, it only occupies a few weeks. The growth is more rapid in summer than winter, but never taking more than four months.

So far as the nails are concerned, then the renewal process is repeated about 21 times during the regulation seven years, and the theory is thus destroyed, even if no other proofs of its falsity were forthcoming.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Luring Butterflies In Town.

A suggestion that valerian should be planted to attract the butterflies in our parks is made by Mr. A. Hensman, who attributes to the valerian in Regent's park the profusion of butterflies there. He says: "Several species of the common white butterfly are to be seen every year all over London, but such a variety of the vanessidi I never saw before. The painted lady, large and small tortoise shell, red admiral and the lovely peacock butterfly literally swarmed on the valerian, which is so attractive to these species. I counted on one small patch which I could have covered with my hat four of the above named species."—London News.

Distillation Among the Egyptians.

The decisive step in the knowledge of distillation was taken in Egypt. There were invented the first real distilling apparatus during the first centuries of the Christian era. They are described precisely in the works of Zosimus, an author of the third century, from the technical treatises of two women chemists named Cleopatra and Mary. In the margin of a Greek text of St. Mark are the drawings of the apparatus, and they agree exactly with the author's descriptions.—P. E. M. Berthelot in Popular Science Monthly.

Unaccountable Change In Public Taste.

Editor of Pudge—I don't see why our paper doesn't sell as well as it used to.

Publisher—No more do I. Are the jokes different from what we used to print?

Editor—No, indeed. They're identically the same.—Life.

Mother Tongue.

Teacher—What is meant by the expression "mother tongue?"

Boy—It means that the old man doesn't have much to say at home.—Texas Siftings.

The Force of Habit.

"Now, wifey, begin with your curtain lecture, else I shan't get to sleep."—Nuno Rosso.

SULPHUR BITTERS

Poor
Weak and
Weary Mothers
Raise
Puny, Pindling
Children.
Sulphur Bitters
Will make them
Strong, hearty
And healthy.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published

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CASH OR INSTALMENTS.

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AUCTIONEERS.

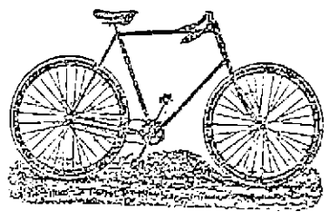
As Good as Any of Them.
Better Than Most of Them.
Charge Less Than Any of Them.

N. B.—Auction Sales conducted in all parts of the city or state.

Nos. 14, 16, 18 Merrimack Street.

(Opposite Post Office.)

A. E. O'HEIR & CO.,



CLEVELAND WHEELS.

Callahan & Sanborn

Merrimack Square, Bridge St.

MULLIN & WINSLOW,
Dealers in
COAL
At Summer Prices
1018 Gorham Street.
Telephone 21-6.

PETER J. BRADY,
GROCER.
445 Gorham Street.
Choice, Teas, Coffees and Spices. Try our "BIG TWELVE," brand of flour, the best in the city.

Arthur M. Bertrand,
(Successor to F. W. Sargent,)
MERCHANT TAILOR.
FINE TAILORING A SPECIALTY.
24 Middle Street, Lowell, Mass.
Dress Suits to Let.

Teacher of Music.
Miss Ethel O'Heir is now forming classes for Piano and Organ. For further particulars call at
COR. LANE AND HORN STS. (No. 68.)
N. B.—Would accept position as organist at reasonable terms.

LOTHROP & CUNNINGHAM.
182 Merrimack Street,
Photographers,
Crayons, Pastels and Water Colors a specialty. All work Guaranteed.

Collector's Notice.

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES,
LOWELL, MASS., AUGUST 25, 1894.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the city of Lowell, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public are hereby notified that the assessments for watering streets thereon severally assessed for the year hereinafter specified, according to the list certified to me as collector of taxes for said city by the Superintendent of streets remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of the collector at city hall, on Monday, September 24, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the payment of said assessments, with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

No. 13. Patrick Toubey estate, 1863 square feet of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate No. 450 Lawrence street, on the east side of said street, between land, now or formerly of Michael Green on the north, and land now or formerly of Daniel J. Cleary on the south.

Watering streets assessment, 1892, $1.50

No. 14. Patrick Lynch, 8130 square feet of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate No. 259 Lawrence street, on the west side of said street, between land now or formerly of Mrs. Francis McCarron on the south, land now or formerly of Thomas Kane on the west, and Richmond street on the north.

Watering streets assessment, 1892, $2.10.

No. 15. Heirs F. A. Hildreth, 10,412 square feet of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate on the north side of Merrimack street, being the Hildreth block, between land now or formerly of J. Ladd estate on the east, Merchant's National bank on the west, and a passageway on the north.

Watering streets assessments, 1892, $6.98.

No. 17. John Donohoe, 2572 sq. ft. of land, more or less, with buildings thereon, situate No. 485 and 487 Market street on the north side of said street, between land now or formerly of Mrs. Julia Reagan on the east, and land now or formerly of J. Ladd estate on the west.

Watering streets assessment, 1892, $2.25.

Other estates to be sold for non-payment of street watering assessment will be found advertised in the following local papers on this date:

Nos. 1 to 6 inclusive in Lowell Morning Mail.

Nos. 7 to 12 inclusive in Lowell Daily Courier.

Nos. 18 to 23 inclusive in Lowell Morning Times.

Nos. 24 to 29 inclusive in Lowell Daily Citizen.

Nos. 30 to 35 inclusive in Lowell Daily News.

JOHN H. HARRINGTON,
City Treasurer and Collector of Taxes for the City of Lowell.

SCOTT & O'DAY,
Plumbers and Sanitary Engineers.
Steam, Gas and Water Piping.
JOBBING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
11 SOUTH STREET,
Near Middlesex.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,
LOWELL, MASS.
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
ESTABLISHED 1852 --- CHARTERED 1865.
This school continues the careful training and thorough instruction in every department for which it has hitherto been so favorably known. For particulars address: The Superior.

JAMES MARREN,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
121 CENTRAL STREET.
Insurance placed in the most reliable companies.
All orders sent to P. O. Box 486 shall be promptly attended to.

THE MASON & HAMLIN PIANO
Is characterized by that same Highest Standard of Excellence which has achieved a reputation for the Mason & Hamlin Organ as the standard of the world. The Mason & Hamlin Piano is constructed on an improved method of stringing, invented and patented in 1883, which piano experts pronounce "The Greatest Improvement in Pianos in Half a Century. The agency for these Pianos and Organs has been secured for Lowell and vicinity by
GEORGE GARDNER
46 PRESCOTT STREET.

FAY BROS. & HOSFORD.
Nos. 333 to 345 Central St
Fine Carriages, Sleighs, etc.,
Repairing at Reasonable Rates.

W. A. LEW.
49 John Street.
Clothing, Cleansed, Dyed and Pressed
Orders received for cleaning dying and pressing promptly and neatly executed.

J. M. KINGSBURY,
No. 373 Bridge Street,
Meats and Provisions.
(Successor to Stront & Kingsbury.)

DR. BRETON
The eminent Specialist, will be glad to see all his former patrons and any who desire his services at
44 Central Street.
Office Hours—1 to 8 p. m. Sundays and Holidays by appointment only.

SUN WEATHER BULLETIN.

ALMANAC FOR SATURDAY, SEPT. 1.

SUN RISES..... 5 09 | MOON SETS.. 7 15 PM
SUN SETS..... 6 18 | FULL SEA ..12 15 PM
LENGTH OF DAY..13 09 | ...

Forecast for New England: Fair; stationary temperature, except slightly cooler in northern Maine; light west winds, becoming variable.

LOCAL NEWS.

Smoke Tower's Corner Cigar.

Billerica's tax rate is $11 per $1000, an increase of 60 cents on the thousand.

The $100 of the Mathews is still on deposit waiting for the Burkes to answer.

The banks will close Monday and there be only one delivery by the letter carriers.

Local members of the defunct Iron Hall are said to be receiving thirty per cent. dividends.

Arnold Stiles of the city treasurer's office, has been retained by the Lakeview bowling team.

A fire near the oil tank of the Coburn Shuttle Co., in Tanner street occasioned a silent alarm of fire yesterday.

The French Canadians who left the city early in the summer are now returning to take places offered in the mills.

Druggist F. H. Butler of this city, is a member of the party of the Mass. Association which has gone to No. Carolina on an excursion.

The John Street Congregational church has engaged Rev. George S. Avery, *formerly of Lowell, to work as an* evangelist for two weeks, beginning Sept. *8th.*

Men of mature experience testify that *September, October and November* are the best months in the year to paint houses. If you put off painting in the spring do it in the fall. A. L. Kittredge & Co. 208 Central st. Solicits your orders.

Business must be booming somewhere or a big failure is expected judging from the scores of drummers who have struck town the past week. For several days the sidewalks on the main streets have been lined with drummers' Saratogas.

The city hall commission held a brief meeting yesterday afternoon and the members were further enlightened as to granolithic walks, such as it is proposed to place in front of city hall. It is said that the walk is guaranteed for five years.

J. E. Conant & Co., have an executor's sale, and by virtue of a license issued by the probate court, in and for the county of Middlesex, I the subscriber, executor of the will of Gilman Kimball, deceased, shall sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Tuesday, the fourth day of September, 1894, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the following parcels, of real estate situated in Lowell in said county, on Nesmith street, just beyond and adjoining the residences of Mr. Oliver H. Perry and Mr. Thos. Costello.

The sale will take place regardless of any condition of the weather; will be without limit or reserve of any kind whatsoever, and will go in the order herewith named, commencing with lot 1.

Lot 1.—10,918 square feet of land, with a frontage of 109 feet, just beyond and adjoining the residences of O. H. Perry and Hon. C. D. Palmer.

Lot 2.—An undivided half of the French roof house and 24,240 square feet of land, numbered 230 Nesmith street. The lot has a frontage of 140 feet and adjoins *lot 1.*

Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6 contain from 12,263 to 13,472 square feet of land each, with frontages from 53 to 75 feet, and are southerly of, or towards Rogers street, from lot 2.

Lot 7.—11,374 square feet of land with a frontage of 311 feet on Nesmith street, 91 feet on Rogers street, adjoining and just beyond the residence of Thomas Costello.

The sale presents an opportunity seldom equaled in Ward Six. The chance is one *of a life-time. If you do not take advan*tage of it now you may lose it forever. Plan at office of auctioneers where you should make inquiries. Per order,

JOHN DAVIS, Executor.

Loaned at Good Interest.

The Middlesex Co-operative bank loaned $1300 at from 6 3-10 to 7 2-10 per cent., last night.

The People's Club.

The reading room of the men's branch of the People's club opened for the season last night, well equipped with current reading matter.

To Chose Prohibitory Delegates.

The prohibitionists will meet in caucus next Tuesday evening in the citizens' committee room, Huntington hall, at 7.45 for the purpose of choosing delegates to the state convention at Worcester, Wednesday, Sept. 13, and also to choose delegates to other conventions.

A Pleasant Whist Party.

Miss Lulu Lyons of Otis street entertained a number of her friends at her home, Thursday evening. Among those present were C. A. Mitchell, C. Holmes, E. A. Quinlan of Boston, J. A. and C. E. Storey, and Miss Mollie Campbell of Newark, N. J., Miss Nettie E. Bryant, Miss Blanche Shute, Miss Eva Gary and Miss Young. Whist was the diversion of the evening.

The Umpire Assisted.

A very interesting game of ball was played yesterday on the South common between the "Tinkers" and the "Pudney Boys." It lasted about four innings when it was thought best, for the sake of the ball, to quit. The score was something like 20 to 4 in favor of the "Tinkers" at the end of the game. The umpire was Mr. Martin A. Mack, and what he didn't know about umpiring would fill a large volume. The teams were short of men and the players were Tinkers—Billy Purcell, c; "Lawyer" Dan O'Connell, p; Peter Connell, 1b; Dick Cushing, 2b; J. Fan. Smith, ss; J. McMannion, 3b; John Mack and W. H. Fitzgibbons in the field. Pudney *Boys* —Frank McNish, c; James A. Dooley, p; Dan McVey, 1b; Frank Fagan, 2b; J. Cahill, ss; Peter Cullen, 3b; and a number of assistants in the field.

FOR SWILL CREMATION.

Garbage Committee Receives Bids for a New Cremator.

The garbage committee met last evening and after looking over several offers from various companies, *adjourned to meet Fri*day evening, when it is expected that a conference will be held with the board of health.

Among the offers received last *evening* was one from the American Garbage Cremator Co., which will sell two Brown cremators at $2250 each and claim that the garbage can be destroyed at a cost of 35 cents a ton and a profit derived by the sale of the ashes.

The New England Construction company offers to erect its own plant on land owned by the city, the garbage to be delivered by the city, and reduce the same in a sanitary and satisfactory manner for a term of 15 years for $5000 per year; or to reduce not exceeding 20 tons per day for $2500 a year and 25 cents per ton for quantity over 20 tons.

If the latter offer were accepted, it would be necessary to procure more teams for the collection of garbage.

Dr. Colburn DENTIST 31 MERK ST.

Sweeter than honey—Old Hundred.

Wall paper at 18 Church street.

J. H. Costello, 37 Davidson st., carpenter.

T. C. Lee, Fire Insurance, Donovan Bl'dg.

Old newspapers 5 cents a hundred at THE SUN office.

The plumbers expect to have 100 men in Monday's parade.

Have a soda at The Spa corner Prescott and Merrimack streets.

Rev. Dr. Webb of Boston will preach at the Kirk street church tomorrow.

Thomas F. Roche will be a candidate for overseer of the poor in Ward 6.

E. A. Wilson, coal dealer, is selling coal at lowest cash prices; call at 51 Merrimack street.

Patten & Co. have the finest potted and cut flowers in the city, Shedd's block, Central street.

John E. Maguire, constable, Room 17 P. O. block. Also appraiser, auctioneeer and collector.

Oysters are now in season, the months of 'ay without the R have been placed on the books of time.

Mr. Banta has leased Associate hall and will open his dancing school Sept. 19th. See advertisement in this paper.

P. Cunningham has opened a branch store for repairing boots and shoes at No. 8 Bridge street; best work; lowest prices.

Prof. Borjes has returned to this city and has opened his school for teaching the violin; for further particulars call at 31 Tyler street.

Opening reception at Lester's Monday, Sept. 3d. Dancing from 8 to 11, informal. Academy now open. See advertisement in another column.

The water in the Merrimack river is the lowest it has been for eleven years. Friday, Aug. 24, the water was 3 feet 6.06 inches below the overflow.

W. E. Stratton teacher of banjo, guitar and mandolin wil receive old and new pupils on and after Tuesday, September 4th., Room 40, P. O. Block.

A true, life-like photo is something everybody admires. Marion makes that kind. Visit his studio in Barristers' hall and have a sitting made.

Learn shorthand at the Isaac Pitman school of shorthand, Hildreth bldg., F. Blanche Hard, principal, Gertrude G. Ruggles, instructor. Call or send for catalogue just published. Fall term commences September.

Dave Bruce, the well known wicket keeper of the Andover club, will have a benefit this afternoon on the Andover grounds, the match being Andover vs. Lowell. Bruce lost his wife quite recently after two years' illness. The cricketers of Lawrence and vicinity intend to give him quite a rouser.

The Vesper Outing.

There seemed to be some mistake about the date of the Vesper outing. It will be next Saturday and the tennis tournament the Saturday following.)

One Mile a Minute.

The Unicycle, C. D. Van Comp's invention, a wheel within a wheel and a man within the wheel, now on exhibition at 51, Merrimack street. Don't fail to see it.

A Serious Injury.

Charles W. Holt, a brother of R. S. Holt, chief engineer in the Boott mills, and a conductor on the Concord railroad had a leg cut off recently while crossing the track in front of the train.

Reunion of Co. K.

Co. K associates of the Fifth Regiment held its seventh annual reunion at Lakeview yesterday. The comrades held a business meeting, after which Caterer Cole supplied one of his famous dinners. In the afternoon the theater was visited.

Ready for Labor Day.

Chief Marshal Weeks and his aids are hustling to make the Labor day parade a big success. They have requested store keepers to close to allow their employes the benefit of a holiday.

Textile Union No. 68 has just procured a handsome badge which will be worn for the first time Labor day.

Prominent Labor Man Here.

Adolph Strauss, who for 15 years was president of the Cigarmakers International union, a man connected with the treasury department of that organization is making a New England tour, during which time he will examine the accounts of local treasurers and instruct officers. Mr. Strauss arrived in Lowell yesterday.

Where Did the Bottle Go?

The passersby on Moody street and the clerks in city hall are laughing yet over something funny which happened yesterday.

Early in the morning those who changed to glance at the window of a certain boarding house on the street, frequented oftimes by members of the theatrical profession, were surprised and amused to see standing on the window sill an inviting bottle of Bass' ale, "a cold bottle," as our New York friends would say.

Those who had time stopped to cast more or less endearing glances at the bottle, but it never came to them. About 11 o'clock the bottle suddenly disappeared from its position on the window sill and those who looked for it were surprised to see in its place a pair of yellow stockings hanging from the same window sill. The clerks are wondering where the connection between the *bottle* and the *hose comes in.*

THEATRICAL NEWS.

OPERA HOUSE—This afternoon James B. Mackey appeared before his friends in his new role in "The Side Show," a farce comedy which promises to bring him fame and dollars this season. The piece is brimful of fun and will tickle the risibles of every audience. He will be seen in the same piece tonight.

"The Circus Clown," on Monday afternoon and night will introduce here two popular comedians, Richards & Canfield, the *original* Minks & Bingo of the Temperance Town. These fun making actors have some of the finest lithographs out ever seen. One represents a circus ring with Richards & Canfield in clownish attire in the foreground, while on the boards as spectators are Minks & Bingo, and other characters in which the two actors have won great reputations in past years. The idea is a novel one for advertising purposes.

"Eight Bells," the acrobatic comedy by the Byrnes Brothers, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

MUSIC HALL.—Today began the engagement of Miss Octave Berbe in A Modern Heroine, a beautiful military drama by Mr. Simsn a very successful playwright. The company supporting the star is one of the best ever seen here in popular priced plays, and the drama is staged in remarkably fine style. The charming actress is sure to become a favorite with audiences here.

A General Call

to all the inhabitants of Lowell and vicinity to buy our teas and coffees and get useful presents. Dickson Bros., 68 Merrimack street.

Louis Alexander,

Importer and tailor, 65 Central street, is a first class practical cutter of long experience in fine New York houses. Is up with the times and guarantees satisfaction. Fall importations now ready.

Money loaned on endorsed notes, personal securities and second mortgages on real estate by J. B. Swift, 9 Barristers hall. Telephone 405-4.

WITH QUICK RETURNS

Will the Battle of Ballots be Known by Reason of New Ballot Law.

It doesn't look as if it will take all night to find out how the election goes this fall judging from the new law passed by the legislature.

Under the new law an important privilege is granted precinct officers in counting the ballots cast at an election. It provides that in cities of less than 100,000 inhabitants, according to the last national or state census, the ballot box may be opened between the hours of one and two o'clock in the afternoon and ballots taken therefrom for counting, whenever it is deemed advisable to do so in the unanimous judgment of both the selectmen and town clerk or both the moderator and town clerk, or in the unanimous judgment of the election officers of the precinct.

When the ballots have thus been removed, before the voting has ceased, the warden of the precinct is required to select from the precinct officers an equal number from each of the two leading political parties, to count them. The law places a restriction upon the canvassing under these circumstances in requiring that the straight party tickets shall be left to be counted after the polls have been closed.

The announcement of the result of counting votes thus removed must not be made until the total result of the canvass of votes has been ascertained.

It is quite probable that this privilege will be taken advantage of in this city in the coming election, which will mean the completion of the counting in all of the precincts at an early hour in the evening.

Good Luck McCuffery.

D. J. Mack, the popular young vocalist of this city, will start tomorrow evening for New York, where he will remain a week, prior to starting out on his season's engagement. Mr. Mack has shown wonderful improvement in his voice during the past few years, and the manner in which he essayed to play the various characters assigned him during his theatrical career displayed his vocal abilities to great advantage.

Mr. Mack's work while a member of the Dazzler company will be remembered by his many friends in this city as of the highest order.

He has several flattering offers under consideration for the present season but is undecided to accept.

After spending a week in New York he will sign for the season with one of the companies already negotiating for his services, and if the company have a date in this city, "Dan" will be royally welcomed by his friends.

Civil Court on Tuesday.

The September term of the Superior (civil) court will open at the Gorham street court house Tuesday, Sept. 4th. The county commissioners think that the work on the removal of the building will not interfere with the court. Judge Blodgett will preside.

Watchman Con Dugan.

After a well planned line of campaign Cornelous Dugan has landed a good government job. It is as watchman of the Federal building and he received his papers from the treasury department last night. He will go on guard tonight.

From the Republican Party.

The young men on the city committee want to get the "old fossils" dumped out, and so the canvass for places on the city committee this fall will be very lively.

The republican city committee is not expected to vote in favor of adopting the state law relative to caucusses.

An Insane Man Abroad.

An insane man escaped from the Tewksbury institution yesterday, and the officers are on the watch for him.

Yankee Boat Was Ahead.

DARTMOUTH, Eng., Sept. 1.—The sailing committee of the Royal Dart Yacht club has decided that the Vigilant-Satanita race was void on account of being becalmed. The Vigilant was a long way ahead when the race was declared off.

Anxious to Die.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 1.—Dennis Lane, coxswain of the commandant's launch attached to the naval training station, tried to commit suicide yesterday. He first cut an artery in his wrist and later tried to hang himself. Since then he has disappeared.

Fighting at Port Arthur.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 1.—A Tien-Tsin dispatch says that 14 Japanese ships with over 4000 troops are attacking Port Arthur. The Chinese garrison, numbering 5000 men, and the Chinese fleet, have been ordered to attack the Japanese.

Krupp Guns For Japan.

BERLIN, Sept. 1.—Prince Kamashina, a nephew of the Japanese emperor, and a Japan court official, paid a visit to Krupp's iron works yesterday, and it is rumored that Japan is about to give the Krupps a large order for armament.

Standing In.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Commencing today, the Boston and Maine and Fitchburg roads will accept each other's tickets to competitive points. The agreement does not include mileage tickets or punch commutations.

A Boy's Misfortune.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Sept. 1.—Maynard Bishop, aged 10, was shot by a reckless hunter, while he was picking apples in a tree at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Franklin Brown.

Boston Has 76,000 Voters.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—The number of names of men on the voting list of the city of Boston to Sept. 1, 1894, is 76,020, a decrease of 12,927 from last year.

Against the L Road.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Judge Bischoff has enjoined the Manhattan Elevated Railroad company from building a third track on Ninth avenue above Fifty-ninth street.

Crushed to Death.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 1.—Frank M. Butler, aged 30, was crushed in an elevator well in the Barnum & Staple building last night and instantly killed.

Reduced $200,000.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 1.—The Third National bank is to reduce its capital from $500,000 to $300,000, owing to poor quality of some of its securities.

Killed by Fowler's Solution.

ROYALSTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—A Swiss woman named Fanny Enuger committed suicide here by taking Fowler's solution.

A Tourist Killed.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—A distinguished Oxford scholar named Mitchell, who was an assistant of Murray's in the compilation of his dictionary, was killed in the Snowden mountain by a fall.

His End Drawing Nigh.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Comte de Paris last evening received the last sacrament of the Roman Catholic church.

Failed For £140,000.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The failure of a Dundee jute merchant is announced with liabilities of £140,000 and assets of £5000.

DOCTORS ARE PUZZLED

By the Mysterious Affliction of a Lad at Danvers, Mass.

DANVERS, Mass., Sept. 1.—A year and a half ago Walter Crosby, who is about 12 years of age, walked home from school one afternoon and told his mother that he was feeling sick. The boy was taken with convulsions soon after being placed in bed, and when the family doctor was called in he could not tell what was the matter with him.

As soon as the boy came out of one convulsion he went into another, and this sort of thing continued for several days, Walter remaining unconscious and appearing at times as if dead. Physicians called, one after another, and none of them could make out what ailed the boy. His stomach appeared to be in first-class condition, the action of all his vital organs was perfect and he was not affected with brain or nerve trouble, so far as could be ascertained. One day he came out of the convulsions and was as well, except for the strength he had lost by not eating, as he was before the attack came on.

Two days ago the boy went to Salem Willows in company with his aunt, and while there he went for a ride on the "flying horses," in company with a number of other children. He was on the horses for perhaps 15 minutes, and when he came off he complained of feeling sick, and within 10 minutes he was in convulsions and unconscious. He was brought home to Danvers, and an examination by physicians showed that he had eaten nothing which would cause indigestion, the action of his heart was regular, and everything about the little fellow appeared to be in perfect condition.

Medical aid was at once summoned and the child taken home. All efforts to bring him to himself proved unavailing until at the end of seven hours he came to. He was last night apparently as well as ever.

Captains and Wardmen Dismissed.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The police commissioners have dismissed the following men who have been on trial for the last three weeks on charges of receiving bribes and failing to suppress disorderly houses: Captain A. A. Cross, Captain W. S. Devery, Wardmen George Smith, Edward Glennon and James Burns. These men were charged with levying blackmail for protection.

Colorado Prohibs' Ticket.

DENVER, Sept. 1.—The Prohibitionists nominated the following candidates for state officers: Governor, George Richardson; lieutenant governor, Mary J. Telford; secretary of state, D. H. Hunter; auditor, A. H. Johnson; treasurer, David Brouthers; superintendent of public schools, A. B. Weld; attorney general, John H. L. Riper.

Justin Andrews Dead.

NEWTON, Mass., Sept. 1.—Justin Andrews, for many years a principal editorial writer on the Boston Herald, and for four years one of its proprietors, died yesterday after a prolonged sickness, at the age of about 75. About three months ago he was attacked with pneumonia, and before he had fully recovered typhoid fever set in, of which he died.

Singing Festival Opened.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Sept. 1.—The "Saengerfest," or biennial singing festival of the German singing clubs comprised in the New England Saengerbund, opened here today under the auspices of the Arion, Lyra and Glocke clubs. Upward of 1000 visitors are here from out of town.

Imprisonment For Life.

BATH, Me., Sept. 1.—Melvin Bessey of Bowdoinham, charged with the murder of his wife on the night of May 27, was found guilty of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to hard labor for life in state prison. The prisoner was unmoved and had nothing to say.

Wouldn't Arbitrate.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 1.—The trimmers and edgesetters in the shoe factory of Leary & Luddy are out on a strike to resist a cutdown in their wages. The firm announced that they would cut their salaries last Thursday, and refused to arbitrate the matter.

To Avoid Steamers.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Field says: We understand that Lord Dunraven and the yachtsmen associated with him are desirous that the next contest for the America's cup be sailed off Newport, instead of New York, in order to avoid excursion steamers.

A Washington Society Engagement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The engagement of Miss Susie S. Fillmore of this city, grand niece of President Millard Fillmore, to Guy A. Camp, son of Rev. Charles W. Camp of New York, is announced. The wedding will take place in October.

Badly Hurt on the Diamond.

ROCKLAND, Me., Sept. 1.—M. R. Powers, captain of the Poland Springs Baseball club, had three ribs nearly dislocated in an accidental collision with a Rockland player. He will be debarred from ever playing ball again.

Officers Had a Jag.

LEWISTON, Me., Sept. 1.—Early yesterday morning two officers, Charles Hanscom and Henry Moriarty, became intoxicated and raised a disturbance in the city, arresting one man without any cause whatever, and raiding a certain "protected" rumshop. Both officers have been suspended by City Marshal Teel, and an investigation will probably follow.

Chinese Outlawry.

PARIS, Sept. 1.—On the night of Aug. 27 Chinese marauders murdered M. Chaillet, French controller of customs at Monkai in Tonquin, and kidnapped his wife and children. Troops pursued the outlaws, but failed to capture them. The French government has demanded indemnity.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WATERS CAME

And Submerged the Town of Uvalde, Texas.

TERRIFIC CLOUD BURST IN A TEXAN VALLEY.

Great Loss of Life Is Feared at Present.

UVALDE, Tex., Sept. 1.—A terrible catastrophe befell this thriving town Thursday night, and there is mourning in many households. The calamity was entirely unexpected.

The treacherous Leona river, swollen to a raging torrent by recent rains, rushed, without a moment's warning, down upon the town, submerging and wrecking many houses and drowning a number of people.

In this arid section such destruction by the elements has never before been chronicled. It is not definitely known how many have been drowned, but the number is believed to be large.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the flood began. The atmosphere had been close and predictions of a storm were made. Just as the storm broke over the city, a torrent of water rushed down the Leona river, overflowing the banks of that stream, and flooding the lowlands on either side to a depth of several feet.

The east side of the city is built on low land and was directly in the path of the water. All the houses in this part of the town were submerged, and in the darkness could be heard the cries of distress from ill-fated inhabitants.

As soon as those in the high part of the town were made aware of the terrible flood and its consequences, the work of rescuing began.

Great Loss of Life Feared.

Great apprehension is felt for the families living on the ditch south of here. There were from 75 to 100 of them, and it is feared they have been destroyed.

One Mexican family living on the ranch of Schwartz, five miles below town, is supposed to have been lost, no vestige of the ranch being left.

An earthquake shock of some seconds' duration was distinctly felt during the night. At one place near the city a number of heavy cracks appeared on each side of the Leona river, having apparently no bottom.

The loss to the Southern Pacific company is enormous, 40 miles of track and many bridges having been washed away. Over 100 carloads of material and 300 laborers left San Antonio for the scene of the wreckage last evening.

A rough estimate of the loss to property in general and the railroad company will reach $1,500,000.

Britishers Asked to Invest.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Financial News says that the owners of the Nicaraguan canal concession have approached a syndicate of British capitalists with a view to its sale to them. The News adds: "Can it be that Lord Rosebery will extend his admiration for the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield into an imitation of his purchase of Suez canal shares?"

Tests Were Satisfactory.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—In the training elevation and depression of the eight-inch gun, both by hand and electricity, the trial at Sandy Hook yesterday showed that the requirements of the United States government specifications were more than complied with, the time for each operation being considerably inside that allowed.

Gifts Declared to Be Treacherous.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1.—Mr. Gladstone sent to the Irish parliamentary fund a check for £100, and expressed his wishes for the success of the Irish cause. Baron Tweedmouth also sent £100 to the fund. The Evening Herald (Parnellite), commenting on these donations, says: It is the price of their treachery to Ireland.

Intent to Murder.

SWEETSBURG, Que., Sept. 1.—The trial of W. P. Kelly of Hudson, Mass., John Howarth and M. L. Jeune for conspiracy to kill President Smith of the Temperance Alliance began yesterday. Smith had prosecuted Broome county liquor dealers, and it is charged Kelly was hired to murder him.

Cheering News.

HARTFORD, Sept. 1.—Business in the Stockinet mills at Windsor Locks is improving. Next week the working hours will be increased. The Seymour paper mill will start up full force next Monday. One machine will resume operation which has not been making paper for over a year.

Results at Charter Oak.

HARTFORD, Sept. 1.—The 2:22 trot for the Hartford guarantee stake, $5000, was won by Alar, and Guy took the free-for-all pace. It took several heats in each to decide the winner.

DAVIS' WILD THROW

Was All That Prevented Boston From Being Shut Out.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The New Yorks and Bostons played off a tie game. The Giants bunched their hits off Nichols in two innings and earned all their runs. Rusie was in great form, and at critical moments the visitors could not touch him. Twice they had three men on the bases, and failed to score. It was a brilliant contest all the way through. The visitors would have been shut out but for a wild throw by Davis.

New York	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	—5
Boston	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Base hits—New York, 13; Boston, 5. Errors—New York, 1; Boston, 1. Batteries—Rusie and Farrell; Nichols and Ganzell.

At Philadelphia:

Philadelphia	0	3	0	0	3	0	0	1	3—10
Washington	1	0	1	0	1	1	3	1	0—8

Base hits—Philadelphia, 16; Washington, 13. Errors—Philadelphia, 3; Washington, 4. Batteries—Taylor and Grady; Maul and McGuire.

Philadelphia	4	0	1	2	1	0	1	2	—11
Washington	0	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	—5

Base hits—Philadelphia, 11; Washington, 12. Errors—Washington, 6. Batteries—Weyhing and Clements; Wynne and Dugdale.

At Baltimore:

Baltimore	1	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0—5
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—1

Base hits—Baltimore, 13; Cleveland, 7. Errors—Baltimore, 1; Cleveland, 2. Batteries—Esper and Robinson; Young and O'Connor.

At Bangor—Bangor, 8; Haverhill, 4.

At Portland—Portland, 8; Fall River, 2.

At New Bedford—New Bedford, 11; Brockton, 3.

A Hard Case.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—A little girl, about 13 years old, went to police headquarters yesterday in quest of her mother. She said her father was Adelbert O. Brewster, the forger, recently sent to the state prison for eight years. Her mother was arrested yesterday on the charge of stealing a watch. Not long after young Henry Brewster, her son, was brought in by an inspector, accused of larceny from C. H. Breck & Co. The entire family, with the exception of the little girl, is behind prison bars.

Thief Overpowered.

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 1.—Arthur S. Day, a milkman of Egypt, was murderously assaulted on his own premises by E. C. Ingalls. It is supposed he intended to steal a horse from Day's barn. The milkman was struck several times with a hammer. He clinched with Ingalls, and with his brother's help overpowered him. Day's face will be disfigured for life, and Ingalls is in the hospital, badly pounded.

Cattle Threw a Train.

GRAND RAPIDS, Sept. 1.—A Chicago and West Michigan train was wrecked near Baldwin by running into a herd of cattle. Fireman Kobe and Engineer Patterson were killed, and Mrs. Dockery was slightly injured.

For the Fall Campaign.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—President Tracey of the Republican National league has issued a call for a meeting on Sept. 10 of the executive committee, to arrange for the league's participation in the fall campaign.

Mothers! When Anything Happens

use PAIN-KILLER. By its timely use serious results are prevented when neglect of supposed trifling ailments or accidents may cause long suffering and expensive doctors' bills.

A lady, writing to the "New England Farmer" of August 1, '87, after giving good advice as to the care of children says: "Perry Davis' Pain-Killer is worth the price of your life in some cases—much more than a doctor for the diseases people, and *especially children*, suffer from in hot weather. It cures *Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic and Diarrhœa* immediately." Many a young life might be saved if every mother would

use PAIN-KILLER

Send for book on Summer Complaints mailed free to any address.

Remember—Only Pain-Killer kills pain. *Bottles now contain double the quantity, at same price.*

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Sole Proprietors, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New Fall Clothing.

NEW FABRICS. NEW STYLES.

The new tariff act has had its effect on prices. And whatever advantages are to be gained by the consumer under the new bill, you'll reap the full benefit of in our fall stock.

A Royal Assortment

To which we ask your attention. Our newspaper announcements may be strong, but they are fully justified by our grand showing for the present season. It's not what claims we make in the papers, but the stock we show you here that clinches the argument for supremacy.

J. L. CHALIFOUX,

Central and Middle Streets.

Cut Prices.

Hires' Root Beer, 15c. bottle.
Allen's " " 15c. "
Knapp's " " 15c. "
Williams " " 15c. "
Kohler's " " 8c. "
Ex. Wild Cherry Beverage, 8 and 15c. bottle.
Ginger Ale Extract, 15c. bottle.
Best Lime Juice, 20c. bottle.
Lemonade, Orange Phosphate and Strawberry Sherbert, 20c. bottle.
All new goods and strictly pure.

FARLEY'S .·. CASH .·. GROCERY,

New No. 140 Gorham St.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

Of Every Kind, at Lowest Prices.

We will sell you this week a Solid Oak Antique High Back Dining Chair with Brace Arm, for $1.25, worth $1.75.

Also a set of Dining Chairs, including Gents' Arm Chairs, for $9, former price $11.

We have a fine Turkish Couch, Spring Edge, with Chenille Drapery, all for $10, regular price $13.

Chiffonieres, Bookcases, Writing Desks, etc. Chiffoniere Beds, Antique complete with Spring and Mattress, for $18, regular price $22.

Other goods equally low.

J. J. CAYNOR & CO.,

New Number, 35 Prescott Street.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A Car Load of Beef

FROM KANSAS CITY,

And we unload at the Lowest Prices heard of in the city of Lowell. Come on everybody and receive a fine piece of Steer Beef at

HARD TIME PRICES.

Take Notice

That we are laboring men and close on Labor Day at 10 o'clock a. m.

WALSH'S UNION MARKET, Middlesex St. Foot of South St

CARPET REMNANTS.

We have a large stock of Carpet Remnants and Samples which we are selling very cheap. Just the thing for Rugs and Mats. Goods that usually sell for 65c. per yard, you can buy from us for 25c. per yard; 85c. goods for 50c.; $1.25 goods for 65c.

Remnants large enough for a good sized carpet we can sell you for half price. Bring the measure of your room and you can get a carpet very cheap. We can furnish you anything you need in the furniture or carpet line at bottom prices. Our stock is one of the largest and best selected in Lowell. We guarantee our goods first class and our prices the lowest. We are here to stay and when you want anything in our line come to

Gookin Bros., NO. 66 PRESCOTT ST.